Faust and Book of Songs

GOETHE'S FAUST

AND

HEINE'S BOOK OF SONGS

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

No one can be more fully sensible of the shortcomings of a translation than the translator; nevertheless I cannot subscribe to the opinion which has recently found several powerful advocates, namely, "that verse translations of good poetry are a mistake," and consequently that prose is the most appropriate medium for its reproduction.

Mr. Hayward informs us, in his recent volume on Goethe,* that "there are now more than forty English translations of 'Faust' in verse, many by persons of taste, cultivation, and accomplishment; but the highest praise that can be justly claimed for the best is, that they approximate to the original in parts. The cause of such a succession of failures may be found in the nature of the task." Mr. Lewes, with reference to the inadequacy of metrical translation, says, "A translation may be good as a translation, but it cannot be an adequate reproduction of the original. It may be a good poem, it may be a good imitation of another poem, it may be better than the original, but it cannot be an adequate reproduction, it cannot be the same thing in another language, producing the same effect on the mind. And the cause lies deep in the nature of poetry."

This is perfectly true, and were the original accessible to all, translation would, of course, be superfluous. The choice lies, however, not

* Foreign Classics for English Readers.

between the original and a translation, but between prose and verse, as the most suitable medium for the reproduction of poetry. Those who inveigh against poetical translation speak of "the sacred and mysterious union of thought and verse, twin-born and immortally wedded from the moment of their birth." The natural relation thus recognized as existing between thought and verse in original composition, does not, it appears to me, cease when the poetic thought, instead of springing from the depths of the creative spirit, is derived from a foreign source; and as the seed, if it take root, and spring forth anew, must produce a flower, "like to the mother plant in semblance," so the poetic thought can only find adequate expression in tones which harmonize with the music of the original verse.

A poet, in describing the pleasure attending the exercise of the creative faculty, exclaims, "Oh! to create within the soul is bliss!" A faint echo of this emotion accompanies the endeavor to body forth the conceptions of the inspired master, and under such circumstances the metrical form suggests itself spontaneously, as in original composition.

That the task of poetical translation is not entirely futile is proved by many noteworthy examples; Mr. Lewes himself, in speaking of the translation of Shakespeare by Tieck and A. W. Schlegel, after alluding to its shortcomings, adds: "It is nevertheless a translation which, on the whole, has perhaps no rival in literature, and has served to make Shakespeare as familiar to the Germans as to us." Can we imagine that the same effect would have been produced by the most perfect translation in prose?

At the present time when, in consequence of the growing interest in scientific pursuits, and from other causes, less time than heretofore is devoted to the study of the ancient classics, and when, from the wide diffusion of education, a taste for literature is awakened in many individuals, to whom all languages, except their own, are a sealed book, the question as to the true ideal to be aimed at in translation becomes a very important one.

That we already possess some poetical translations which rank as master-works is universally recognized, and I cannot but think that, instead of inveighing against metrical translation as a mistake, it would be advisable to encourage the hope that eventually every great work of genius, of every age and every clime, may be made accessible to the English reader in a translation which shall approximate to the original, as nearly as possible, in form as well as in spirit.

My introduction is based upon Kuno Fischer's interesting work, entitled "Goethe's Faust, Ueber die Entstehung und Composition des Gedichts," to which I must refer for a fuller exposition of the topics therein discussed. The sketch of the poet's life which I have introduced, as illustrating his great master-work, is compiled from the "Autobiography" (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*), Bohn's edition; Lewes's "Life of Goethe," "Goethe, Vorlesungen von Herman Grimm," and "Goethe," by Mr. Hayward.

DEDICATION
AND
PROLOGUES.

DEDICATION.

Dim forms, ye hover near, a shadowy train,
As erst upon my troubled sight ye stole.
Say, shall I strive to hold you once again?
Still for the fond illusion yearns my soul?
Ye press around! Come then, resume your reign,
As upward from the vapory mist ye roll;
Within my breast youth's throbbing pulses bound,
Fann'd by the magic air that breathes your march around.

Shades fondly loved appear, your train attending,
And visions fair of many a blissful day;
First-love and friendship their fond accents blending,
Like to some ancient, half-expiring lay;
Sorrow revives, her wail of anguish sending
Back o'er life's devious labyrinthine way,
The dear ones naming who, in life's fair morn,
By Fate beguiled, from my embrace were torn.

They hearken not unto my later song,
The souls to whom my earlier lays I sang;
Dispersed forever is the friendly throng,
Mute are the voices that responsive rang.
My song resoundeth stranger crowds among,
E'en their applause is to my heart a pang;
And those who heard me once with joyful heart,
If yet they live, now wander far apart.

A strange unwonted yearning doth my soul,
To yon calm solemn spirit-land, upraise ;
In faltering cadence now my numbers roll,
As when, on harp Æolian, Zephyr plays ;
My pulses thrill, tears flow without control,
A tender mood my steadfast heart o'ersways ;
What I possess as from afar I see ;
Those I have lost become realities to me.

PROLOGUE FOR THE THEATRE.

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MERRYMAN.

MANAGER.

YE twain, whom I so oft have found
True friends in trouble and distress,
Say, in our scheme on German ground,
What prospect have we of success?
Fain would I please the public, win their thanks;
Because they live and let live, as is meet.
The posts are now erected and the planks,
And all look forward to a festal treat,
Their places taken, they, with eyebrows rais'd,
Sit patiently, and fain would be amaz'd.
I know the art to hit the public taste,
Yet so perplex'd I ne'er have been before;
'Tis true, they're not accustom'd to the best,
But then they read immensely, that's the bore.
How make our entertainment striking, new,
And yet significant and pleasing too?
For to be plain, I love to see the throng,
As to our booth the living tide progresses;
As wave on wave successive rolls along,
And through heaven's narrow portal forceful presses;
Still in broad daylight, ere the clock strikes four,
With blows their way toward the box they take;
And, as for bread in famine, at the baker's door,
For tickets are content their necks to break.

Such various minds the bard alone can sway,
My friend, oh work this miracle to-day!

POET.

Oh speak not of the motley multitude,
At whose aspect the spirit wings its flight;
Shut out the noisy crowd, whose vortex rude
Still draws us downward with resistless might,
Lead to some nook, where silence loves to brood,
Where only for the bard blooms pure delight,
Where love and friendship, gracious heavenly pair,
Our hearts true bliss create, and tend with fostering care.

What there upwelleth deep within the breast,
What there the timid lip shap'd forth in sound,
A failure now, now haply well expressed,
In the wild tumult of the hour is drown'd;
Oft doth the perfect form then first invest
The poet's thought, when years have sped their round;
What dazzles satisfies the present hour,
The genuine lives, of coming years the dower.

MERRYMAN.

This cant about posterity I hate;
About posterity were I to prate,
Who then the living would amuse? For they
Will have diversion, ay, and 'tis their due.
A sprightly fellow's presence at your play,
Methinks, should always go for something too;
Whose genial wit the audience still inspires,
Is not embittered by its changeful mood;
A wider circle he desires,
To move with greater power, the multitude.

To work, then! Prove a master in your art!
Let phantasy with all her choral train,
Sense, reason, feeling, passion, bear their part,
But mark! let folly also mingle in the strain!

MANAGER.

And, chief, let incidents enough arise!
A show they want, they come to feast their eyes.
When stirring scenes before them are display'd,
At which the gaping crowd may wondering gaze,
Your reputation is already made,
The man you are all love to praise.
The masses you alone through masses can subdue,
Each then selects in time what suits his bent.
Bring much, you somewhat bring to not a few,
And from the house goes every one content.
You give a piece, in pieces give it, friend!
Such a ragout, success must needs attend;
'Tis easy to serve up, as easy to invent.
A finish'd whole what boots it to present!
'Twill be in pieces by the public rent.

POET.

How mean such handicraft as this you cannot feel!
How it revolts the genuine artist's mind!
The sorry trash in which these coxcombs deal,
Is here approved on principle, I find.

MANAGER.

Such a reproof disturbs me not a whit!
Who on efficient work is bent,
Must choose the fittest instrument.
Consider! 'tis soft wood you have to split;
Think too for whom you write, I pray!

One comes to while an hour away ;
One from the festive board, a sated guest ;
Others, more dreaded than the rest,
From journal-reading hurry to the play.
As to a masquerade, with absent minds, they press,
Sheer curiosity their footsteps winging ;
Ladies display their persons and their dress,
Actors unpaid their service bringing.
What dreams beguile you on your poet's height ?
What puts a full house in a merry mood ?
More closely view your patrons of the night !
The half are cold, the other half are rude.
One, the play over, craves a game of cards ;
Another a wild night in wanton joy would spend.
Poor fool, the muses' fair regards
Why court for such a paltry end ?
I tell you, give them more, still more, 'tis all I ask,
Thus you will ne'er stray widely from the goal ;
Your audience seek to mystify, cajole ;—
To satisfy them—that's a harder task.
What ails thee ? art enraptured or distressed ?

POET.

Depart ! elsewhere another servant choose ;
What ! shall the bard his godlike power abuse ?
Man's loftiest right, kind nature's high bequest,
For your mean purpose basely sport away ?
Whence comes his mastery o'er the human breast,
Whence o'er the elements his sway,
But from the harmony that, gushing from his soul,
Draws back into his heart the wondrous whole ?
When round her spindle, with unceasing drone,
Nature still whirls th' unending thread of life ;

When Being's jarring crowds, together thrown,
Mingle in harsh inextricable strife ;
Who deals their course unvaried till it falls,
In rhythmic flow to music's measur'd tone ?
Each solitary note whose genius calls,
To swell the mighty choir in unison ?
Who in the raging storm sees passion lour,
Or flush of earnest thought in evening's glow,
Who, in the springtide, every fairest flower
Along the loved one's path would strow ?
From green and common leaves whose hand doth twine,
The wreath of glory, won in every field ?
Makes sure Olympos, blends the powers divine ?—
Man's mighty spirit, in the bard reveal'd !

MERRYMAN.

Come then, employ your lofty inspiration,
And carry on the poet's avocation,
Just as we carry on a love affair.
Two meet by chance, are pleased, they linger there,
Insensibly are link'd, they scarce know how ;
Fortune seems now propitious, adverse now,
Then come alternate rapture and despair ;
And 'tis a true romance ere one's aware.
Just such a drama let us now compose,
Plunge boldly into life—its depths disclose !
Each lives it, not to many is it known,
'Twill interest wheresoever seiz'd and shown ;
Bright pictures, but obscure their meaning ;
A ray of truth through error gleaming,
Thus you the best elixir brew,
To charm mankind, and edify them too.
Then youth's fair blossoms crowd to view your play,

And wait as on an oracle ; while they,
The tender souls, who love the melting mood,
Suck from your work their melancholy food ;
Now this one, and now that, you deeply stir,
Each sees the working of his heart laid bare ;
Their tears, their laughter, you command with ease.
The lofty still they honor, the illusive love,
Your finish'd gentlemen you ne'er can please ;
A growing mind alone will grateful prove.

POET.

Then give me back youth's golden prime,
When my own spirit too was growing,
When from my hearth th' unbidden rhyme
Gush'd forth, a fount forever flowing ;
Then shadowy mist the world conceal'd,
And every bud sweet promise made,
Of wonders yet to be revealed,
As through the vales, with blooms inlaid,
Culling a thousand flowers I stray'd.
Naught had I, yet a rich profusion ;
The thirst for truth, joy in each fond illusion.
Give me unquell'd those impulses to prove ;—
Rapture so deep, its ecstasy was pain,
The power of hate, the energy of love,
Give me, oh give me back my youth again !

MERRYMAN.

Youth, my good friend, you certainly require
When foes in battle round you press,
When a fair maid, her heart on fire,
Hangs on your neck with fond caress,
When from afar, the victor's crown,
Allures you in the race to run ;
Or when in revelry you drown

Your sense, the whirling dance being done,
But the familiar chords among
Boldly to sweep, with graceful cunning,
While to its goal, the verse along
Its winding path is sweetly running ;
This task is yours, old gentlemen, to-day ;
Nor are you therefore in less reverence held ;
Age does not make us childish, as folk say,
It finds us genuine children e'en in eld.

MANAGER.

A truce to words, mere empty sound,
Let deeds at length appear, my friends !
While idle compliments you round,
You might achieve some useful ends,
Why talk of the poetic vein ?
Who hesitates will never know it ;
If bards ye are, as ye maintain,
Now let your inspiration show it,
To you is known what we require,
Strong drink to sip is our desire ;
Come, brew me such without delay !
To morrow sees undone, what happens not to-day ;
Still forward press, nor ever tire !
The possible, with steadfast trust,
Resolve should by the forelock grasp ;
Then she will ne'er let go her clasp,
And labors on, because she must.

On German boards, you're well aware,
The taste of each may have full sway ;
Therefore in bringing out your play,
Nor scenes nor mechanism spare !
Heaven's lamps employ, the greatest and the least,
Be lavish of the stellar lights.

Water, and fire, and rocky heights,
Spare not at all, nor birds nor beast.
Thus let creation's ample sphere
Forthwith in this our narrow booth appear,
And with considerate speed, through fancy's spell,
Journey from heaven, thence through the world, to hell !

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD. THE HEAVENLY HOSTS. *Afterward* MEPHISTOPHELES. *The three Archangels come forward.*

RAPHAEL.

STILL quiring as in ancient time
With brother spheres in rival song,
The sun with thunder-march sublime
Moves his predestin'd course along.
Angels are strengthen'd by his sight,
Though fathom him no angel may ;
Resplendent are the orbs of light,
As on creation's primal day.

GABRIEL.

And lightly spins earth's gorgeous sphere,
Swifter than thought its rapid flight ;
Alternates Eden-brightness clear,
With solemn, dread-inspiring night ;
The foaming waves, with murmurs hoarse,
Against the rocks' deep base are hurl'd ;
And in the sphere's eternal course
Are rocks and ocean swiftly whirl'd.

MICHAEL.

And rival tempests rush amain
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And raging form a wondrous chain
Of deep mysterious agency ;
Full in the thunder's fierce career,
Flaming the swift destructions play ;

But, Lord, thy messengers revere
The mild procession of thy day.

THE THREE.

Angels are strengthened by thy sight,
Though fathom thee no angel may ;
Thy works still shine with splendor bright
As on creation's primal day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since thou, O Lord, approachest us once more,
And how it fares with us, to ask art fain,
Since then hast kindly welcom'd me of yore,
Thou see'st me also now among thy train.
Excuse me, fine harangues I cannot make,
Though all the circle look on me with scorn ;
My pathos soon thy laughter would awake,
Hadst thou the laughing mood not long forsworn,
Of suns and worlds I nothing have to say,
I see alone mankind's self-torturing pains.
The little world-gold still the self-same stamp
retains,
And is as wondrous now as on the primal day.
Better he might have fared, poor wight,
Hadst thou not given him a gleam of heavenly
light ;
Reason he names it, and doth so
Usé it, than brutes more brutish still to grow.
With deference to your grace, he seems to me
Like any like long-legged grasshopper to be,
Which ever flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass its ancient ditty sings.
Would he but always in the grass repose !
In every heap of dung he thrusts his nose.

THE LORD.

Hast thou naught else to say ! Is blame

In coming here, as ever, thy sole aim?
Does nothing on the earth to thee seem right?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord! I find things there in miserable plight.
Men's wretchedness in sooth I so deplore,
Not even I would plague the sorry creatures more.

THE LORD.

Know'st thou my servant, Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The doctor?

THE LORD.

Right.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He serves thee in strange fashion, as I think.
Poor fool! Not earthly is his food or drink,
An inward impulse hurries him afar,
Himself half conscious of his frenzied mood;
From heaven claimeth he its brightest star,
And from the earth craves every highest good,
And all that's near, and all that's far,
Fails to allay the tumult in his blood.

THE LORD.

Though now he serves me with imperfect sight,
I will erelong conduct him to the light.
The gard'ner knoweth, when the green appears,
That flowers and fruit will crown the coming years.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wilt thou wager? Him thou yet shall lose,

If leave to me thou wilt but give,
Gently to lead him as I choose !

THE LORD.

So long as he on earth doth live,
So long 'tis not forbidden thee.
Man still must err, while he doth strive.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I thank you ; for not willingly
I traffic with the dead, and still aver
That youth's plump blooming cheek I very much
prefer.
I'm not at home to corpses ; 'tis my way,
Like cats with captive mice to toy and play.

THE LORD.

Enough ! 'tis granted thee ! Divert
This mortal spirit from his primal source ;
Him, canst thou seize, thy power exert
And lead him on thy downward course,
Then stand abash'd, when thou perforce must
own,
A good man, in the direful grasp of ill,
His consciousness of right retaineth still.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Agreed !—the wager will be quickly won.
For my success no fears I entertain ;
And if my end I finally should gain,
Excuse my triumphing with all my soul.
Dust he shall eat, ay, and with relish take,
As did my cousin, the renownèd snake.

THE LORD.

Here too thou'rt free to act without control ;

I ne'er have cherished hate for such as thee.
Of all the spirits who deny,
The scoffer is least wearisome to me.
Ever too prone is man activity to shirk,
In unconditioned rest he fain would live ;
Hence this companion purposely I give,
Who stirs, excites, and must, as devil, work.
But ye, the genuine sons of heaven, rejoice !
In the full living beauty still rejoice !
May that which works and lives, the ever-growing,
In bonds of love enfold you, mercy-fraught,
And seeming's changeful forms, around you flowing,
Do ye arrest, in ever-during thought !
(*Heaven closes, the Archangels disperse.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*).

The ancient one I like sometimes to see,
And not to break with him am always civil ;
'Tis courteous in so great a lord as he,
To speak so kindly even to the devil.

THE TRAGEDY
OF
FAUST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Characters in the Prologue for the Theatre.

THE MANAGER.
THE DRAMATIC POET.
MERRYMAN.

Characters in the Prologue in Heaven.

THE LORD.
RAPHAEL, GABRIEL, MICHAEL, } The Heavenly Host.
MEPHISTOPHELES.

Characters in the Tragedy.

FAUST.
MEPHISTOPHELES.
WAGNER, a Student.
MARGARET.
MARTHA, Margaret's Neighbor.
VALENTINE, Margaret's Brother.
OLD PEASANT.
A STUDENT.
ELIZABETH, an Acquaintance of Margaret's.
FROSCH, BRANDER, SIEBEL, ALTMAYER, } Guests in Auerbach's Wine Cellar.

Witches, old and young; Wizards, Will-o'-the-wisp, Witch Pedler, Protophantasmist, Servibilis, Monkeys, Spirits, Journeymen, Country-folk, Citizens, Beggar, Old Fortune-teller, Shepherd, Soldier, Students, etc.

In the Intermezzo.

OBERON. | ARIEL.
TITANIA. | PUCK, etc., etc.

Night. A high vaulted narrow Gothic chamber.
FAUST, *restless, seated at his desk.*

FAUST.

I HAVE, alas ! Philosophy,
Medicine, Jurisprudence too,
And to my cost Theology,
With ardent labor, studied through.
And here I stand, with all my lore,
Poor fool, no wiser than before.
Magister, doctor styled, indeed,
Already these ten years I lead,
Up, down, across, and to and fro,
My pupils by the nose,—and learn,
That we in truth can nothing know !
This in my heart like fire doth burn.
'Tis true, I've more cunning than all your dull tribe,
Magister and doctor, priest, parson, and scribe ;
Scruple or doubt comes not to enthrall me,
Neither can devil nor hell now appall me—
Hence also my heart must all pleasure forego !
I may not pretend aught rightly to know,
I may not pretend, through teaching, to find
A means to improve or convert mankind.
Then I have neither goods nor treasure,
No worldly honor, rank, or pleasure ;
No dog in such fashion would longer live !
Therefore myself to magic I give,
In hope, through spirit-voice and might,
Secrets now veiled to bring to light,
That I no more, with aching brow,

Need speak of what I nothing know ;
That I the force may recognize
That binds creation's inmost energies ;
Her vital powers, her embryo seeds survey,
And fling the trade in empty words away.

O full-orb'd moon, did but thy rays
Their last upon mine anguish gaze !
Beside this desk, at dead of night,
Oft have I watched to hail thy light :
Then, pensive friend ! o'er book and scroll,
With soothing power, thy radiance stole !
In thy dear light, ah, might I climb,
Freely, some mountain height sublime,
Round mountain caves with spirits ride,
In thy mild haze o'er meadows glide,
And, purged from knowledge-fumes, renew
My spirit in thy healing dew !

Woe's me ! still prison'd in the gloom
Of this abhorr'd and musty room,
Where heaven's dear light itself doth pass,
But dimly through the painted glass !
Hemmed in by volumes thick with dust,
A prey to worms and mouldering rust,
And to the high vault's topmost bound,
With smoky paper compass'd round ;
With boxes round thee piled, and glass,
And many a useless instrument,
With old ancestral lumber blent—
This is thy world ! a world ! alas !
And dost thou ask why heaves thy heart,
With tighten'd pressure in thy breast ?
Why the dull ache will not depart,
By which thy life-pulse is oppress'd ?
Instead of nature's living sphere,

Created for mankind of old,
Brute skeletons surround thee here,
And dead men's bones in smoke and mould.

Up! Forth into the distant land!
Is not this book of mystery
By Nostradamus' proper hand,
An all-sufficient guide? Thou'lt see
The courses of the stars unroll'd;
When nature doth her thoughts unfold
To thee, thy soul shall rise, and seek
Communion high with her to hold,
As spirit doth with spirit speak!
Vain by dull poring to divine
The meaning of each hallow'd sign.
Spirits! I feel you hov'ring near;
Make answer, if my voice ye hear!
(*He opens the book and perceives the sign of the Macrocosmos.*)

Ah! at this spectacle through every sense,
What sudden ecstasy of joy is flowing!
I feel new rapture, hallow'd and intense,
Through every nerve and vein with ardor glowing.
Was it a god who character'd this scroll,
Which doth the inward tumult still,
The troubled heart with rapture fill,
And by a mystic impulse, to my soul,
Unveils the working of the wondrous whole?
Am I a God! What light intense!
In these pure symbols do I see,
Nature exert her vital energy.
Now of the wise man's words I learn the sense:
"Unlock'd the spirit-world doth lie;
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!

Up scholar, lave, with courage high,
Thine earthly breast in the morning-red !"
(*He contemplates the sign.*)

How all things live and work, and ever blending,
Weave one vast whole from Being's ample range !
How powers celestial, rising and descending,
Their golden buckets ceaseless interchange !
Their flight on rapture breathing pinions winging,
From heaven to earth their genial influence bringing,
Through the wide sphere their chimes melodious ringing.

A wondrous show ! but ah ! a show alone !
Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where ?
Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon
Hang heaven and earth, from which the withered heart
For solace yearns, ye still impart
Your sweet and fostering tides—where are ye—where ?
Ye gush, and must I languish in despair ?
(*He turns over the leaves of the book impatiently, and perceives the sign of the Earth-spirit.*)

How all unlike the influence of this sign
Earth-spirit, thou to me art nigher,
E'en now my strength is rising higher,
E'en now I glow as with new wine ;
Courage I feel, abroad the world to dare,
The woe of earth, the bliss of earth to bear,
To mingle with the lightnings' glare,
And mid the crashing shipwreck not despair.

Clouds gather over me—
The moon conceals her light—
The lamp is quench'd—
Vapors are rising—Quiv'ring round my head
Flash the red beams—Down from the vaulted roof
A shuddering horror floats,
And seizes me!
I feel it, spirit, prayer-compell'd, 'tis thou
Art hovering near!
Unveil thyself!
Ha! How my heart is riven now!
Each sense, with eager palpitation,
Is strain'd to catch some new sensation!
I feel my my heart surrender'd unto thee!
Thou must! Thou must! Though life should be the fee!

(*He seizes the book, and pronounces mysteriously the sign of the spirit. A ruddy flame flashes up; the spirit appears in the flame.*)

SPIRIT.

Who calls me?

FAUST (*turning aside*).

Dreadful shape!

SPIRIT.

With might,
Thou hast compell'd me to appear,
Long hast been sucking at my sphere,
And now—

FAUST.

Woe's me! I cannot bear thy sight.

SPIRIT.

To know me thou did'st breathe thy prayer,
My voice to hear, to gaze upon my brow;

Me doth thy strong entreaty bow—
Lo! I am here!—What pitiful despair
Grasps thee, the demigod! Where's now the soul's deep cry?
Where is the breast, which in its depths a world conceiv'd,
And bore and cherish'd; which, with ecstasy,
To rank itself with us, the spirits, heav'd?
Where art thou, Faust? whose voice I heard resound,
Who toward me press'd with energy profound?
Art thou he? Thou,—whom thus my breath can blight,
Whose inmost being with affright
Trembles, a crush'd and writhing worm!

FAUST.

Shall I yield, thing of flame, to thee?
Faust, and thine equal, I am he!

SPIRIT.

In the currents of life, in action's storm,
I float and I wave
With billowy motion!
Birth and the grave,
A limitless ocean,
A constant weaving
With change still rife,
A restless heaving,
A glowing life—
Thus time's whirring loom unceasing I ply,
And weave the life garment of deity.

FAUST.

Thou, restless spirit, dost from end to end
O'ersweep the world; how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT.

Thou'rt like the spirit, thou dost comprehend,
Not me! (*Vanishes.*)

FAUST (*deeply moved*).

Not thee?
Whom then?
I, God's own image!
And not rank with thee! (*A knock.*)

Oh death! I know it—'tis my famulus—
My fairest fortune now escapes!
That all these visionary shapes
A soulless groveller should banish thus!

(WAGNER *in his dressing-gown and night-cap, a lamp in his hand.* FAUST *turns round reluctantly.*)

WAGNER.

Pardon! I heard you here declaim;
A Grecian tragedy you doubtless read?
Improvement in this art is now my aim,
For nowadays it much avails. Indeed
An actor, oft I've heard it said at least,
May give instruction even to a priest.

FAUST.

Ay, if your priest should be an actor too
As not improbably may come to pass.

WAGNER.

When in his study pent the whole year through,
Man views the world, as through an optic glass,
On a chance holiday, and scarcely then,
How by persuasion can he govern men?

FAUST.

If feeling prompt not, if it doth not flow
Fresh from the spirit's depths, with strong control
Swaying to rapture every listener's soul,
Idle your toil ; the chase you may forego !
Brood o'er your task ! Together glue,
Cook from another's feast your own ragout,
Still prosecute your paltry game,
And fan your ash-heaps into flame !
Thus children's wonder you'll excite,
And apes', if such your appetite :
But that which issues from the heart alone,
Will bend the hearts of others to your own.

WAGNER.

The speaker in delivery will find
Success alone ; I still am far behind.

FAUST.

A worthy object still pursue !
Be not a hollow tinkling fool !
Sound understanding, judgment true,
Find utterance without art or rule ;
And when with earnestness you speak,
Then is it needful cunning words to seek ?
Your fine harangues, so polish'd in their kind,
Wherein the shreds of human thought ye twist,
Are unrefreshing as the empty wind,
Whistling through wither'd leaves and autumn mist !

WAGNER.

O Heavens ! art is long and life is short !
Still as I prosecute with earnest zeal
The critic's toil, I'm haunted by this thought,
And vague misgivings o'er my spirit steal.

The very means how hardly are they won,
By which we to the fountains rise !
And, haply, ere one half the course is run,
Check'd in his progress, the poor devil dies.

FAUST.

Parchment, is that the sacred fount whence roll
Waters, he thirsteth not who once hath quaffed ?
Oh, if it gush not from thine inmost soul,
Thou hast not won the life-restoring draught.

WAGNER.

Your pardon ! 'Tis delightful to transport
One's self into the spirit of the past,
To see in times before us how a wise man thought,
And what a glorious height we have achieved at last.

FAUST.

Ay truly ! even to the loftiest star !
To us, my friend, the ages that are pass'd
A book with seven seals, close-fasten'd, are ;
And what the spirit of the times men call,
Is merely their own spirit after all,
Wherein, distorted oft, the times are glass'd.
Then truly, 'tis a sight to grieve the soul !
At the first glance we fly it in dismay ;
A very lumber-room, a rubbish-hole ;
At best a sort of mock-heroic play,
With saws pragmatical, and maxims sage,
To suit the puppets and their mimic stage.

WAGNER.

But then the world and man, his heart and brain !
Touching these things all men would something know.

FAUST.

Ay! what 'mong men as knowledge doth obtain!
Who on the child its true name dares bestow?
The few who somewhat of these things have known,
Who their full hearts unguardedly reveal'd,
Nor thoughts, nor feelings, from the mob conceal'd,
Have died on crosses, or in flames been thrown.—
Excuse me, friend, far now the night is spent,
For this time we must say adieu.

WAGNER.

Still to watch on I had been well content,
Thus to converse so learnedly with you.
But as to-morrow will be Easter-day,
Some further questions grant, I pray;
With diligence to study still I fondly cling;
Already I know much, but would know everything. (*Exit.*)

FAUST (*alone*).

How he alone is ne'er bereft of hope,
Who clings to tasteless trash with zeal untir'd
Who doth, with greedy hand, for treasure grope,
And finding earth-worms, is with joy inspir'd!

And dare a voice of merely human birth,
E'en here, where shapes immortal throng'd, intrude?
Yet ah! thou poorest of the sons of earth,
For once, I e'en to thee feel gratitude.
Despair the power of sense did well-nigh blast,
And thou didst save me ere I sank dismay'd;
So giant-like the vision seem'd, so vast,
I felt myself shrink dwarf'd as I survey'd!

I, God's own image, from this toil of clay
Already freed, with eager joy who hail'd
The mirror of eternal truth unveil'd,
Mid light effulgent and celestial day :—
I, more than cherub, whose unfetter'd soul
With penetrative glance aspir'd to flow
Through nature's veins, and, still creating, know
The life of gods,—how am I punish'd now !
One thunder-word hath hurl'd me from the goal !

Spirit! I dare not lift me to thy sphere.
What though my power compell'd thee to appear,
My art was powerless to detain thee here.
In that great moment, rapture-fraught,
I felt myself so small, so great ;
Fiercely didst thrust me from the realm of thought
Back on humanity's uncertain fate !
Who'll teach me now ? What ought I to forego ?
Ought I that impulse to obey ?
Alas ! our every deed, as well as every woe,
Impedes the tenor of life's onward way !

E'en to the noblest by the soul conceiv'd,
Some feelings cling of baser quality ;
And when the goods of this world are achiev'd,
Each nobler aim is term'd a cheat, a lie.
Our aspirations, our soul's genuine life,
Grow torpid in the din of earthly strife.

Though youthful phantasy, while hope inspires,
Stretch o'er the infinite her wing sublime,
A narrow compass limits her desires,
When wreck'd our fortunes in the gulf of time.
In the deep heart of man care builds her nest,
O'er secret woes she broodeth there,

Sleepless she rocks herself and scareth joy
and rest ;
Still is she wont some new disguise to wear,
She may as house and court, as wife and child
appear,
As dagger, poison, fire and flood ;
Imagined evils chill thy blood,
And what thou ne'er shall lose, o'er that dost
shed the tear.

I am not like the gods ! Feel it I must ;
I'm like the earth-worm, writhing in the dust,
Which, as on dust it feeds, its native fare,
Crushed 'neath the passer's tread, lies buried
there.

Is it not dust, wherewith this lofty wall,
With hundred shelves, confines me round,
Rubbish, in thousand shapes, may I not call
What in this moth-world doth my being bound ?
Here, what doth fail me, shall I find ?
Read in a thousand tomes that, everywhere,
Self-torture is the lot of human-kind,
With but one mortal happy, here and there ?
Thou hollow skull, that grin, what should it say,
But that thy brain, like mine, of old perplexed,
Still yearning for the truth, hath sought the light
of day,
And in the twilight wander'd, sorely vexed ?
Ye instruments, forsooth, ye mock at me,—
With wheel, and cog, and ring, and cylinder
To nature's portals ye should be the key ;
Cunning your wards, and yet the bolts ye fail to
stir.
Inscrutable in broadest light,
To be unveil'd by force she doth refuse,
What she reveals not to thy mental sight,

Thou wilt not wrest from her with levers and
with screws.
Old useless furnitures, yet stand ye here,
Because my sire ye served, now dead and gone.
Old scroll, the smoke of years dost wear,
So long as o'er this desk the sorry lamp hath
shone.
Better my little means have squandered quite away,
Than burden'd by that little here to sweat and
groan!
Wouldst thou possess thy heritage, essay,
By use to render it thine own!
What we employ not, but impedes our way,
That which the hour creates, that can it use alone!

But wherefore to yon spot is riveted my gaze?
Is yonder flask there a magnet to my sight?
Whence this mild radiance that round me plays,
As when, 'mid forest gloom, reigneth the moon's
soft light?

Hail, prècious phial! Thee, with reverent awe,
Down from thine old receptacle I draw!
Science in thee I hail and human art.
Essence of deadliest powers, refin'd and sure,
Of soothing anodynes abstraction pure,
Now in thy master's need thy grace impart!
I gaze on thee, my pain is lull'd to rest;
I grasp thee, calm'd the tumult in my breast;
The flood-tide of my spirit ebbs away;
Onward I'm summon'd o'er a boundless main,
Calm at my feet expands the glassy plain,
To shores unknown allures a brighter day.

Lo, where a car of fire, on airy pinion,
Comes floating towards me! I'm prepar'd to fly
By a new track through ether's wide dominion,

To distant spheres of pure activity.
This life intense, this godlike ecstasy—
Worm that thou art, such rapture canst thou earn?
Only resolve with courage stern and high,
Thy visage from the radiant sun to turn;
Dare with determin'd will to burst the portals
Past which in terror others fain would steal!
Now is the time, through deeds, to show that mortals
The calm sublimity of gods can feel;
To shudder not at yonder dark abyss,
Where phantasy creates her own self-torturing brood,
Right onward to the yawning gulf to press,
Around whose narrow jaws rolleth hell's fiery flood;
With glad resolve to take the fatal leap,
Though danger threaten thee, to sink in endless sleep!

Pure crystal goblet, forth I draw thee now,
From out thine antiquated case, where thou
Forgotten hast reposed for many a year!
Oft at my father's revels thou didst shine,
To glad the earnest guests was thine,
As each to other passed the generous cheer.
The gorgeous brede of figures, quaintly wrought,
Which he who quaff'd must first in rhyme expound,
Then drain the goblet at one draught profound,
Hath nights of boyhood to fond memory brought.
I to my neighbor shall not reach thee now,
Nor on thy rich device shall I my cunning show.
Here is a juice, makes drunk without delay;
Its dark brown flood thy crystal round doth fill;

Let this last draught, the product of my skill,
My own free choice, be quaff'd with resolute will,
A solemn festive greeting, to the coming day!
(*He places the goblet to his mouth. The ringing of bells, and choral voices.*)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Mortal, all hail to thee,
Thou whom mortality,
Earth's sad reality,
Held as in prison.

FAUST.

What hum melodious, what clear silvery chime,
Thus draws the goblet from my lips away?
Ye deep-ton'd bells, do ye with voice sublime,
Announce the solemn dawn of Easter-day?
Sweet choir! are ye the hymn of comfort singing,
Which once around the darkness of the grave,
From seraph-voices, in glad triumph ringing,
Of a new covenant assurance gave?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

We, his true-hearted,
With spices and myrrh,
Embalmed the departed,
And swathed him with care;
Here we conveyed Him,
Our Master, so dear;
Alas! Where we laid Him,
The Christ is not here.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Perfect through earthly ruth,

Radiant with love and truth,
He to eternal youth
Soars from earth's prison.

FAUST.

Wherefore, ye tones celestial, sweet and strong,
Come ye a dweller in the dust to seek?
Ring out your chimes believing crowds among,
The message well I hear, my faith alone is weak;
From faith her darling, miracle, hath sprung.
Aloft to yonder spheres I dare not soar,
Whence sound the tidings of great joy;
And yet, with this sweet strain familiar when a boy,
Back it recalleth me to life once more.
Then would celestial love, with holy kiss,
Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour,
While, fraught with solemn meaning and mysterious power,
Chim'd the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was bliss;
A yearning impulse, undefin'd yet dear,
Drove me to wander on through wood and field;
With heaving breast and many a burning tear,
I felt with holy joy a world reveal'd.
Gay sports and festive hours proclaimed with joyous pealing,
This Easter hymn in days of old;
And fond remembrance now, doth me, with childlike feeling,
Back from the last, the solemn step, withhold.
O still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain!
The tear-drop flows,—Earth, I am thine again!

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

He whom we mourned as dead,

Living and glorious,
From the dark grave hath fled,
O'er death victorious ;
Almost creative bliss
Waits on his growing powers ;
Ah ! Him on earth we miss ;
Sorrow and grief are ours.
Yearning he left his own,
Mid sore annoy ;
Ah ! we must needs bemoan,
Master, thy joy!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,
Redeem'd from decay.
The bonds which imprison
Your souls, rend away !
Praising the Lord with zeal,
By deeds that love reveal,
Like brethren true and leal
Sharing the daily meal,
To all that sorrow feel
Whisp'ring of heaven's weal,
Still is the master near,
Still is he here !

(*Before the Gate. Promenaders of all sorts pass out.*)

ARTISANS.

Why choose ye that direction, pray ?

OTHERS.

To the hunting-lodge we're on our way.

THE FIRST.

We toward the mill are strolling on.

A MECHANIC.

A walk to Wasserhof were best.

A SECOND.

The road is not a pleasant one.

THE OTHERS.

What will you do?

A THIRD.

I'll join the rest.

A FOURTH.

Let's up to Burghof, there you'll find good cheer,
The prettiest maidens and the best of beer,
And brawls of a prime sort.

A FIFTH.

You scapegrace! How;
Your skin still itching for a row?
Thither I will not go, I loathe the place.

SERVANT GIRL.

No, no! I to the town my steps retrace.

ANOTHER.

Near yonder poplars he is sure to be.

THE FIRST.

And if he is, what matters it to me!
With you he'll walk, he'll dance with none but you,
And with your pleasures what have I to do?

THE SECOND.

To-day he will not be alone, he said
His friend would be with him, the curly-head.

STUDENT.

Why how those buxom girls step on !
Come, brother, we will follow them anon.
Strong beer, a damsel smartly dress'd,
Stinging tobacco,—these I love the best.

BURGHER'S DAUGHTER.

Look at those handsome fellows there !
'Tis really shameful, I declare,
The very best society they shun,
After those servant-girls forsooth, to run.

SECOND STUDENT (*to the first*).

Not quite so fast ! for in our rear,
Two girls, well-dress'd, are drawing near ;
Not far from us the one doth dwell,
And sooth to say, I like her well.
They walk demurely, yet you'll see,
That they will let us join them presently.

THE FIRST.

Not I ! restraints of all kinds I detest.
Quick ! let us catch the wild-game ere it flies,
The hand on Saturday the mop that plies,
Will on the Sunday fondle you the best.

BURGHER.

No, this new Burgomaster, I like him not ; each hour
He grows more arrogant, now that he's raised to power ;
And for the town, what doth he do for it ?
Are not things worse from day to day ?
To more restraints we must submit ;
And taxes more than ever pay.

BEGGAR (*sings*).

Kind gentlemen and ladies fair,
So rosy-cheek'd and trimly dress'd,
Be pleas'd to listen to my prayer,
Relieve and pity the distress'd.
Let me not vainly sing my lay!
His heart's most glad whose hand is free.
Now when all men keep holiday,
Should be a harvest-day to me.

ANOTHER BURGHER.

I know naught better on a holiday,
Than chatting about war and war's alarms,
When folk in Turkey are all up in arms,
Fighting their deadly battles far away;
We at the window stand, our glasses drain,
And watch adown the stream the painted vessels glide,
Then, blessing peace and peaceful times, again
Homeward we turn our steps at eventide.

THIRD BURGHER.

Ay, neighbor! So let matters stand for me!
There they may scatter one another's brains,
And wild confusion round them see—
So here at home in quiet all remains!

OLD WOMAN (*to the* BURGHER'S DAUGHTERS).

Heyday! How smart! The fresh young blood!
Who would not fall in love with you?
Not quite so proud! 'Tis well and good!
And what you wish, that I could help you to.

BURGHER'S DAUGHTER.

Come, Agatha! I care not to be seen
Walking in public with these witches. True.

My future lover, last St. Andrew's E'en,
In flesh and blood she brought before my view.

ANOTHER.

And mine she show'd me also in the glass,
A soldier's figure, with companions bold:
I look around, I seek him as I pass,
In vain, his form I nowhere can behold.

SOLDIERS.

Fortress with turrets
Rising in air,
Damsel disdainful,
Haughty and fair,
These be my prey!
Bold is the venture,
Costly the pay!

Hark how the trumpet
Thither doth call us,
Where either pleasure
Or death may befall us.
Hail to the tumult!
Life's in the field!
Damsel and fortress
To us must yield.
Bold is the venture,
Costly the pay!
Gaily the soldier
Marches away.

(FAUST *and* WAGNER.)

FAUST.

Loosed from their fetters are streams and rills
Through the gracious spring-tide's all-quickening glow;

Hope's budding joy in the vale doth blow;
Old Winter back to the savage hills
Withdraweth his force, decrepid now.
Thence only impotent icy grains
Scatters he as he wings his flight,
Striping with sleet the verdant plains;
But the sun endureth no trace of white;
Everywhere growth and movement are rife,
All things investing with hues of life:
Though flowers are lacking, varied of dye,
Their colors the motley throng supply.
Turn thee around, and from this height,
Back to the town direct thy sight.
Forth from the hollow, gloomy gate,
Stream forth the masses, in bright array.
Gladly seek they the sun to-day;
The Resurrection they celebrate:
For they themselves have risen, with joy,
From tenement sordid, from cheerless room,
From bonds of toil, from care and annoy,
From gable and roof's o'er-hanging gloom,
From crowded alley and narrow street,
And from the churches' awe-breathing night,
All now have issued into the light.
But look! how spreadeth on nimble feet
Through garden and field the joyous throng,
How o'er the river's ample sheet,
Many a gay wherry glides along;
And see, deep sinking in the tide,
Pushes the last boat now away.
E'en from yon far hill's path-worn side,
Flash the bright hues of garments gay.
Hark! Sounds of village mirth arise;
This is the people's paradise.
Both great and small send up a cheer;
Here am I man, I feel it here.

WAGNER.

Sir Doctor, in a walk with you
There's honor and instruction too;
Yet here alone I care not to resort,
Because I coarseness hate of every sort.
This fiddling, shouting, skittling, I detest;
I hate the tumult of the vulgar throng;
They roar as by the evil one possess'd,
And call it pleasure, call it song.

PEASANTS. (*Under the linden tree. Dance and song.*)

The shepherd for the dance was dress'd
With ribbon, wreath, and coloured vest,
A gallant show displaying.
And round about the linden-tree,
They footed it right merrily.
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
So fiddle-bow was braying.

Our swain amidst the circle press'd,
He pushed a maiden trimly dress'd,
And jogg'd her with his elbow;
The buxom damsel turn'd her head,
"Now that's a stupid trick!" she said,
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Don't be so rude, good fellow!

Swift in the circle they advance,
They dance to right, to left they dance,
The skirts abroad are swinging.
And they grow red, and they grow warm,
Elbow on hip, they arm in arm,
Juchhe! Juchhe!

Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Rest, talking now or singing.

Don't make so free! How many a maid
Has been betroth'd and then betray'd;
And has repented after!
Yet still he flatter'd her aside,
And from the linden, far and wide,
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Sound fiddle-bow and laughter.

OLD PEASANT.

Doctor, 'tis really kind of you,
To condescend to come this way,
A highly learned man like you,
To join our mirthful throng to-day.
Our fairest cup I offer you,
Which we with sparkling drink have crown'd,
And pledging you, I pray aloud,
That every drop within its round,
While it your present thirst allays,
May swell the number of your days.

FAUST.

I take the cup you kindly reach,
Thanks and prosperity to each!
(*The crowd gather round in a circle.*)

OLD PEASANT.

Ay, truly! 'tis well done, that you
Our festive meeting thus attend;
You, who in evil days of yore,
So often show'd yourself our friend!
Full many a one stands living here,
Who from the fever's deadly blast,
Your father rescu'd, when his skill

The fatal sickness stay'd at last.
A young man then, each house you sought,
Where reign'd the mortal pestilence.
Corpse after corpse was carried forth,
But still unscath'd you issued thence.
Sore then your trials and severe ;
The Helper yonder aids the helper here.

ALL.

Heaven bless the trusty friend, and long
To help the poor his life prolong !

FAUST.

To Him above in homage bend,
Who prompts the helper and Who help doth send.
(*He proceeds with* WAGNER.)

WAGNER.

With what emotions must your heart o'erflow.
Receiving thus the reverence of the crowd !
Great man ! How happy, who like you doth know
Such use for gifts by heaven bestow'd !
You to the son the father shows ;
They press around, inquire, advance,
Hush'd is the fiddle, check'd the dance.
Still where you pass they stand in rows,
And each aloft his bonnet throws,
They fall upon their knees, almost
As when there passeth by the Host.

FAUST.

A few steps further, up to yonder stone !
Here rest we from our walk. In times long past,
Absorb'd in thought, here oft I sat alone,
And disciplin'd myself with prayer and fast.
Then rich in hope, with faith sincere,
With sighs, and hands in anguish press'd,

The end of that sore plague, with many a tear,
From heaven's dread Lord, I sought to wrest.
These praises have to me a scornful tone.
Oh, could'st thou in my inner being read,
How little either sire or son,
Of such renown deserve the meed !
My sire, of good repute, and sombre mood,
O'er nature's powers and every mystic zone,
With honest zeal, but methods of his own,
With toil fantastic loved to brood ;
His time in dark alchemic cell,
With brother adepts he would spend,
And there antagonists compel,
Through numberless receipts to blend.
A ruddy lion there, a suitor bold,
In tepid bath was with the lily wed.
Thence both, while open flames around them roll'd,
Were tortur'd to another bridal bed.
Was then the youthful queen descried
With many a hue, to crown the task ;—
This was our medicine ; the patients died,
" Who were restored ?" none cared to ask.
With our infernal mixture thus, ere long,
These hills and peaceful vales among,
We rag'd more fiercely than the pest ;
Myself the deadly poison did to thousands give ;
They pined away, I yet must live,
To hear the reckless murderers blest.

WAGNER.

Why let this thought your soul o'ercast ?
Can man do more than with nice skill,
With firm and conscientious will,
Practise the art transmitted from the past ?
If duly you revere your sire in youth,

His lore you gladly will receive;
In manhood, if you spread the bounds of truth,
Then may your son a higher goal achieve.

FAUST.

O blest, whom still the hope inspires,
To lift himself from error's turbid flood!
What a man knows not, he to use requires,
And what he knows, he cannot use for good.
But let not moody thoughts their shadow throw
O'er the calm beauty of this hour serene!
In the rich sunset see how brightly glow
Yon cottage homes, girt round with verdant green!
Slow sinks the orb, the day is now no more;
Yonder he hastens to diffuse new life.
Oh for a pinion from the earth to soar,
And after, ever after him to strive!
Then should I see the world below,
Bathed in the deathless evening beams,
The vales reposing, every height a-glow,
The silver brooklets meeting golden streams.
The savage mountain, with its cavern'd side,
Bars not my godlike progress. Lo, the ocean,
Its warm bays heaving with a tranquil motion,
To my rapt vision opes its ample tide!
But now at length the god appears to sink;
A new-born impulse wings my flight,
Onward I press, his quenchless light to drink,
The day before me, and behind the night,
The pathless waves beneath, and over me the skies.
Fair dream, it vanish'd with the parting day!
Alas! that when on spirit-wing we rise,
No wing material lifts our mortal clay.
But 'tis our inborn impulse, deep and strong

Upwards and onwards still to urge our flight,
When far above us pours its thrilling song
The sky-lark, lost in azure light,
When on extended wing amain
O'er pine-crown'd height the eagle soars,
And over moor and lake, the crane
Still striveth toward its native shores.

WAGNER.

To strange conceits oft I myself must own,
But impulse such as this I ne'er have known :
Nor woods, nor fields, can long our thoughts engage,
Their wings I envy not the feather'd kind ;
Far otherwise the pleasures of the mind,
Bear us from book to book, from page to page .
Then winter nights grow cheerful ; keen delight
Warms every limb ; and ah ! when we unroll
Some old and precious parchment, at the sight
All heaven itself descends upon the soul.

FAUST.

Your heart by one sole impulse is possess'd ,
Unconscious of the other still remain !
Two souls, alas ! are lodg'd within my breast
Which struggle there for undivided reign :
One to the world, with obstinate desire,
And closely-cleaving organs, still adheres ;
Above the mist, the other doth aspire,
With sacred vehemence, to purer spheres.
Oh, are there spirits in the air,
Who float 'twixt heaven and earth dominion wielding,
Stoop hither from your golden atmosphere,
Lead me to scenes, new life and fuller yielding !
A magic mantle did I but possess,

Abroad to waft me as on viewless wings,
I'd prize it far beyond the costliest dress,
Nor would I change it for the robe of kings.

WAGNER.

Call not the spirits who on mischief wait!
Their troop familiar, streaming through the air,
From every quarter threaten man's estate,
And danger in a thousand forms prepare!
They drive impetuous from the frozen north,
With fangs sharp-piercing, and keen arrowy tongues;
From the ungenial east they issue forth,
And prey, with parching breath, upon your lungs;
If, wafted on the desert's flaming wing,
They from the south heap fire upon the brain,
Refreshment from the west at first they bring,
Anon to drown thyself and field and plain.
In wait for mischief, they are prompt to hear;
With guileful purpose our behests obey;
Like ministers of grace they oft appear,
And lisp like angels, to betray.
But let us hence! Grey eve doth all things blend,
The air grows chill, the mists descend!
'Tis in the evening first our home we prize—
Why stand you thus, and gaze with wondering eyes?
What in the gloom thus moves you?

FAUST.

Yon black hound
See'st thou, through corn and stubble scampering round?

WAGNER.

I've mark'd him long, naught strange in him I see!

FAUST.

Note him! What takest thou the brute to be?

WAGNER.

But for a poodle, whom his instinct serves
His master's track to find once more.

FAUST.

Dost mark how round us, with wide spiral curves,
He wheels, each circle closer than before?
And, if I err not, he appears to me
A fiery whirlpool in his track to leave.

WAGNER.

Naught but a poodle black of hue I see;
'Tis some illusion doth your sight deceive.

FAUST.

Methinks a magic coil our feet around,
He for a future snare doth lightly spread.

WAGNER.

Around us in doubt I see him shyly bound,
Since he two strangers seeth in his master's stead.

FAUST.

The circle narrows, he's already near!

WAGNER.

A dog dost see, no spectre have we here;
He growls, doubts, lays him on his belly too,
And wags his tail—as dogs are wont to do.

FAUST.

Come hither, Sirrah! join our company!

WAGNER.

A very poodle, he appears to be !
Thou standest still, for thee he'll wait ;
Thou speak'st to him, he fawns upon thee straight ;
Aught you may lose, again he'll bring,
And for your stick will into water spring.

FAUST.

Thou'rt right indeed ; no trades now I see
Whatever of a spirit's agency.
'Tis training—nothing more.

WAGNER.

A dog well taught
E'en by the wisest of us may be sought.
Ay, to your favor he's entitled too,
Apt scholar of the students, 'tis his due !
(*They enter the gate of the town.*

Study.

FAUST (*entering with the poodle*).

Behind me now lie field and plain,
As night her veil doth o'er them draw,
Our better soul resumes her reign
With feelings of foreboding awe.
Lull'd is each stormy deed to rest,
And tranquilliz'd each wild desire ;
Pure charity doth warm the breast,
And love to God the soul inspire.
Peace, poodle, peace ! Scamper not thus ; obey me !
Why at the threshold snuffest thou so ?
Behind the stove now quietly lay thee,
My softest cushion to thee I'll throw.

As thou, without, didst please and amuse me,
Running and frisking about on the hill,
Neither shelter will I refuse thee ;
A welcome guest, if thou'lt be still.

Ah ! when within our narrow room,
The friendly lamp again doth glow,
An inward light dispels the gloom
In hearts that strive themselves to know.
Reason begins again to speak,
Again the bloom of hope returns,
The streams of life we fain would seek,
Ah, for life's source our spirit yearns.

Cease, poodle, cease ! with the tone that arises,
Hallow'd and peaceful, my soul within,
Accords not thy growl, thy bestial din.
We find it not strange, that man despises
What he conceives not ;
The good and the fair he misprizes ;
What lies beyond him he doth contemn ;
Snarleth the poodle at it, like men ?

But ah ! E'en now I feel, howe'er I yearn for rest,
Contentment welleth up no longer in my breast.
Yet wherefore must the stream, alas, so soon be dry,
That we once more athirst should lie ?
This sad experience oft I've approv'd !
The want admitteth of compensation ;
We learn to prize what from sense is remov'd,
Our spirits yearn for revelation,
Which nowhere burneth with beauty blent,
More pure than in the New Testament.
To the ancient text an impulse strong
Moves me the volume to explore,

And to translate its sacred lore
Into the tones belovèd of the German tongue.
(*He opens a volume, and applies himself to it.*)

'Tis writ, "In the beginning was the Word!"
I pause, perplex'd! Who now will help afford?
I cannot the mere Word so highly prize;
I must translate it otherwise,
If by the spirit guided as I read.
"In the beginning was the Sense!" Take heed,
The import of this primal sentence weigh,
Lest thy too hasty pen be led astray!
Is force creative then of Sense the dower?
"In the beginning was the Power!"
Thus should it stand: yet, while the line I trace,
A something warns me, once more to efface.
The spirit aids! from anxious scruples freed,
I write, "In the beginning was the Deed!"

Am I with thee my room to share,
Poodle, thy barking now forbear,
Forbear thy howling!
Comrade so noisy, ever growling,
I cannot suffer here to dwell.
One or the other, mark me well,
Forthwith must leave the cell.
I'm loth the guest-right to withhold;
The door's ajar, the passage clear;
But what must now mine eyes behold!
Are nature's laws suspended here?
Real is it, or a phantom show?
In length and breadth how doth my poodle grow!
He lifts himself with threat'ning mien,
In likeness of a dog no longer seen!
What spectre have I harbor'd thus!
Huge as a hippopotamus,

With fiery eye, terrific tooth !
Ah ! now I know thee, sure enough !
For such a base, half-hellish brood,
The key of Solomon is good.

SPIRITS (*without*).

Captur'd there within is one !
Stay without and follow none !
Like a fox in iron snare,
Hell's old lynx is quaking there,
But take heed !
Hover round, above, below,
To and fro,
Then from durance is he freed !
Can ye aid him, spirits all,
Leave him not in mortal thrall !
Many a time and oft hath he
Served us, when at liberty.

FAUST.

The monster to confront, at first,
The spell of Four must be rehears'd :

Salamander shall kindle,
Writhe nymph of the wave,
In air sylph shall dwindle,
And Kobold shall slave.

Who doth ignore
The primal Four,
Nor knows aright
Their use and might,
O'er spirits will he
Ne'er master be !

Vanish in the fiery glow,
Salamander !

Rushingly together flow,
Undine!
Shimmer in the meteor's gleam,
Sylphide!
Hither bring thine homely aid,
Incubus! Incubus!
Step forth! I do adjure thee thus!

None of the Four
Lurks in the beast:
He grins at me, untroubled as before;
I have not hurt him in the least.
A spell of fear
Thou now shalt hear.

Art thou, comrade fell,
Fugitive from Hell?
See then this sign,
Before which incline
The murky troops of Hell!

With bristling hair now doth the creature swell.

Canst thou, reprobate,
Read the uncreate,
Unspeakable, diffused
Throughout the heavenly sphere,
Shamefully abused,
Transpierced with nail and spear!

Behind the stove, tam'd by my spells,
Like an elephant he swells;
Wholly now he fills the room,
He into mist will melt away.
Ascend not to the ceiling! Come,
Thyself at the master's feet now lay!
Thou seest that mine is no idle threat.
With holy fire I will scorch thee yet!

Wait not the might
That lies in the triple-glowing light!
Wait not the might
Of all my arts in fullest measure!

MEPHISTOPHELES. (*As the mist sinks, comes forward from behind the stove, in the dress of a travelling scholar.*)

Why all this uproar? What's the master's pleasure?

FAUST.

This then the kernel of the brute!
A travelling scholar? Why, I needs must smile.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your learned reverence humbly I salute!
You've made me swelter in a pretty style.

FAUST.

Thy name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question trifling seems from one,
Who it appears the Word doth rate so low;
Who, undeluded by mere outward show,
To Being's depths would penetrate alone.

FAUST.

With gentlemen like you indeed
The inward essence from the name we read,
As all too plainly it doth appear,
When Beelzebub, Destroyer, Liar, meets the ear.
Who then art thou?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of that power which still
Produceth good, while ever scheming ill.

FAUST.

What hidden mystery in this riddle lies?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The spirit I, which evermore denies!
And justly; for whate'er to light is brought
Deserves again to be reduced to naught;
Then better 'twere that naught should be.
Thus all the elements which ye,
Destruction, Sin, or briefly, Evil, name,
As my peculiar element I claim.

FAUST.

Thou nam'st thyself a part, and yet a whole I see.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The modest truth I speak to thee.
Though folly's microcosm, man, it seems,
Himself to be a perfect whole esteems,
Part of the part am I, which at the first was all.

A part of darkness, which gave birth to light.
Proud light, who now his mother would enthrall,
Contesting space and ancient rank with night.
Yet he succeedeth not, for struggle as he will,
To forms material he adhereth still;
From them he streameth, them he maketh fair,
And still the progress of his beams they check;
And so, I trust, when comes the final wreck,
Light will, erelong, the doom of matter share.

FAUST.

Thy worthy avocation now I guess!
Wholesale annihilation won't prevail,
So thou'rt beginning on a smaller scale.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And, to say truth, as yet with small success
Opposed to nothinginess, the world,
This clumsy mass, subsisteth still ;
Not yet is it to ruin hurl'd,
Despite the efforts of my will.
Tempests and earthquakes, fire and flood, I've tried ;
Yet land and ocean still unchang'd abide !
And then of humankind and beasts, the accursed brood—
Neither o'er them can I extend my sway.
What countless myriads have I swept away !
Yet ever circulates the fresh young blood.
It is enough to drive me to despair !
As in the earth, in water, and in air,
In moisture and in drought, in heat and cold,
Thousands of germs their energies unfold !
If fire I had not for myself retain'd,
No sphere whatever had for me remain'd.

FAUST.

So thou with thy cold devil's fist,
Still clench'd in malice impotent,
Dost the creative power resist,
The active, the beneficent !
Henceforth some other task essay,
Of Chaos thou the wondrous son !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will consider what you say,
And talk about it more anon !
For this time have I leave to go ?

FAUST.

Why thou shouldst ask, I cannot see.

Since one another now we know,
At thy good pleasure, visit me.
Here is the window, here the door,
The chimney, too, may serve thy need.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must confess, my stepping o'er
Thy threshold a slight hindrance doth impede ;
The wizard-foot doth me retain.

FAUST.

The pentagram thy peace doth mar?
To me, thou son of hell, explain,
How camest thou in, if this thine exit bar?
Could such a spirit aught ensnare ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Observe it well, it is not drawn with care,
One of the angles, that which points without,
Is, as thou seest, not quite closed.

FAUST.

Chance hath the matter happily dispos'd !
So thou my captive art? No doubt !
By accident thou thus art caught !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In sprang the dog, indeed, observing naught ;
Things now assume another shape,
The devil's in the house and can't escape.

FAUST.

Why through the window not withdraw?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For ghosts and for the devil 'tis a law,

Where they stole in, there they must forth. We're free
The first to choose ; as to the second, slaves are we.

FAUST.

E'en hell hath its peculiar laws, I see !
I'm glad of that ! a pact may then be made,
The which, you gentlemen, will surely keep ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whate'er therein is promised thou shalt reap,
No tittle shall remain unpaid.
But such arrangements time require ;
We'll speak of them when next we meet ;
Most earnestly I now entreat,
This once permission to retire.

FAUST.

Another moment prithee here remain,
Me with some happy word to pleasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now let me go ! erelong I'll come again,
Then thou may'st question at thy leisure.

FAUST.

To capture thee was not my will.
Thyself has freely entered in the snare :
Let him who holds the devil, hold him still !
A second time so soon he will not catch him there.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If it so please thee, I'm at thy command ;
Only on this condition, understand ;
That worthily thy leisure to beguile,
I here may exercise my arts a while.

FAUST.

Thou'rt free to do so! Gladly I'll attend;
But be thine art a pleasant one!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend,
This hour enjoyment more intense,
Shall captivate each ravish'd sense,
Than thou couldst compass in the bound
Of the whole year's unvarying round;
And what the dainty spirits sing,
The lovely images they bring,
Are no fantastic sorcery.
Rich odors shall regale your smell,
On choicest sweets your palate dwell,
Your feelings thrill with ecstasy.
No preparation do we need,
Here we together are. Proceed.

SPIRITS.

Hence overshadowing gloom
Vanish from sight!
O'er us thine azure dome,
Bend, beauteous light!
Dark clouds that o'er us spread,
Melt in thin air!
Stars, your soft radiance shed,
Tender and fair.
Girt with celestial might,
Winging their airy flight,
Spirits are thronging.
Follows their forms of light
Infinite longing!
Flutter their vestures bright
O'er field and grove!
Where in their leafy bower

Lovers the livelong hour
Vow deathless love.
Soft bloometh bud and bower!
Bloometh the grove!
Grapes from the spreading vine
Crown the full measure;
Fountains of foaming wine
Gush from the pressure.
Still where the currents wind,
Gems brightly gleam.
Leaving the hills behind
On rolls the stream;
Now into ample seas,
Spreadeth the flood;
Laving the sunny leas,
Mantled with wood.
Rapture the feather'd throng,
Gayly careering,
Sip as they float along;
Sunward they're steering;
On toward the isles of light
Winging their way,
That on the waters bright
Dancingly play.
Hark to the choral strain,
Joyfully ringing!
While on the grassy plain
Dancers are springing;
Climbing the steep hill's side,
Skimming the glassy tide,
Wander they there;
Others on pinions wide
Wing the blue air;
On toward the living stream,
Toward yonder stars that gleam,
Far, far away;

Seeking their tender beam
Wing they their way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well done, my dainty spirits ! now he slumbers ;
Ye have entranc'd him fairly with your numbers ;
This minstrelsy of yours I must repay.—
Thou art not yet the man to hold the devil fast !—
With fairest shapes your spells around him cast,
And plunge him in a sea of dreams !
But that this charm be rent, the threshold passed,
Tooth of rat the way must clear.
I need not conjure long, it seems,
One rustles hitherward, and soon my voice will hear.

The master of the rats and mice,
Of flies and frogs, of bugs and lice,
Commands thy presence ; without fear
Come forth and gnaw the threshold here,
Where he with oil has smear'd it.—Thou
Com'st hopping forth already ! Now
To work ! The point that holds me bound
Is in the outer angle found.
Another bite—so—now 'tis done—
Now, Faustus, till we meet again, dream on.

FAUST (*awaking*).

Am I once more deluded ! must I deem
This troop of thronging spirits all ideal ?
The devil's presence, was it nothing real ?
The poodle's disappearance but a dream ?

Study. FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A knock ? Come in ! Who now would break my rest ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I !

FAUST.

Come in !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thrice be the words express'd.

FAUST.

Then I repeat Come in !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well,
I hope that we shall soon agree !
For now your fancies to expel,
Here, as a youth of high degree,
I come in gold-lac'd scarlet vest,
And stiff-silk mantle richly dress'd,
A cock's gay feather for a plume,
A long and pointed rapier, too ;
And briefly I would counsel you
To don at once the same costume,
And, free from trammels, speed away,
That what life is you may essay.

FAUST.

In every garb I needs must feel oppress'd,
My heart to earth's low cares a prey.
Too old the trifler's part to play,
Too young to live by no desire possess'd.
What can the world to me afford ?
Renounce ! renounce ! is still the word ;
This is the everlasting song
In every ear that ceaseless rings,
And which, alas, our whole life long,
Hoarsely each passing moment sings.

But to new horror I awake each morn,
And I could weep hot tears, to see the sun
Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn
Accomplishes no wish of mine—not one.
Which still, with froward captiousness, impairs
E'en the presentiment of every joy,
While low realities and paltry cares
The spirit's fond imaginings destroy,
And must I then, when falls the veil of night,
Stretch'd on my pallet languish in despair;
Appalling dreams my soul affright;
No rest vouchsafed me even there.
The god, who throned within my breast resides,
Deep in my soul can stir the springs;
With sovereign sway my energies he guides,
He cannot move external things;
And so existence is to me a weight,
Death fondly I desire, and life I hate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet, methinks, by most 'twill be confess'd
That Death is never quite a welcome guest.

FAUST.

Happy the man around whose brow he binds
The bloodstain'd wreath in conquest's dazzling hour;
Or whom, excited by the dance, he finds
Dissolv'd in bliss, in love's delicious bower!
O that before the lofty spirit's might,
Enraptured, I had rendered up my soul!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet did a certain man refrain, one night,
Of its brown juice to drain the crystal bowl.

FAUST.

To play the spy diverts you then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I own,
Though not omniscient, much to me is known.

FAUST.

If o'er my soul the tone familiar, stealing,
Drew me from harrowing thought's bewild'ring maze,
Touching the ling'ring chords of childlike feeling
With the sweet harmonies of happier days:
So curse I all, around the soul that windeth
Its magic and alluring spell,
And with delusive flattery bindeth
Its victim to this dreary cell!
Curs'd before all things be the high opinion,
Wherewith the spirit girds itself around!
Of shows delusive curs'd be the dominion,
Within whose mocking sphere our sense is bound!
Accurs'd of dreams the treacherous wiles,
The cheat of glory, deathless fame!
Accurs'd what each as property beguiles,
Wife, child, slave, plough, whate'er its name!
Accurs'd be mammon, when with treasure
He doth to daring deeds incite:
Or when to steep the soul in pleasure,
He spreads the couch of soft delight!
Curs'd be the grape's balsamic juice!
Accurs'd love's dream, of joys the first!
Accurs'd be hope! accurs'd be faith!
And more than all, be patience curs'd!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (*invisible*).

Woe! woe!

Thou hast destroy'd
The beautiful world
With violent blow ;
'Tis shiver'd ! 'tis shatter'd !
The fragments abroad by a demigod scatter'd !
Now we sweep
The wrecks into nothingness !
Fondly we weep
The beauty that's gone !
Thou, 'mongst the sons of earth,
Lofty and mighty one,
Build it once more !
In thine own bosom the lost world restore !
Now with unclouded sense
Enter a new career ;
Songs shall salute thine ear,
Ne'er heard before !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My little ones these spirits be.
Hark ! with shrewd intelligence,
How they recommend to thee
Action, and the joys of sense !
In the busy world to dwell,
Fain they would allure thee hence :
For within this lonely cell,
Stagnate sap of life and sense.
Forbear to trifle longer with thy grief,
Which, vulture-like, consumes thee in this den.
The worst society is some relief,
Making thee feel thyself a man with men.
Nathless it is not meant, I trow,
To trust thee 'mid the vulgar throng.
I to the upper ranks do not belong ;
Yet if, by me companion'd, thou
Thy steps through life forthwith wilt take,

Upon the spot myself I'll make
Thy comrade ;—
Should it suit thy need,
I am thy servant, am thy slave indeed!

FAUST.

And how must I thy services repay?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thereto thou lengthen'd respite hast!

FAUST.

No! No!
The devil is an egotist I know :
And, for Heaven's sake, 'tis not his way
Kindness to any one to show.
Let the condition plainly be exprest ;
Such a domestic is a dangerous guest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll pledge myself to be thy servant *here*,
Still at thy back alert and prompt to be ;
But when together *yonder* we appear,
Then shalt thou do the same for me.

FAUST.

But small concern I feel for yonder world ;
Hast thou this system into ruin hurl'd,
Another may arise the void to fill.
This earth the fountain whence my pleasures flow,
This sun doth daily shine upon my woe,
And if this world I must forego,
Let happen then,—what can and will.
I to this theme will close mine ears,
If men hereafter hate and love,
And if there be in yonder spheres
A depth below or height above.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this mood thou mayest venture it. But make
The compact, and at once I'll undertake
To charm thee with mine arts. I'll give thee more
Than mortal eye hath e'er beheld before.

FAUST.

What, sorry Devil, hast thou to bestow?
Was ever mortal spirit, in its high endeavor,
Fathom'd by Being such as thou?
Yet food thou hast which satisfieth never,
Hast ruddy gold, that still doth flow
Like restless quicksilver away,
A game thou hast, at which none win who play,
A girl who would, with amorous eyen,
E'en from my breast, a neighbor snare,
Lofty ambition's joy divine,
That, meteor-like, dissolves in air.
Show me the fruit that, ere 'tis pluck'd, doth rot,
And trees, whose verdure daily buds anew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a commission scares me not,
I can provide such treasures, it is true;
But, my good friend, a season will come round,
When on what's good we may regale in peace.

FAUST.

If e'er upon my couch, stretched at my ease, I'm
found,
Then may my life that instant cease;
Me canst thou cheat with glozing wile
Till self-reproach away I cast?—
Me with joy's lure canst thou beguile?—
Let that day be for me the last!
Be this our wager!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Settled!

FAUST.

Sure and fast!
When to the moment I shall say,
"Linger a while, so fair thou art!"
Then mayst thou fetter me straightway,
Then to the abyss will I depart;
Then may the solemn death-bell sound,
Then from thy service thou art free,
The index then may cease its round,
And time be never more for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I shall remember: pause, ere 'tis too late.

FAUST.

Thereto a perfect right hast thou.
My strength I do not rashly overrate.
Slave am I here, at any rate,
If thine or whose it matters not, I trow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At thine inaugural feast I will this day
Attend, my duties to commence.—
But one thing!—Accidents may happen, hence
A line or two in writing grant, I pray.

FAUST.

A writing, Pedant! dost demand from me?
Man, and man's plighted word, are these unknown to thee?
Is't not enough, that by the word I gave,
My doom for evermore is cast?
Doth not the world in all its currents rave,
And must a promise hold me fast?

Yet fixed is this delusion in our heart ;
Who, of his own free will, therefrom would part?
How blest within whose breast truth reigneth pure !
No sacrifice will he repent when made !
A formal deed, with seal and signature,
A spectre this from which all shrink afraid.
The word its life resigneth in the pen,
Leather and wax usurp the mastery then.
Spirit of evil ! what dost thou require ?
Brass, marble, parchment, paper, dost desire ?
Shall I with chisel, pen, or graver write ?
Thy choice is free ; to me 'tis all the same.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wherefore thy passion so excite,
And thus thine eloquence inflame ?
A scrap is for our compact good.
Thou under-signest merely with a drop of blood.

FAUST.

If this will satisfy thy mind,
Thy whim I'll gratify, howe'er absurd.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a juice of very special kind.

FAUST.

Be not afraid that I shall break my word
The scope of all my energy.
Is in exact accordance with my vow.
Vainly I have aspired too high ;
I'm on a level but with such as thou ;
Me the great spirit scorn'd, defied ;
Nature from me herself doth hide ;
Rent is the web of thought ; my mind
Doth knowledge loathe of every kind.

In depths of sensual pleasure drown'd,
Let us our fiery passions still!
Enwrapp'd in magic's veil profound,
Let wondrous charms our senses thrill!
Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow,
Stem we the rolling surge of chance!
There may alternate weal and woe,
Success and failure, as they can,
Mingle and shift in changeful dance!
Excitement is the sphere for man.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nor goal, nor measure is prescrib'd to you.
If you desire to taste of every thing,
To snatch at joy while on the wing,
May your career amuse and profit too!
Only fall to and don't be over coy!

FAUST.

Hearken! The end I aim at is not joy;
I crave excitement, agonizing bliss,
Enamour'd hatred, quickening vexation.
Purg'd from the love of knowledge, my vocation,
The scope of all my powers henceforth be this,
To bare my breast to every pang,—to know
In my heart's core all human weal and woe,
To grasp in thought the lofty and the deep,
Men's various fortunes on my breast to heap,
And thus to theirs dilate my individual mind,
And share at length with them the shipwreck of
mankind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, credit me, who still as ages roll,
Have chew'd this bitter fare from year to year,
No mortal, from the cradle to the bier,

Digests the ancient leaven ! Know, this Whole
Doth for the Deity alone subsist !
He in eternal brightness doth exist,
Us unto darkness he hath brought, and here
Where day and night alternate, is your sphere.

FAUST.

But 'tis my will !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well spoken, I admit !
But one thing puzzles me, my friend ;
Time's short, art long ; methinks 'twere fit
That you to friendly counsel should attend.
A poet choose as your ally !
Let him thought's wide dominion sweep,
Each good and noble quality,
Upon your honored brow to heap ;
The lion's magnanimity,
The fleetness of the hind,
The fiery blood of Italy,
The Northern's steadfast mind !
Let him to you the mystery show
To blend high aims and cunning low ;
And while youth's passions are aflame
To fall in love by rule and plan !
I fain would meet with such a man ;
Would him Sir Microcosmus name.

FAUST.

What then am I, if I aspire in vain
The crown of our humanity to gain,
Toward which my every sense doth strain ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou'rt after all—just what thou art.
Put on thy head a wig with countless locks.

Raise to a cubit's height thy learned socks,
Still thou remainest ever, what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel it, I have heap'd upon my brain
The gather'd treasure of man's thought in vain ;
And when at length from studious toil I rest,
No power, new-born, springs up within my breast;
A hair's breadth is not added to my height,
I am no nearer to the infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good sir, these things you view indeed,
Just as by other men they're view'd ;
We must more cleverly proceed,
Before life's joys our grasp elude.
The devil ! thou hast hands and feet,
And head and heart are also thine ;
What I enjoy with relish sweet,
Is it on that account less mine ?
If for six stallions I can pay,
Do I not own their strength and speed.
A proper man I dash away,
As their two dozen legs were mine indeed.
Up then, from idle pondering free,
And forth into the world with me !
I tell you what ;—your speculative churl
Is like a beast which some ill spirit leads,
On barren wilderness, in ceaseless whirl,
While all around lie fair and verdant meads.

FAUST.

But how shall we begin ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will go hence with speed,
A place of torment this indeed !

A precious life, thyself to bore,
And some few youngsters evermore !
Leave it to neighbor Paunch ;—withdraw,
Why wilt thou plague thyself with thrashing straw ?
The very best that thou dost know
Thou dar'st not to the striplings show.
One in the passage now doth wait !

FAUST.

I'm in no mood to see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor lad ! He must be tired, I trow ;
He must not go disconsolate.
Hand me thy cap and gown ; the mask
Is for my purpose quite first rate.
(*He changes his dress.*)
Now leave it to my wit ! I ask
But quarter of an hour ; meanwhile equip,
And make all ready for our pleasant trip !
(*Exit* FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in* FAUST'S *long gown*).

Mortal ! the loftiest attributes of men,
Reason and Knowledge, only thus contemn,
Still let the Prince of lies, without control,
With shows, and mocking charms delude thy soul,
I have thee unconditionally then !—
Fate hath endow'd him with an ardent mind,
Which unrestrain'd still presses on forever,
And whose precipitate endeavor
Earth's joys o'erleaping, leaveth them behind.
Him will I drag through life's wild waste,
Through scenes of vapid dulness, where at last
Bewilder'd, he shall falter, and stick fast ;

And, still to mock his greedy haste,
Viands and drink shall float his craving lips beyond—
Vainly he'll seek refreshment, anguish-tost,
And were he not the devil's by his bond,
Yet must his soul infallibly be lost!
(*A* STUDENT *enters*).

STUDENT.

But recently I've quitted home,
Full of devotion am I come
A man to know and hear, whose name
With reverence is known to fame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your courtesy much flatters me!
A man like other men you see;
Pray have you yet applied elsewhere?

STUDENT.

I would entreat your friendly care!
I've youthful blood and courage high;
Of gold I bring a fair supply;
To let me go my mother was not fain;
But here I longed true knowledge to attain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You've hit upon the very place.

STUDENT.

And yet my steps I would retrace.
These walls, this melancholy room,
O'erpower me with a sense of gloom;
The space is narrow, nothing green,
No friendly tree is to be seen:
And in these halls, with benches lined,
Sight, hearing fail, fails too my mind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It all depends on habit. Thus at first
The infant takes not kindly to the breast,
But before long, its eager thirst
Is fain to slake with hearty zest:
Thus at the breasts of wisdom day by day
With keener relish you'll your thirst allay.

STUDENT.

Upon her neck I fain would hang with joy;
To reach it, say, what means must I employ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Explain, ere further time we lose,
What special faculty you choose?

STUDENT.

Profoundly learned I would grow,
What heaven contains would comprehend,
O'er earth's wide realm my gaze extend,
Nature and science I desire to know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are upon the proper track, I find.
Take heed, let nothing dissipate your mind.

STUDENT.

My heart and soul are in the chase!
Though to be sure I fain would seize,
On pleasant summer holidays,
A little liberty and careless ease.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Use well your time, so rapidly it flies;
Method will teach you time to win;
Hence, my young friend, I would advise,
With college logic to begin!

Then will your mind be so well braced,
In Spanish boots so tightly laced,
That on 'twill circumspectly creep,
Thought's beaten track securely keep,
Nor will it, ignis-fatuus like,
Into the path of error strike.
Then many a day they'll teach you how
The mind's spontaneous acts, till now
As eating and as drinking free,
Require a process ;—one ! two ! three !
In truth the subtle web of thought
Is like the weaver's fabric wrought :
One treadle moves a thousand lines,
Swift dart the shuttles to and fro,
Unseen the threads together flow,
A thousand knots one stroke combines.
Then forward steps your sage to show,
And prove to you, it must be so ;
The first being so, and so the second,
The third and fourth deduc'd we see ;
And if there were no first and second,
Nor third nor fourth would ever be.
This, scholars of all countries prize—
Yet 'mong themselves no weavers rise.
He who would know and treat of aught alive,
Seeks first the living spirit thence to drive :
Then are the lifeless fragments in his hand,
There only fails, alas ! the spirit-band.
This process, chemists name, in learned thesis,
Mocking themselves, *Naturæ encheiresis.*

STUDENT.

Your words I cannot fully comprehend.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In a short time you will improve, my friend,

When of scholastic forms you learn the use ;
And how by method all things to reduce.

STUDENT.

So doth all this my brain confound,
As if a mill-wheel there were turning round.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And next, before aught else you learn,
You must with zeal to metaphysics turn !
There see that you profoundly comprehend
What doth the limit of man's brain transcend ;
For that which is or is not in the head
A sounding phrase will serve you in good stead.
But before all strive this half year
From one fix'd order ne'er to swerve !
Five lectures daily you must hear ;
The hour still punctually observe !
Yourself with studious zeal prepare,
And closely in your manual look,
Hereby may you be quite aware
That all he utters standeth in the book ;
Yet write away without cessation,
As at the Holy Ghost's dictation !

STUDENT.

This, sir, a second time you need not say !
Your counsel I appreciate quite ;
What we possess in black and white,
We can in peace and comfort bear away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A faculty I pray you name.

STUDENT.

For jurisprudence some distaste I own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To me this branch of science is well known,
And hence I cannot your repugnance blame.
Customs and laws in every place,
Like a disease, an heir-loom dread,
Still trail their curse from race to race,
And furtively abroad they spread.
To nonsense, reason's self they turn ;
Beneficence becomes a pest ;
Woe unto thee, that thou'rt a grandson born !
As for the law born with us, unexpress'd ;—
That law, alas, none careth to discern.

STUDENT.

You deepen my dislike. The youth
Whom you instruct is blest in sooth.
To try theology I feel inclined.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would not lead you willingly astray,
But as regards this science, you will find,
So hard it is to shun the erring way,
And so much hidden poison lies therein,
Which scarce can you discern from medicine.
Here too it is the best, to listen but to one,
And by the master's words to swear alone.
To sum up all—To words hold fast !
Then the safe gate securely pass'd,
You'll reach the fane of certainty at last,

STUDENT.

But then some meaning must the words convey.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right ! But o'er-anxious thought, you'll find of no avail,

For there precisely where ideas fail,
A word comes opportunely into play.
Most admirable weapons words are found,
On words a system we securely ground,
In words we can conveniently believe,
Nor of a single jot can we a word bereave.

STUDENT.

Your pardon for my importunity ;
Yet once more must I trouble you :
On medicine, I'll thank you to supply
A pregnant utterance or two !
Three years ! how brief the appointed tide !
The field, heaven knows, is all too wide !
If but a friendly hint be thrown,
'Tis easier then to feel one's way.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I'm weary of the dry pedantic tone,
And must again the genuine devil play.
(*Aloud.*)
Of medicine the spirit's caught with ease,
The great and little world you study through,
That things may then their course pursue,
As heaven may please.
In vain abroad you range through science' ample space,
Each man learns only that which learn he can ;
Who knows the moment to embrace,
He is your proper man.
In person you are tolerably made,
Nor in assurance will you be deficient :
Self-confidence acquire, be not afraid,
Others will then esteem you a proficient.
Learn chiefly with the sex to deal !
Their thousand ahs and ohs,

These the sage doctor knows,
He only from one point can heal.
Assume a decent tone of courteous ease,
You have them then to humor as you please.
First a diploma must belief infuse,
That you in your profession take the lead:
You then at once those easy freedoms use
For which another many a year must plead;
Learn how to feel with nice address
The dainty wrist;—and how to press,
With ardent furtive glance, the slender waist,
To feel how tightly it is laced.

STUDENT.

There is some sense in that! one sees the how and why.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gray is, young friend, all theory:
And green of life the golden tree.

STUDENT.

I swear it seemeth like a dream to me;
May I some future time repeat my visit,
To hear on what your wisdom grounds your views?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Command my humble service when you choose.

STUDENT.

Ere I retire, one boon I must solicit:
Here is my album, do not, sir, deny
This token of your favor!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Willingly!
(*He writes and returns the book.*)

STUDENT (*reads*).

Eritis sicut deus, scientes bonum et malum.
(*He reverently closes the book and retires.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let but this ancient proverb be your rule,
My cousin follow still, the wily snake,
And with your likeness to the gods, poor fool,
Erelong be sure your poor sick heart will quake!

FAUST (*enters*).

Whither away?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis thine our course to steer.
The little world, and then the great we'll view.
With what delight, what profit too,
Thou'lt revel through thy gay career!

FAUST.

Despite my length of beard I need
The easy manners that insure success;
Th' attempt I fear can ne'er succeed;
To mingle in the world I want address;
I still have an embarrass'd air, and then
I feel myself so small with other men.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Time, my good friend, will all that's needful give;
Be only self-possessed, and thou hast learn'd to live.

FAUST.

But how are we to start, I pray?
Steeds, servants, carriage, where are they?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We've but to spread this mantle wide,

'Twill serve whereon through air to ride.
No heavy baggage need you take,
When we our bold excursion make.
A little gas, which I will soon prepare,
Lifts us from earth ; aloft through air,
Light laden, we shall swiftly steer ;—
I wish you joy of your new life-career.

(*Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig. A drinking party.*)

FROSCH.

No drinking ? Naught a laugh to raise ?
None of your gloomy looks, I pray !
You, who so bright were wont to blaze,
Are dull as wetted straw to-day.

BRANDER.

'Tis all your fault ; your part you do not bear,
No beastliness, no folly.

FROSCH (*pours a glass of wine over his head.*)

There,
You have them both !

BRANDER.

You double beast !

FROSCH.

'Tis what you ask'd me for, at least !

SIEBEL.

Whoever quarrels, turn him out !
With open throat drink, roar, and shout.
Hollo ! Hollo ! Ho !

ALTMAYER.

Zounds, fellow, cease your deaf'ning cheers !
Bring cotton-wool ! He splits my ears.

SIEBEL.

'Tis when the roof rings back the tone,
Then first the full power of the bass is known.

FROSCH.

Right ! out with him who takes offence !
A tara lara la !

ALTMAYER.

A tara lara la !

FROSCH.

Our throats are tuned. Come let's commence.

(*Sings.*)

The holy Roman empire now,
How holds it still together ?

BRANDER.

An ugly song ! a song political !
A song offensive ! Thank God, every morn
To rule the Roman empire, that you were not born !
I bless my stars at least that mine is not
Either a kaiser's or a chancellor's lot.
Yet 'mong ourselves should one still lord it o'er the rest ;
That we elect a pope I now suggest.
Ye know, what quality insures
A man's success, his rise secures.

FROSCH (*sings*).

Bear, lady nightingale above,
Ten thousand greetings to my love.

SIEBEL.

No greetings to a sweetheart ! No love-songs shall there be !

FROSCH.

Love-greetings and love-kisses! Thou shalt not hinder me!

(*Sings.*)

Undo the bolt! in stilly night,
Undo the bolt! thy love's awake:
Shut to the bolt! with morning light—

SIEBEL.

Ay, sing away, sing on, her praises sound;—the snake!
My turn to laugh will come some day.
Me hath she jilted once, you the same trick she'll play.
Some gnome her lover be! where cross-roads meet,
With her to play the fool; or old he-goat,
From Blocksberg coming in swift gallop, bleat
A good-night to her, from his hairy throat!
A proper lad of genuine flesh and blood
Is for the damsel far too good;
The greeting she shall have from me
To smash her window-panes will be!

BRANDER (*striking on the table*).

Silence! Attend! to me give ear!
Confess, sirs, I know how to live:
Some love-sick folk are sitting here!
Hence, 'tis but fit, their hearts to cheer,
That I a good-night strain to them should give.
Hark! of the newest fashion is my song!
Strike boldly in the chorus, clear and strong!

(*He sings.*)

Once in a cellar lived a rat
He feasted there on butter.

Until his paunch became as fat
As that of Doctor Luther.
The cook laid poison for the guest,
Then was his heart with pangs oppress'd,
As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS (*shouting*).

As if his frame love wasted.

BRANDER.

He ran around, he ran abroad,
Of every puddle drinking.
The house with rage he scratch'd and gnaw'd,
In vain,—he fast was sinking ;
Full many an anguish'd bound he gave,
Nothing the hapless brute could save,
As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS.

As if his frame love wasted.

BRANDER.

By torture driven, in open day,
The kitchen he invaded,
Convulsed upon the hearth he lay,
With anguish sorely jaded ;
The poisoner laugh'd, Ha ! ha ! quoth she,
His life is ebbing fast, I see,
As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS.

As if his frame love wasted.

SIEBEL.

How the dull boors exulting shout !
Poison for the poor rats to strew
A fine exploit it is no doubt.

BRANDER.

They, as it seems, stand well with you!

ALTMAYER.

Old bald-pate! with the paunch profound!
The rat's mishap hath tamed his nature;
For he his counterpart hath found
Depicted in the swollen creature.

(FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I now must introduce to you,
Before aught else, this jovial crew,
To show how lightly life may glide away;
With the folk here each day's a holiday.
With little wit and much content,
Each on his own small round intent,
Like sportive kitten with its tail;
While no sick-headache they bewail,
And while their host will credit give,
Joyous and free from care they live.

BRANDER.

They're off a journey, that is clear,—
They look so strange; they've scarce been here
An hour.

FROSCH.

You're right! Leipzig's the place for me!
'Tis quite a little Paris; people there
Acquire a certain easy finish'd air.

SIEBEL.

What take you now these travellers to be?

FROSCH.

Let me alone! O'er a full glass you'll see,

As easily I'll worm their secret out,
As draw an infant's tooth. I've not a doubt
That my two gentlemen are nobly born,
They look dissatisfied and full of scorn.

BRANDER.

They are but mountebanks, I'll lay a bet!

ALTMAYER.

Most like.

FROSCH.

Mark me, I'll screw it from them yet!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

These fellows would not scent the devil out,
E'en though he had them by the very throat!

FAUST.

Good-morrow, gentlemen!

SIEBEL.

Thanks for your fair salute.
(*Aside, glancing at* MEPHISTOPHELES.)
How! goes the fellow on a halting foot?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is it permitted here with you to sit?
Then though good wine is not forthcoming here,
Good company at least our hearts will cheer.

ALTMAYER.

A dainty gentleman, no doubt of it.

FROSCH.

You're doubtless recently from Rippach? Pray,
Did you with Master Hans there chance to sup?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-day we pass'd him, but we did not stop!
When last we met him he had much to say
Touching his cousins, and to each he sent
Full many a greeting and kind compliment.
(*With an inclination toward* FROSCH.)

ALTMAYER (*aside to* FROSCH).

You have it there!

SIEBEL.

Faith! he's a knowing one!

FROSCH.

Have patience! I will show him up anon!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unless I err, as we drew near
We heard some practis'd voices pealing.
A song must admirably here
Re-echo from this vaulted ceiling!

FROSCH.

That you're an amateur one plainly sees!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh no, though strong the love, I cannot boast
much skill.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As many as you will.

SIEBEL.

But be it a new one, if you please!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But recently returned from Spain are we,
The pleasant land of wine and minstrelsy.

(*Sings.*)

A king there was once reigning,
Who had a goodly flea—

FROSCH.

Hark! did you rightly catch the words? a flea!
An odd sort of a guest he needs must be.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*sings*).

A king there was once reigning,
Who had a goodly flea,
Him loved he without feigning,
As his own son were he!
His tailor then he summon'd,
The tailor to him goes;
Now measure me the youngster
For jerkin and for hose!

BRANDER.

Take proper heed, the tailor strictly charge,
The nicest measurement to take,
And as he loves his head, to make
The hose quite smooth and not too large!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In satin and in velvet,
Behold the younker dressed;
Bedizen'd o'er with ribbons,
A cross upon his breast.
Prime minister they made him,
He wore a star of state;
And all his poor relations
Were courtiers, rich and great.

The gentlemen and ladies
At court were sore distressed;
The queen and all her maidens
Were bitten by the pest,
And yet they dared not scratch them
Or chase the fleas away.
If we are bit, we catch them,
And crack without delay.

CHORUS (*shouting*).

If we are bit, etc.

FROSCH.

Bravo! That's the song for me!

SIEBEL.

Such be the fate of every flea!

BRANDER.

With clever finger catch and kill.

ALTMAYER.

Hurrah for wine and freedom still!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Were but your wine a trifle better, friend,
A glass to freedom I would gladly drain.

SIEBEL.

You'd better not repeat those words again!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am afraid the landlord to offend;
Else freely would I treat each worthy guest
From our own cellar to the very best.

SIEBEL.

Out with it then! Your doings I'll defend.

FROSCH.

Give a good glass, and straight we'll praise you,
one and all.
Only let not your samples be too small ;
For if my judgment you desire,
Certes, an ample mouthful I require.

ALTMAYER (*aside*).

I guess, they're from the Rhenish land.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fetch me a gimlet here !

BRANDER.

Say, what therewith to bore ?
You cannot have the wine-casks at the door ?

ALTMAYER.

Our landlord's tool-basket behind doth yonder
stand.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*takes the gimlet. To* FROSCH).

Now only say ! what liquor will you take ?

FROSCH.

How mean you that ? have you of every sort ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Each may his own selection make.

ALTMAYER (*to* FROSCH).

Ha ! Ha ! You lick your lips already at the
thought.

FROSCH.

Good, if I have my choice, the Rhenish I pro-
pose ;
For still the fairest gifts the fatherland bestows.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*boring a hole in the edge of the table opposite to where* FROSCH *is sitting*).

Get me a little wax—and make some stoppers—
quick!

ALTMAYER.

Why, this is nothing but a juggler's trick!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* BRANDER).

And you?

BRANDER.

Champagne's the wine for me;
Right brisk, and sparkling let it be!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *bores, one of the party has in the meantime prepared the wax-stoppers and stopped the holes.*)

BRANDER.

What foreign is one always can't decline,
What's good is often scatter'd far apart.
The French your genuine German hates with all
his heart,
Yet has a relish for their wine.

SIEBEL (*as* MEPHISTOPHELES *approaches him*).

I like not acid wine, I must allow,
Give me a glass of genuine sweet!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*bores*).

Tokay
Shall, if you wish it, flow without delay.

ALTMAYER.

Come! look me in the face! no fooling now!
You are but making fun of us, I trow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah! ah! that would indeed be making free
With such distinguished guests. Come, no delay;
What liquor can I serve you with, I pray?

ALTMAYER.

Only be quick, it matters not to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*after the holes are all bored and stopped, with strange gestures*).

Grapes the vine-stock bears,
Horns the buck-goat wears!
Wine is sap, the vine is wood,
The wooden board yields wine as good.
With a deeper glance and true
The mysteries of nature view!
Have faith and here's a miracle!
Your stoppers draw and drink your fill!

ALL (*as they draw the stoppers and the wine chosen by each runs into his glass*).

Oh beauteous spring, which flows so fair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Spill not a single drop, of this beware!
(*They drink repeatedly.*)

ALL (*sing*).

Happy as cannibals are we,
Or as five hundred swine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They're in their glory, mark their elevation!

FAUST.

Let's hence, nor here our stay prolong.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Attend, of brutishness erelong
You'll see a glorious revelation.

SIEBEL (*drinks carelessly; the wine is spilt upon the ground, and turns to flame*).

Help! fire! help! Hell is burning!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*addressing the flames*).

Stop,
Kind element, be still, I say!
(*To the Company.*)
Of purgatorial fire as yet 'tis but a drop.

SIEBEL.

What means the knave? For this you'll dearly pay!
Us, it appears, you do not know.

FROSCH.

Such tricks a second time he'd better show!

ALTMAYER.

Methinks 'twere well we pack'd him quietly away.

SIEBEL.

What, sir! with us your hocus-pocus play!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Silence, old wine-cask!

SIEBEL.

How! add insult, too!
Vile broomstick!

BRANDER.

Hold! or blows shall rain on you!

ALTMAYER (*draws a stopper out of the table; fire springs out against him*).

I burn! I burn!

SIEBEL.

'Tis sorcery, I vow!
Strike home! The fellow is fair game, I trow!
(*They draw their knives and attack* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with solemn gestures*).

Visionary scenes appear!
Words delusive cheat the ear!
Be ye there, and be ye here!
(*They stand amazed and gaze on each other.*)

ALTMAYER.

Where am I? What a beauteous land!

FROSCH.

Vineyards! unless my sight deceives?

SIEBEL.

And clust'ring grapes too, close at hand!

BRANDER.

And underneath the spreading leaves,
What stems there be! What grapes I see!
(HE *seizes* SIEBEL *by the nose. The others reciprocally do the same, and draw their knives.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as above*).

Delusion, from their eyes the bandage take!
Note how the devil loves a jest to break!
(*He disappears with* FAUST; *the fellows draw back from one another.*)

SIEBEL.

What was it?

ALTMAYER.

How?

FROSCH.

Was that your nose?

BRANDER (*to* SIEBEL).

And look, my hand doth thine enclose!

ALTMAYER.

I felt a shock, it went through every limb!
A chair! I'm fainting! All things swim!

FROSCH.

Say what has happened, what's it all about?

SIEBEL.

Where is the fellow? Could I scent him out,
His body from his soul I'd soon divide!

ALTMAYER.

With my own eyes, upon a cask astride,
Forth through the cellar-door I saw him ride——
Heavy as lead my feet are growing.
(*Turning to the table.*)
Would that the wine again were flowing!

SIEBEL.

'Twas all delusion, cheat and lie.

FROSCH.

'Twas wine I drank, most certainly.

BRANDER.

What of the grapes too,—where are they?

ALTMAYER.

Who now will miracles gainsay?

Witches' Kitchen. A large caldron hangs over the fire on a low hearth; various figures appear in the vapor rising from it. A FEMALE MONKEY *sits beside the caldron to skim it, and watch that it does not boil over. The* MALE MONKEY *with the young ones is seated near, warming himself. The walls and ceiling are adorned with the strangest articles of witch-furniture.* FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

This senseless, juggling witchcraft I detest!
Dost promise that in this foul nest
Of madness, I shall be restored?
Must I seek counsel from an ancient dame?
And can she, by these rites abhorred,
Take thirty winters from my frame?
Woe's me, if thou naught better canst suggest!
Hope has already fled my breast.
Has neither nature nor a noble mind
A balsam yet devis'd of any kind?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, you now speak sensibly. In truth,
Nature a method giveth to renew thy youth:
But in another book the lesson's writ;—
It forms a curious chapter, I admit.

FAUST.

I fain would know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! A remedy

Without physician, gold, or sorcery:
Away forthwith, and to the fields repair,
Begin to delve, to cultivate the ground,
Thy senses and thyself confine
Within the very narrowest round,
Support thyself upon the simplest fare,
Live like a very brute the brutes among,
Neither esteem it robbery
The acre thou dost reap, thyself to dung.
This the best method, credit me,
Again at eighty to grow hale and young.

FAUST.

I am not used to it, nor can myself degrade
So far, as in my hand to take the spade.
For this mean life my spirit soars too high.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then must we to the witch apply!

FAUST.

Will none but this old beldame do?
Canst not thyself the potion brew?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A pretty play our leisure to beguile!
A thousand bridges I could build meanwhile.
Not science only and consummate art,
Patience must also bear her part.
A quiet spirit worketh whole years long;
Time only makes the subtle ferment strong.
And all things that belong thereto
Are wondrous and exceeding rare!
The devil taught her, it is true;
But yet the draught the devil can't prepare.
(*Perceiving the beasts.*)
Look yonder, what a dainty pair!

Here is the maid ! the knave is there !
(*To the beasts.*)
It seems your dame is not at home ?

THE MONKEYS.

Gone to carouse,
Out of the house,
Thro' the chimney and away !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long is it her wont to roam ?

THE MONKEYS.

While we can warm our paws she'll stay.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

What think you of the charming creatures ?

FAUST.

I loathe alike their form and features !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, such discourse, be it confessed,
Is just the thing that pleases me the best.
(*To the* MONKEYS.)
Tell me, ye whelps, accursed crew !
What stir ye in the broth about ?

MONKEYS.

Coarse beggar's gruel here we stew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of customers you'll have a rout.

THE HE-MONKEY (*approaching and fawning on* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Quick ! quick ! throw the dice,
Make me rich in a trice.

Oh give me the prize!
Alas, for myself!
Had I plenty of pelf,
I then should be wise.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How blest the ape would think himself, if he
Could only put into the lottery!

(*In the meantime the young* MONKEYS *have been playing with a large globe, which they roll forward.*)

THE HE-MONKEY.

The world behold;
Unceasingly roll'd,
It riseth and falleth ever;
It ringeth like glass!
How brittle, alas!
'Tis hollow, and resteth never.
How bright the sphere,
Still brighter here!
Now living am I!
Dear son, beware!
Nor venture there!
Thou too must die!
It is of clay;
'Twill crumble away;
There fragments lie.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of what use is the sieve?

THE HE-MONKEY (*taking it down*).

The sieve would show,
If thou wert a thief or no?

(*He runs to the* SHE-MONKEY, *and makes her look through it.*)

Look through the sieve !
Dost know him the thief,
And dar'st thou not call him so ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*approaching the fire*).

And then this pot ?

THE MONKEYS.

The half-witted sot !
He knows not the pot !
He knows not the kettle !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unmannerly beast !
Be civil at least !

THE HE-MONKEY.

Take the whisk and sit down in the settle !
(*He makes* MEPHISTOPHELES *sit down.*)

FAUST (*who all this time has been standing before a looking-glass, now approaching, and now retiring from it.*)

What do I see ? what form, whose charms transcend
The loveliness of earth, is mirror'd here ?
O Love, to waft me to her sphere,
To me the swiftest of thy pinions lend !
Alas ! If I remain not rooted to this place,
If to approach more near I'm fondly lur'd,
Her image fades, in veiling mist obscur'd !—
Model of beauty both in form and face !
Is't possible ? Hath woman charms so rare ?
Is this recumbent form, supremely fair,
The very essence of all heavenly grace ?
Can aught so exquisite on earth be found ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The six days' labor of a god, my friend,
Who doth himself cry bravo, at the end,
By something clever doubtless should be crown'd
For this time gaze your fill, and when you please
Just such a prize for you I can provide ;
How blest is he to whom kind fate decrees,
To take her to his home, a lovely bride !

(FAUST *continues to gaze into the mirror* MEPHISTOPHELES, *stretching himself on the settle and playing with the whisk, continues to speak.*)

Here sit I, like a king upon his throne ;
My sceptre this ;—the crown I want alone.

THE MONKEYS (*who have hitherto been making all sorts of strange gestures, bring* MEPHISTOPHELES *a crown, with loud cries*).

Oh, be so good,
With sweat and with blood
The crown to lime !

(*They handle the crown awkwardly and break it in two pieces, with which they skip about.*)

'Twas fate's decree !
We speak and see !
We hear and rhyme.

FAUST (*before the mirror*).

Woe's me ! well-nigh distraught I feel !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to the beasts*).

And even my own head almost begins to reel.

THE MONKEYS.

If good luck attend,
If fitly things blend,
Our jargon with thought
And with reason fraught !

FAUST (*as above*).

A flame is kindled in my breast !
Let us begone ! nor linger here !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in the same position*).

It now at least must be confessed,
That poets sometimes are sincere.

(*The caldron which the* SHE-MONKEY *has neglected begins to boil over; a great flame arises, which streams up the chimney. The* WITCH *comes down the chimney with horrible cries.*)

THE WITCH.

Ough ! ough ! ough ! ough !
Accursed brute ! accursed sow !
Thou dost neglect the pot, for shame !
Accursed brute to scorch the dame !

(*Perceiving* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

Whom have we here ?
Who's sneaking here ?
Whence are ye come ?
With what desire ?
The plague of fire
Your bones consume !

(*She dips the skimming-ladle into the caldron and throws flames at* FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and he* MONKEYS. *The* MONKEYS *whimper.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*twirling the whisk which he holds in his hand, and striking among the glasses and pots*).

Dash ! Smash !
There lies the glass !

There lies the slime!
'Tis but a jest;
I but keep time,
Thou hellish pest,
To thine own chime!

(*While the* WITCH *steps back in rage and astonishment.*)

Dost know me! Skeleton! Vile scarecrow, thou!
Thy lord and master dost thou know?
What holds me, that I deal not now
Thee and thine apes a stunning blow?
No more respect to my red vest dost pay?
Does my cock's feather no allegiance claim?
Have I my visage masked to-day?
Must I be forced myself to name?

THE WITCH.

Master, forgive this rude salute!
But I perceive no cloven foot.
And your two ravens, where are they?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This once I must admit your plea;—
For truly I must own that we
Each other have not seen for many a day.
The culture, too, that shapes the world, at last
Hath e'en the devil in its sphere embraced;
The northern phantom from the scene hath pass'd.
Tail, talons, horns, are nowhere to be traced!
As for the foot, with which I can't dispense,
'Twould injure me in company, and hence,
Like many a youthful cavalier,
False calves I now have worn for many a year.

THE WITCH (*dancing*).

I am beside myself with joy,
To see once more the gallant Satan here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Woman, no more that name employ!

THE WITCH.

But why? what mischief hath it done?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To fable it too long hath appertained;
But people from the change have nothing won.
Rid of the evil one, the evil has remained.
Lord Baron call thou me, so is the matter good;
Of other cavaliers the mien I wear.
Dost make no question of my gentle blood;
See here, this is the scutcheon that I bear!
(*He makes an unseemly gesture.*)

THE WITCH (*laughing immoderately*).

Ha! Ha! Just like yourself! You are, I ween,
The same mad wag that you have ever been!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

My friend, learn this to understand, I pray!
To deal with witches this is still the way.

THE WITCH.

Now tell me, gentlemen, what you desire?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of your known juice a goblet we require,
But for the very oldest let me ask;
Double its strength with years doth grow.

THE WITCH.

Most willingly! And here I have a flask,
From which I've sipp'd myself ere now;
What's more, it doth no longer stink;
To you a glass I joyfully will give.
(*Aside.*)
If unprepar'd, however, this man drink,
He hath not, as you know, an hour to live.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He's my good friend, with whom 'twill prosper well;
I grudge him not the choicest of thy store.
Now draw thy circle, speak thy spell,
And straight a bumper for him pour!

(*The* WITCH, *with extraordinary gestures, describes a circle, and places strange things within it. The glasses meanwhile begin to ring, the caldron to sound, and to make music. Lastly, she brings a great book; places the* MONKEYS *in the circle to serve her as a desk, and to hold the torches. She beckons* FAUST *to approach.*)

FAUST (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Tell me, to what doth all this tend?
Where will these frantic gestures end?
This loathsome cheat, this senseless stuff
I've known and hated long enough.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mere mummery, a laugh to raise!
Pray don't be so fastidious! She
But as a leech her hocus-pocus plays,
That well with you her potion may agree.
(*He compels* FAUST *to enter the circle.*)

THE WITCH (*with great emphasis, begins to declaim from the book*).

This must thou ken :
Of one make ten,
Pass two, and then
Make square the three,
So rich thou'lt be.
Drop out the four !
From five and six,
Thus says the witch,
Make seven and eight.
So all is straight !
And nine is one,
And ten is none,
This is the witch's one-time-one !

FAUST.

The hag doth as in fever rave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To these will follow many a stave.
I know it well, so rings the book throughout ;
Much time I've lost in puzzling o'er its pages,
For downright paradox, no doubt,
A mystery remains alike to fools and sages.
Ancient the art and modern too, my friend.
'Tis still the fashion as it used to be,
Error instead of truth abroad to send
By means of three and one, and one and three.
'Tis ever taught and babbled in the schools.
Who'd take the trouble to dispute with fools ?
When words men hear, in sooth, they usually believe,
That there must needs therein be something to conceive.

THE WITCH (*continues*).

The lofty power
Of wisdom's dower,
From all the world conceal'd!
Who thinketh not,
To him I wot,
Unsought it is reveal'd.

FAUST.

What nonsense doth the hag propound?
My brain it doth well-nigh confound.
A hundred thousand fools or more,
Methinks I hear in chorus roar.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Incomparable Sibyl cease, I pray!
Hand us thy liquor without more delay.
And to the very brim the goblet crown!
My friend he is, and need not be afraid;
Besides, he is a man of many a grade,
Who hath drunk deep already.

(*The* WITCH, *with many ceremonies, pours the liquor into a cup; as* FAUST *lifts it to his mouth, a light flame arises.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gulp it down!
No hesitation! It will prove
A cordial, and your heart inspire!
What! with the devil hand and glove
And yet shrink back afraid of fire?

(*The* WITCH *dissolves the circle.* FAUST *steps out.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now forth at once! thou dar'st not rest.

WITCH.

And much, sir, may the liquor profit you !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the* WITCH).

And if to pleasure thee I aught can do,
Pray on Walpurgis mention thy request.

WITCH.

Here is a song, sung o'er sometimes, you'll see,
That 'twill a singular effect produce.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Come, quick, and let thyself be led by me ;
Thou must perspire, in order that the juice
Thy frame may penetrate through every part.
Thy noble idleness I'll teach thee then to prize,
And soon with ecstasy thou'lt recognize
How Cupid stirs and gambols in thy heart.

FAUST.

Let me but gaze one moment in the glass !
Too lovely was that female form !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay ! nay !
A model which all women shall surpass,
In flesh and blood erelong thou shalt survey.
(*Aside.*)
As works the draught, thou presently shalt greet
A Helen in each woman thou dost meet.

A Street. FAUST. MARGARET *passing by.*

FAUST.

Fair lady, may I thus make free
To offer you my arm and company ?

MARGARET.

I am no lady, am not fair,
Can without escort home repair.
(*She disengages herself and exit.*)

FAUST.

By heaven! This girl is fair indeed!
No form like hers can I recall.
Virtue she hath, and modest heed,
Is piquant too, and sharp withal.
Her cheek's soft light, her rosy lips,
No length of time will e'er eclipse!
Her downward glance in passing by
Deep in my heart is stamp'd for aye;
How curt and sharp her answer too,
My ravish'd heart to rapture grew!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*).

FAUST.

This girl must win for me! Dost hear?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which?

FAUST.

She who but now passed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! She?
She from confession cometh here,
From every sin absolved and free;
I crept near the confessor's chair.
All innocence her virgin soul,
For next to nothing went she there;
O'er such as she I've no control!

FAUST.

She's past fourteen.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You really talk
Like any gay Lothario,
Who every floweret from its stalk
Would pluck, and deems nor grace, nor truth,
Secure against his arts, forsooth !
This ne'ertheless won't always do.

FAUST.

Sir Moralizer, prithee, pause ;
Nor plague me with your tiresome laws !
To cut the matter short, my friend,
She must this very night be mine,—
And if to help me you decline,
Midnight shall see our compact end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What may occur just bear in mind !
A fortnight's space, at least, I need,
A fit occasion but to find.

FAUST.

With but seven hours I could succeed ;
Nor should I want the devil's wile,
So young a creature to beguile.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Like any Frenchman now you speak,
But do not fret, I pray; why seek
To hurry to enjoyment straight?
The pleasure is not half so great,
As when at first, around, above,
With all the fooleries of love,
The puppet you can knead and mould
As in Italian story oft is told.

FAUST.

No such incentives do I need.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But now, without offence or jest!
You cannot quickly, I protest,
In winning this sweet child succeed.
By storm we cannot take the fort,
To stratagem we must resort.

FAUST.

Conduct me to her place of rest!
Some token of the angel bring!
A kerchief from her snowy breast,
A garter bring me,—anything!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That I my anxious zeal may prove,
Your pangs to sooth and aid your love,
A single moment will we not delay,
Will lead you to her room this very day.

FAUST.

And shall I see her?—Have her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!
She to a neighbor's house will go;
But in her atmosphere alone,
The tedious hours meanwhile you may employ,
In blissful dreams of future joy.

FAUST.

Can we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis yet too soon.

FAUST.

Some present for my love procure ! (*Exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents so soon ! 'tis well ! success is sure !
I know full many a secret store
Of treasure, buried long before,
I must a little look them o'er. (*Exit.*)

Evening. A small and neat Room.

MARGARET (*braiding and binding up her hair*).

I would give something now to know,
Who yonder gentleman could be !
He had a gallant air, I trow,
And doubtless was of high degree :
That written on his brow was seen—
Nor else would he so bold have been. (*Exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in ! tread softly ! be discreet !

FAUST (*after a pause*).

Begone and leave me, I entreat !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking round*).

Not every maiden is so neat. (*Exit.*)

FAUST (*gazing round*).

Welcome, sweet twilight gloom which reigns
Through this dim place of hallow'd rest !
Fond yearning love, inspire my breast,
Feeding on hope's sweet dew thy blissful pains !
What stillness here environs me !
Content and order brood around.
What fulness in this poverty !
In this small cell what bliss profound !

(*He throws himself on the leather arm-chair beside the bed.*)
Receive me thou, who hast in thine embrace
Welcom'd in joy and grief the ages flown!
How oft the children of a by-gone race
Have cluster'd round this patriarchal throne!
Haply she, also, whom I hold so dear,
For Christmas gift, with grateful joy possess'd,
Hath with the full round cheek of childhood, here,
Her grandsire's wither'd hand devoutly press'd.
Maiden! I feel thy spirit haunt the place,
Breathing of order and abounding grace.
As with a mother's voice, it prompteth thee,
The pure white cover o'er the board to spread,
To strew the crisping sand beneath thy tread.
Dear hand! so godlike in its ministry!
The hut becomes a paradise through thee!
And here— (*He raises the bed-curtain.*)

How thrills my pulse with strange delight!
Here could I linger hours untold;
Thou, Nature, didst in vision bright,
The embryo angel here unfold.
Here lay the child, her bosom warm
With life; while steeped in slumber's dew,
To perfect grace her godlike form
With pure and hallow'd weavings grew!

And thou! ah here what seekest thou?
How quails mine inmost being now!
What wouldst thou here? what makes thy heart so sore?
Unhappy Faust! I know thee now no more.

Do I a magic atmosphere inhale?
Erewhile, my passion would not brook delay!

Now in a pure love dream I melt away.
Are we the sport of every passing gale?

Should she return and enter now,
How wouldst thou rue thy guilty flame!
Proud vaunter—thou wouldst hide thy brow,—
And at her feet sink down with shame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick! Quick! below I see her there.

FAUST.

Away! I will return no more!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a casket, with a store
Of jewels, which I got elsewhere.
Just lay it in the press; make haste!
I swear to you, 'twill turn her brain;
Therein some trifles I have placed,
Wherewith another to obtain.
But child is child, and play is play.

FAUST.

I know not—shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do you ask?
Perchance you would retain the treasure?
If such your wish, why then, I say,
Henceforth absolve me from my task.
Nor longer waste your hours of leisure.
I trust you're not by avarice led!
I rub my hands, I scratch my head,—
(*He places the casket in the press and closes the lock.*)
Now quick! Away!
That soon the sweet young creature may

The wish and purpose of your heart obey ;
Yet stand you there
As would you to the lecture-room repair,
As if before you stood,
Arrayed in flesh and blood,
Physics and metaphysics weird and gray !—
Away !

MARGARET (*with a lamp*).

It is so close, so sultry now,
(*She opens the window.*)
Yet out of doors 'tis not so warm.
I feel so strange, I know not how—
I wish my mother would come home.
Through me there runs a shuddering—
I'm but a foolish timid thing !
(*While undressing herself she begins to sing.*)

There was a king in Thule,
True even to the grave ;
To whom his dying mistress
A golden beaker gave.

At every feast he drained it.
Naught was to him so dear,
And often as he drained it,
Gushed from his eyes the tear.

When death he felt approaching,
His cities o'er he told ;
And grudged his heir no treasure
Except his cup of gold.

Girt round with knightly vassals
At a royal feast sat he,
In yon proud hall ancestral,
In his castle o'er the sea.

Up stood the jovial monarch,
And quaff'd his last life's glow,

Then hurled the hallow'd goblet
Into the flood below.

He saw it splashing, drinking,
And plunging in the sea ;
His eyes meanwhile were sinking,
And never again drank he.

(*She opens the press to put away her clothes, and perceives the casket.*)

How comes this lovely casket here? The press
I locked, of that I'm confident.
'Tis very wonderful ! What's in it I can't guess ;
Perhaps 'twas brought by some one in distress,
And left in pledge for loan my mother lent.
Here by a ribbon hangs a little key !
I have a mind to open it and see !
Heavens ! only look ! what have we here?
In all my days ne'er saw I such a sight !
Jewels ! which any noble dame might wear,
For some high pageant richly dight !
How would the necklace look on me?
These splendid gems, whose may they be?

(*She puts them on and steps before the glass.*)

Were but the ear-rings only mine !
Thus one has quite another air.
What boots it to be young and fair?
It doubtless may be very fine ;
But then, alas, none cares for you,
And praise sounds half like pity too.

Gold all doth lure,
Gold doth secure
All things. Alas, we poor !

Promenade. FAUST *walking thoughtfully up and down. To him* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By love despis'd! By hell's fierce fires I curse,
Would I knew aught to make my imprecation worse!

FAUST.

What aileth thee? what chafes thee now so sore?
A face like that I never saw before!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd yield me to the devil instantly,
Did it not happen that myself am he!

FAUST.

There must be some disorder in thy wit!
To rave thus like a madman, is it fit?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think! The gems for Gretchen brought,
Them hath a priest now made his own!—
A glimpse of them the mother caught,
And 'gan with secret fear to groan.
The woman's scent is keen enough;
Doth ever in the prayer-book snuff;
Smells every article to ascertain
Whether the thing is holy or profane,
And scented in the jewels rare,
That there was not much blessing there.
"My child," she cries, "ill-gotten good
Ensares the soul, consumes the blood;
With them we'll deck our Lady's shrine,
She'll cheer our souls with bread divine!"
At this poor Gretchen 'gan to pout;
'Tis a gift-horse, at least, she thought,

And sure, he godless cannot be,
Who brought them here so cleverly.
Straight for a priest the mother sent,
Who, when he understood the jest,
With what he saw was well content.
"This shows a pious mind!" Quoth he:
"Self-conquest is true victory.
The Church hath a good stomach, she, with zest
Hath lands and kingdoms swallow'd down,
And never yet a surfeit known.
The Church alone, be it confessed,
Daughters, can ill-got wealth digest."

FAUST.

It is a general custom, too,
Practised alike by king and jew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With that, clasp, chain, and ring, he swept
As they were mushrooms; and the casket,
Without one word of thanks, he kept,
As if of nuts it were a basket.
Promised reward in heaven, then forth he hied—
And greatly they were edified.

FAUST.

And Gretchen!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In unquiet mood
Knows neither what she would or should;
The trinkets night and day thinks o'er,
On him who brought them, dwells still more.

FAUST.

The darling's sorrow grieves me; bring
Another set without delay!
The first, methinks, was no great thing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All's to my gentleman child's play!

FAUST.

Plan all things to achieve my end!
Engage the attention of her friend!
No milk-and-water devil be,
And bring fresh jewels instantly!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, sir! Most gladly I'll obey. (FAUST *exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your doting love-sick fool, with ease,
Merely his lady-love to please,
Sun, moon, and stars in sport would puff away.
(*Exit.*)

The Neighbor's House.

MARTHA (*alone*).

God pardon my dear husband, he
Doth not in truth act well by me!
Forth in the world abroad to roam,
And leave me on the straw at home.
And yet his will I ne'er did thwart,
God knows, I lov'd him from my heart.
(*She weeps.*)
Perchance he's dead!—oh wretched state!—
Had I but a certificate! (MARGARET *comes.*)

MARGARET.

Dame Martha!

MARTHA.

Gretchen?

MARGARET.

Only think !
My knees beneath me well-nigh sink !
Within my press I've found to-day
Another case, of ebony.
And things—magnificent they are,
More costly than the first, by far.

MARTHA.

You must not name it to your mother !
It would to shrift, just like the other.

MARGARET.

Nay, look at them ! now only see !

MARTHA (*dresses her up*).

Thou happy creature !

MARGARET.

Woe is me !
Them in the street I cannot wear,
Or in the church, or anywhere.

MARTHA.

Come often over here to me,
The gems put on quite privately ;
And then before the mirror walk an hour or so,
Thus we shall have our pleasure too.
Then suitable occasions we must seize,
As at a feast, to show them by degrees :
A chain at first, then ear-drops,—and your mother
Won't see them, or we'll coin some tale or other.

MARGARET.

But who, I wonder, could the caskets bring ?
I fear there's something wrong about the thing !
(*A knock.*)
Good heavens ! can that my mother be ?

MARTHA (*peering through the blind*).

'Tis a strange gentleman, I see.
Come in ! (MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've ventur'd to intrude to-day.
Ladies, excuse the liberty, I pray.
(*He steps back respectfully before* MARGARET.)
After dame Martha Schwerdtlein I inquire !

MARTHA.

'Tis I. Pray what have you to say to me ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside to her*).

I know you now,—and therefore will retire ;
At present you've distinguished company.
Pardon the freedom, madam, with your leave,
I will make free to call again at eve.

MARTHA (*aloud*).

Why, child, of all strange notions, he
For some grand lady taketh thee !

MARGARET.

I am, in truth, of humble blood—
The gentleman is far too good—
Nor gems nor trinkets are my own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, 'tis not the mere ornaments alone ;
Her glance and mien far more betray.
Rejoiced I am that I may stay.

MARTHA.

Your business, sir ? I long to know—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would I could happier tidings show!
I trust mine errand you'll not let me rue;
Your husband's dead, and greeteth you.

MARTHA.

Is dead? True heart! Oh misery!
My husband dead! Oh, I shall die!

MARGARET.

Alas! good Martha! don't despair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now listen to the sad affair!

MARGARET.

I for this cause should fear to love.
The loss my certain death would prove.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joy still must sorrow, sorrow joy attend.

MARTHA.

Proceed, and tell the story of his end!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At Padua, in St. Anthony's,
In holy ground his body lies;
Quiet and cool his place of rest,
With pious ceremonials blest.

MARTHA.

And had you naught besides to bring?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh yes! one grave and solemn prayer;
Let them for him three hundred masses sing!
But in my pockets, I have nothing there.

MARTHA.

No trinket ! no love-token did he send !
What every journeyman safe in his pouch will hoard,
There for remembrance fondly stored,
And rather hungers, rather begs than spend !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, in truth, it grieves me sore,
But he his gold not lavishly hath spent.
His failings too he deeply did repent,
Ay ! and his evil plight bewail'd still more.

MARGARET.

Alas ! That men should thus be doomed to woe.
I for his soul will many a requiem pray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A husband you deserve this very day ;
A child so worthy to be loved.

MARGARET.

Ah no,
That time hath not yet come for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a spouse, a gallant let it be.
Among Heaven's choicest gifts, I place,
So sweet a darling to embrace.

MARGARET.

Our land doth no such usage know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Usage or not, it happens so.

MARTHA.

Go on, I pray !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood by his bedside.
Something less foul it was than dung;
'Twas straw half rotten; yet, he as a Christian died.
And sorely hath remorse his conscience wrung.
"Wretch that I was," quoth he, with parting breath,
"So to forsake my business and my wife!
Ah! the remembrance is my death.
Could I but have her pardon in this life!"—

MARTHA (*weeping*).

Dear soul! I've long forgiven him, indeed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"Though she, God knows, was more to blame than I."

MARTHA.

What, on the brink of death assert a lie!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If I am skill'd the countenance to read,
He doubtless fabled as he parted hence.—
"No time had I to gape, or take my ease," he said.
"First to get children, and then get them bread;
And bread, too, in the very widest sense;
Nor could I eat in peace even my proper share."

MARTHA.

What, all my truth, my love forgotten quite?
My weary drudgery by day and night?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so! He thought of you with tender care.
Quoth he: "Heaven knows how fervently I prayed

For wife and children when from Malta bound ;—
The prayer hath Heaven with favor crowned ;
We took a Turkish vessel which conveyed
Rich store of treasure for the Sultan's court ;
It's own reward our gallant action brought ;
The captur'd prize was shared among the crew,
And of the treasure I received my due."

MARTHA.

How? Where? The treasure hath he buried, pray?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where the four winds have blown it, who can say?
In Naples as he stroll'd, a stranger there,
A comely maid took pity on my friend ;
And gave such tokens of her love and care,
That he retained them to his blessed end.

MARTHA.

Scoundrel ! to rob his children of their bread !
And all this misery, this bitter need,
Could not his course of recklessness impede !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, he hath paid the forfeit, and is dead.
Now were I in your place, my counsel hear ;
My weeds I'd wear for one chaste year,
And for another lover meanwhile would look out.

MARTHA.

Alas, I might search far and near,
Not quickly should I find another like my first !
There could not be a fonder fool than mine,
Only he loved too well abroad to roam !
Loved foreign women too, and foreign wine,
And loved besides the dice accurs'd.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All had gone swimmingly, no doubt,
Had he but given you at home,
On his side, just as wide a range.
Upon such terms, to you I swear,
Myself with you would gladly rings exchange !

MARTHA.

The gentleman is surely pleas'd to jest !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Now to be off in time, were best !
She'd make the very devil marry her.
(*To* MARGARET.)
How fares it with your heart ?

MARGARET.

How mean you, sir ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The sweet young innocent !
(*Aloud.*)
Ladies, farewell !

MARGARET.

Farewell !

MARTHA.

But ere you leave us, quickly tell !
I from a witness fain had heard,
Where, how, and when my husband died and was
interr'd.
To forms I've always been attached indeed,
His death I fain would in the journals read.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, madam, what two witnesses declare
Is held as valid everywhere ;

A gallant friend I have, not far from here,
Who will for you before the judge appear.
I'll bring him straight.

MARTHA.

I pray you do!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And this young lady, we shall find her too?
A noble youth, far travelled, he
Shows to the sex all courtesy.

MARGARET.

I in his presence needs must blush for shame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not in the presence of a crowned king!

MARTHA.

The garden, then, behind my house we'll name,
There we'll await you both this evening.

A street. FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How is it now? How speeds it? Is't in train?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bravo! I find you all aflame!
Gretchen full soon your own you'll name.
This eve, at neighbor Martha's, her you'll meet again;
The woman seems expressly made
To drive the pimp and gypsy's trade.

FAUST.

Good!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But from us she something would request.

FAUST.

A favor claims return as this world goes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We have on oath but duly to attest,
That her dead husband's limbs, outstretch'd, repose
In holy ground at Padua.

FAUST.

Sage indeed!
So I suppose we straight must journey there!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta simplicitas! For that no need!
Without much knowledge we have but to swear.

FAUST.

If you have nothing better to suggest,
Against your plan I must at once protest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, holy man! methinks I have you there!
In all your life say, have you ne'er
False witness borne, until this hour?
Have you of God, the world, and all it doth contain,
Of man, and that which worketh in his heart and brain,
Not definitions given, in words of weight and power,
With front unblushing, and a dauntless breast?
Yet, if into the depth of things you go,

Touching these matters, it must be confess'd,
As much as of Herr Schwerdtlein's death you know!

FAUST.

Thou art and dost remain liar and sophist too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, if one did not take a somewhat deeper view!
To-morrow, in all honor, thou
Poor Gretchen wilt befool, and vow
Thy soul's deep love, in lover's fashion.

FAUST.

And from my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All good and fair!
Then deathless constancy thou'lt swear;
Speak of one all o'ermastering passion,—
Will that too issue from the heart?

FAUST.

Forbear!
When passion sways me, and I seek to frame
Fit utterance for feeling, deep, intense,
And for my frenzy finding no fit name,
Sweep round the ample world with every sense
Grasp at the loftiest words to speak my flame,
And call the glow, wherewith I burn,
Quenchless, eternal, yea, eterne—
Is that of sophistry a devilish play?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet am I right!

FAUST.

Mark this, my friend,

If he have but a tongue, wherewith his point to gain,
Will gain it in the end.
But come, of gossip I am weary quite;
Because I've no resource, thou'rt in the right.

Garden. MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm.* MARTHA *with* MEPHISTOPHELES *walking up and down.*

MARGARET.

I feel it, you but spare my ignorance,
To shame me, sir, you stoop thus low.
A traveller from complaisance,
Still makes the best of things; I know
Too well, my humble prattle never can
Have power to entertain so wise a man.

FAUST.

One glance, one word of thine doth charm me more
Than the world's wisdom or the sage's lore.
(*He kisses her hand.*)

MARGARET.

Nay! trouble not yourself! A hand so coarse,
So rude as mine, now can you kiss!
What constant work at home must I not do perforce!
My mother too exacting is. (*They pass on.*)

MARTHA.

Thus, sir, unceasing travel is your lot?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Traffic and duty urge us! With what pain
Are we compelled to leave full many a spot,
Where yet we dare not once remain!

MARTHA.

In youth's wild years, with vigor crown'd,
'Tis not amiss thus through the world to sweep;
But ah, the evil days come round!
And to a lonely grave as bachelor to creep,
A pleasant thing has no one found.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The prospect fills me with dismay.

MARTHA.

Therefore in time, dear sir, reflect, I pray.
(*They pass on.*)

MARGARET.

Ay, out of sight is out of mind!
Politeness easy is to you;
Friends everywhere, and not a few,
Wiser than I am, you will find.

FAUST.

Trust me, my angel, what doth pass for sense
Full oft is self-conceit and blindness!

MARGARET.

How?

FAUST.

Simplicity and holy innocence,—
When will ye learn your hallow'd worth to know!
Ah, when will meekness and humility,
Kind and all-bounteous nature's loftiest dower—

MARGARET.

Only one little moment think of me!
To think of you I shall have many an hour.

FAUST.

You are perhaps much alone?

MARGARET.

Yes, small our household is, I own,
Yet must I see to it. No maid we keep,
And I must cook, sew, knit, and sweep,
Still early on my feet and late ;
My mother is in all things, great and small,
So accurate !
Not that for thrift there is such pressing need ;
Than others we might make more show indeed ;
My father left behind a small estate,
A house and garden near the city-wall.
Quiet enough my life has been of late ;
My brother for a soldier's gone ;
My little sister's dead ; the babe to rear
Occasion'd me some care and fond annoy ;
But I would go through all again with joy,
The darling was to me so dear.

FAUST.

An angel, sweet, if it resembled thee !

MARGARET.

I reared it up, and it grew fond of me.
After my father's death it saw the day ;
We gave my mother up for lost, she lay
In such a wretched plight, and then at length
So very slowly she regain'd her strength.
Weak as she was, 'twas vain for her to try
Herself to suckle the poor babe, so I
Reared it on milk and water all alone ;
And thus the child became as 'twere my own ;
Within my arms it stretched itself and grew,
And smiling, nestled in my bosom too.

FAUST.

Doubtless the purest happiness was thine.

MARGARET.

But many weary hours, in sooth, were also mine.
At night its little cradle stood
Close to my bed ; so was I wide awake
If it but stirred ;
One while I was obliged to give it food,
Or to my arms the darling take ;
From bed full oft must rise, whene'er its cry I heard,
And, dancing it, must pace the chamber to and fro ;
Stand at the wash-tub early ; forthwith go
To market, and then mind the cooking too—
To-morrow like to-day, the whole year through.
Ah, sir, thus living, it must be confess'd
One's spirits are not always of the best ;
Yet it a relish gives to food and rest.

(*They pass on.*)

MARTHA.

Poor women ! we are badly off, I own ;
A bachelor's conversion's hard, indeed !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, with one like you it rests alone,
To tutor me a better course to lead.

MARTHA.

Speak frankly, sir, none is there you have met ?
Has your heart ne'er attach'd itself as yet ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One's own fireside and a good wife are gold
And pearls of price, so says the proverb old.

MARTHA.

I mean, has passion never stirred your breast ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've everywhere been well received, I own.

MARTHA.

Yet hath your heart no earnest preference known?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ladies one should ne'er presume to jest.

MARTHA.

Ah! you mistake!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm sorry I'm so blind!
But this I know—that you are very kind.
(*They pass on.*)

FAUST.

Me, little angel, didst thou recognize,
When in the garden first I came?

MARGARET.

Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST.

Thou dost forgive my boldness, dost not blame
The liberty I took that day,
When thou from church didst lately wend thy way?

MARGARET.

I was confused. So had it never been;
No one of me could any evil say.
Alas, thought I, he doubtless in thy mien
Something unmaidenly or bold hath seen!
It seemed as if it struck him suddenly,
Here's just a girl with whom one may make free!

Yet I must own that then I scarcely knew
What in your favor here began at once to plead;
Yet I was angry with myself indeed,
That I more angry could not feel with you.

FAUST.

Sweet love!

MARGARET.

Just wait a while!
(*She gathers a star-flower and plucks off the leaves one after another.*)

FAUST.

A nosegay may that be?

MARGARET.

No! It is but a game.

FAUST.

How?

MARGARET.

Go, you'll laugh at me!
(*She plucks off the leaves and murmurs to herself.*)

FAUST.

What murmurest thou?

MARGARET (*half aloud*).

He loves me,—loves me not.

FAUST.

Sweet angel, with thy face of heavenly bliss!

MARGARET (*continues*).

He loves me—not—he loves me—not—
(*Plucking off the last leaf with fond joy.*)
He loves me!

FAUST.

Yes!
And this flower-language, darling, let it be
A heavenly oracle! He loveth thee!
Know'st thou the meaning of, He loveth thee!
(*He seizes both her hands.*)

MARGARET.

I tremble so!

FAUST.

Nay! do not tremble, love!
Let this hand-pressure, let this glance reveal
Feelings, all power of speech above;
To give one's self up wholly and to feel
A joy that must eternal prove!
Eternal!—Yes, its end would be despair.
No end!—It cannot end!

(MARGARET *presses his hand, extricates herself, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.*)

MARTHA (*approaching*).

Night's closing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, we'll presently away.

MARTHA.

I would entreat you longer yet to stay;
But 'tis a wicked place, just here about;
It is as if the folk had nothing else to do,
Nothing to think of too,
But gaping watch their neighbors, who goes in and out;
And scandal's busy still, do whatsoe'er one may.
And our young couple?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They have flown up there.
The wanton butterflies!

MARTHA.

He seems to take to her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she to him. 'Tis of the world the way!

A Summer-House. MARGARET *runs in, hides behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lip, and peeps through the crevice.*

MARGARET.

He comes!

FAUST.

Ah, little rogue, so thou
Think'st to provoke me! I have caught thee now! (*He kisses her.*)

MARGARET (*embracing him, and returning the kiss.*)

Dearest of men! I love thee from my heart!
(MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks.*)

FAUST (*stamping*).

Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend!

FAUST.

A brute!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis time to part.

(MARTHA *comes.*)

Ay, it is late, good sir.

FAUST.

Mayn't I attend you, then ?

MARGARET.

Oh no—my mother would—adieu, adieu !

FAUST.

And must I really then take leave of you ?
Farewell !

MARTHA.

Good-by !

MARGARET.

Erelong to meet again !
(*Exeunt* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MARGARET.

Good heavens ! how all things far and near
Must fill his mind,—a man like this !
Abash'd before him I appear,
And say to all things only, yes.
Poor simple child, I cannot see
What 'tis that he can find in me.

Forest and Cavern.

FAUST (*alone*).

Spirit sublime ! Thou gav'st me all
For which I prayed ! Not vainly hast thou turn'd
To me thy countenance in flaming fire :
Gavest me glorious nature for my realm,
And also power to feel her and enjoy ;
Not merely with a cold and wondering glance,

Thou dost permit me in her depths profound,
As in the bosom of a friend, to gaze.
Before me thou dost lead her living tribes,
And dost, in silent grove, in air and stream
Teach me to know my kindred. And when roars
The howling storm-blast through the groaning wood,
Wrenching the giant pine, which in its fall
Crashing sweeps down its neighbor trunks and boughs,
While with the hollow noise the hill resounds:
Then thou dost lead me to some shelter'd cave,
Dost there reveal me to myself, and show
Of my own bosom the mysterious depths.
And when with soothing beam the moon's pale orb
Full in my view climbs up the pathless sky,
From crag and dewy grove, the silvery forms
Of by-gone ages hover, and assuage
The joy austere of contemplative thought.

Oh, that naught perfect is assign'd to man,
I feel, alas! With this exalted joy,
Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods,
Thou gav'st me this companion, unto whom
I needs must cling, though cold and insolent,
He still degrades me to myself, and turns
Thy glorious gifts to nothing, with a breath.
He in my bosom with malicious zeal
For that fair image fans a raging fire;
From craving to enjoyment thus I reel,
And in enjoyment languish for desire.

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of this lone life have you not had your fill?
How for so long can it have charms for you?

'Tis well enough to try it if you will ;
But then away again to sometheng new !

FAUST.

Would you could better occupy your leisure,
Than in disturbing thus my hours of joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well ! well ! I'll leave you to yourself with pleasure,
A serious tone you hardly dare employ.
To part from one so crazy, harsh, and cross,
I should not find a grievous loss.
The live-long day, for you I toil and fret ;
Ne'er from his worship's face a hint I get,
What pleases him, or what to let alone.

FAUST.

Ay truly ! that is just the proper tone !
He wearies me, and would with thanks be paid !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor Son of Earth, without my aid,
How would thy weary days have flown ?
Thee of thy foolish whims I've cured,
Thy vain imaginations banished,
And but for me, be well assured,
Thou from this sphere must soon have vanished.
In rocky hollows and in caverns drear,
Why like an owl sit moping here ?
Wherefore from dripping stones and moss with ooze imbued,
Dost suck, like any toad, thy food !
A rare, sweet pastime. Verily !
The doctor cleaveth still to thee.

FAUST.

Dost comprehend what bliss without alloy
From this wild wand'ring in the desert springs?—
Couldst thou but guess the new life-power it brings,
Thou wouldst be fiend enough to envy me my joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What super-earthly ecstasy! at night,
To lie in darkness on the dewy height,
Embracing heaven and earth in rapture high,
The soul dilating to a deity;
With prescient yearnings pierce the core of earth,
Feel in your laboring breast the six-days' birth,
Enjoy, in proud delight what no one knows,
While your love-rapture o'er creation flows,—
The earthly lost in beatific vision,
And then the lofty intuition— (*With a gesture.*)
I need not tell you how—to close!

FAUST.

Fie on you!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This displeases you? "For shame!"
You are forsooth entitled to exclaim;
We to chaste ears it seems must not pronounce
What, nathless, the chaste heart cannot renounce.
Well, to be brief, the joy as fit occasions rise,
I grudge you not, of specious lies.
But soon the self-deluding vein
Is past, once more thou'rt whirled away,
And should it last, thou'lt be the prey
Of frenzy or remorse and pain.
Enough of this! Thy true love dwells apart,
And all to her seems flat and tame;

Alone thine image fills her heart,
She loves thee with an all-devouring flame.
First came thy passion with o'erpowering rush,
Like mountain torrent, swollen by the melted
snow ;
Full in her heart didst pour the sudden gush,
Now has thy brooklet ceased to flow.
Instead of sitting throned midst forests wild,
It would become so great a lord
To comfort the enamour'd child,
And the young monkey for her love reward.
To her the hours seem miserably long ;
She from the window sees the clouds float by,
As o'er the lofty city-walls they fly.
" If I a birdie were !" so runs her song,
Half through the night and all day long.
Cheerful sometimes, more oft at heart full sore ;
Fairly outwept seem now her tears,
Anon she tranquil is, or so appears,
And love-sick evermore.

FAUST.

Snake ! serpent vile !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Good ! If I catch thee with my guile !

FAUST.

Vile reprobate ! go get thee hence ;
Forbear the lovely girl to name !
Nor in my half-distracted sense,
Kindle anew the smouldering flame !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wouldest thou ? She thinks you've taken
flight ;
It seems, she's partly in the right.

FAUST.

I'm near her still—and should I distant rove,
Her I can ne'er forget, ne'er lose her love ;
And all things touch'd by those sweet lips of hers,
Even the very Host, my envy stirs.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well ! I oft have envied you indeed,
The twin-pair that among the roses feed.

FAUST.

Pander, avaunt !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Go to ! I laugh, the while you rail.
The power which fashion'd youth and maid,
Well understood the noble trade ;
So neither shall occasion fail.
But hence !—In truth a case for gloom !
Bethink thee, to thy mistress' room
And not to death shouldst go !

FAUST.

What is to me heaven's joy within her arms ?
What though my life her bosom warms !—
Do I not ever feel her woe ?
The outcast am I not, who knows no rest,
Inhuman monster, aimless and unblest,
Who, like the greedy surge, from rock to rock,
Sweeps down the dread abyss with desperate shock ?
While she, within her lowly cot, which graced
The Alpine slope, beside the waters wild,
Her homely cares in that small world embraced,
Secluded lived, a simple artless child.
Was't not enough, in thy delirious whirl
To blast the steadfast rocks ;

Her, and her peace as well,
Must I, God-hated one, to ruin hurl?
Dost claim this holocaust, remorseless Hell?
Fiend, help me to cut short the hours of dread!
Let what must happen, happen speedily!
Her direful doom fall crushing on my head,
And into ruin let her plunge with me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, how again it seethes and glows!
Away, thou fool! Her torment ease!
When such a head no issue sees,
It pictures straight the final close.
Long life to him who boldly dares!
A devil's pluck thou'rt wont to show;
As for a devil who despairs,
There's naught so mawkish here below.

MARGARET'S *Room.*

MARGARET (*alone at her spinning-wheel*).

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,
I find it never,
And nevermore!

Where him I have not,
Is the grave to me;
And bitter as gall
The whole world to me.

My wilder'd brain
Is overwrought;
My feeble senses
Are distraught.

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,
I find it never,
And nevermore!

For him from the window
I gaze, at home;
For him and him only
Abroad I roam.

His lofty step,
His bearing high,
The smile of his lip,
The power of his eye,

His witching words,
Their tones of bliss,
His hand's fond pressure,
And ah—his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,
I find it never,
And nevermore.

My bosom aches
To feel him near;
Ah, could I clasp
And fold him here!

Kiss him and kiss him
Again would I,
And on his kisses
I fain would die!

MARTHA'S *Garden*. MARGARET *and* FAUST.

MARGARET.

Promise, me, Henry—

FAUST.

What I can!

MARGARET.

How is it with religion in thy mind?
Thou art a dear kind-hearted man,
But I'm afraid not piously inclined.

FAUST.

Forbear! Thou feelest I love thee alone;
For those I love, my life I would lay down,
And none would of their faith or church bereave.

MARGARET.

That's not enough, we must ourselves believe!

FAUST.

Must we?

MARGARET.

Ah, could I but thy soul inspire!
Thou honorest not the sacraments, alas!

FAUST.

I honor them.

MARGARET.

But yet without desire;
'Tis long since thou hast been either to shrift or mass.
Dost thou believe in God?

FAUST.

My darling, who dares say,
Yes, I in God believe?
Question or priest or sage, and they
Seem, in the answer you receive,
To mock the questioner.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe !

FAUST.

Sweet one ! my meaning do not misconceive !
Him who dare name
And who proclaim,
Him I believe ?
Who that can feel,
His heart can steel,
To say : I believe him not ?
The All-embracer,
All-sustainer,
Holds and sustains he not
Thee, me, himself ?
Lifts not the heaven its dome above ?
Doth not the firm-set earth beneath us lie ?
And beaming tenderly with looks of love,
Climb not the everlasting stars on high ?
Do I not gaze into thine eyes ?
Nature's impenetrable agencies,
Are they not thronging on thy heart and brain
Viewless, or visible to mortal ken,
Around thee weaving their mysterious chain ?
Fill thence thy heart, how large soe'er it be ;
And in the feeling when thou utterly art blest,
Then call it, what thou wilt,—
Call it Bliss ! Heart ! Love ! God !
I have no name for it !
'Tis feeling all ;
Name is but sound and smoke
Shrouding the glow of heaven.

MARGARET.

All this is doubtless good and fair ;
Almost the same the parson says,
Only in slightly different phrase.

FAUST.

Beneath Heaven's sunshine, everywhere,
This is the utterance of the human heart;
Each in his language doth the like impart;
Then why not I in mine?

MARGARET.

What thus I hear
Sounds plausible, yet I'm not reconciled;
There's something wrong about it; much I fear
That thou art not a Christian.

FAUST.

My sweet child!

MARGARET.

Alas! it long hath sorely troubled me,
To see thee in such odious company.

FAUST.

How so?

MARGARET.

The man who comes with thee, I hate,
Yea, in my spirit's inmost depths abhor;
As his loath'd visage, in my life before,
Naught to my heart e'er gave a pang so great.

FAUST.

Fear not, sweet love!

MARGARET.

His presence chills my blood.
Toward all beside I have a kindly mood;
Yet, though I yearn to gaze on thee, I feel
At sight of him strange horror o'er me steal;
That he's a villain my conviction's strong.
May Heaven forgive me, if I do him wrong!

FAUST.

Yet such strange fellows in the world must be!

MARGARET.

I would not live with such an one as he.
If for a moment he but enter here,
He looks around him with a mocking sneer,
And malice ill-conceal'd;
That he, with naught on earth can sympathize is clear;
Upon his brow 'tis legibly revealed,
That to his heart no living soul is dear.
So blest I feel, within thine arms,
So warm and happy,—free from all alarms;
And still my heart doth close when he comes near.

FAUST.

Foreboding angel! check thy fear!

MARGARET.

It so o'ermasters me, that when,
Or wheresoe'er, his step I hear,
I almost think, no more I love thee then.
Besides, when he is near, I ne'er could pray,
This eats into my heart; with thee
The same, my Henry, it must be.

FAUST.

This is antipathy!

MARGARET.

I must away.

FAUST.

For one brief hour then may I never rest,
And heart to heart, and soul to soul be pressed?

MARGARET.

Ah, if I slept alone, to-night
The bolt I fain would leave undrawn for thee;
But then my mother's sleep is light,
Were we surprised by her, ah me!
Upon the spot I should be dead.

FAUST.

Dear angel! there's no cause for dread.
Here is a little phial,—if she take
Mixed in her drink three drops, 'twill steep
Her nature in a deep and soothing sleep.

MARGARET.

What do I not for thy dear sake!
To her it will not harmful prove?

FAUST.

Should I advise else, sweet love?

MARGARET.

I know not, dearest, when thy face I see,
What doth my spirit to thy will constrain;
Already I have done so much for thee,
That scarcely more to do doth now remain.
(*Exit.* MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The monkey! Is she gone?

FAUST.

Again hast played the spy?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of all that pass'd I'm well appriz'd,
I heard the doctor catechised,
And trust he'll profit much thereby!

Fain would the girls inquire indeed
Touching their lover's faith, if he
Believe according to the ancient creed ;
They think : if pliant there, to us he'll yielding be.

FAUST.

Thou monster, dost not see that this
Pure soul, possessed by ardent love,
Full of the living faith,
To her of bliss
The only pledge, must holy anguish prove,
Holding the man she loves, fore-doomed to endless death !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most sensual, supersensualist ? The while
A damsel leads thee by the nose !

FAUST.

Of filth and fire abortion vile !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In physiognomy strange skill she shows ;
She in my presence feels she knows not how ;
My mask it seems a hidden sense reveals ;
That I'm a genius she must needs allow,
That I'm the very devil perhaps she feels.
So then to-night—

FAUST.

What's that to you ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've my amusement in it too !

At the Well. MARGARET *and* BESSY, *with pitchers.*

BESSY.

Of Barbara hast nothing heard?

MARGARET.

I rarely go from home,—no, not a word.

BESSY.

'Tis true: Sybilla told me so to-day!
That comes of being proud, methinks;
She played the fool at last.

MARGARET.

How so?

BESSY.

They say
That two she feedeth when she eats and drinks.

MARGARET.

Alas!

BESSY.

She's rightly served, in sooth.
How long she hung upon the youth!
What promenades, what jaunts there were,
To dancing booth and village fair!
The first she everywhere must shine,
He always treating her to pastry and to wine.
Of her good looks she was so vain,
So shameless too, that she did not disdain
Even his presents to retain;
Sweet words and kisses came anon—
And then the virgin flower was gone!

MARGARET.

Poor thing!

BESSY.

Forsooth dost pity her?
At night, when at our wheels we sat,
Abroad our mothers ne'er would let us stir.
Then with her lover she must chat,
Or on the bench, or in the dusky walk,
Thinking of the hours too brief for their sweet talk;
Her proud head she will have to bow,
And in white sheet do penance now!

MARGARET.

But he will surely marry her?

BESSY.

Not he!
He won't be such a fool! a gallant lad
Like him can roam o'er land and sea,
Besides, he's off.

MARGARET.

That is not fair!

BESSY.

If she should get him, 'twere almost as bad!
Her myrtle wreath the boys would tear;
And then we girls would plague her too,
For we chopp'd straw before her door would strew! (*Exit.*)

MARGARET (*walking toward home*).

How stoutly once I could inveigh,
If a poor maiden went astray!
Not words enough my tongue could find,
'Gainst others' sin to speak my mind;
Black as it seemed, I blacken'd it still more,
And strove to make it blacker than before.

And did myself securely bless—
Now my own trespass doth appear!
Yet ah!—what urg'd me to transgress,
Sweet Heaven, it was so good! so dear!

ZWINGER. *Enclosure between the City-wall and the Gate. In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa, with flower-pots before it.*

MARGARET (*putting fresh flowers in the pots*).

Ah, rich in sorrow, thou,
Stoop thy maternal brow,
And mark with pitying eye my misery!

The sword in thy pierced heart,
Thou dost with bitter smart,
Gaze upward on thy Son's death agony.

To the dear God on high,
Ascends thy piteous sigh,
Pleading for his and thy sore misery.

Ah, who can know
The torturing woe,
The pangs that rack me to the bone?
How my poor heart, without relief,
Trembles and throbs, its yearning grief
Thou knowest, thou alone!

Ah, wheresoe'er I go,
With woe, with woe, with woe,
My anguish'd breast is aching!
When all alone I creep,
I weep, I weep, I weep,
Alas! my heart is breaking!

The flower-pots at my window
Were wet with tears of mine,
The while I pluck'd these blossoms,
At dawn to deck thy shrine!

When early in my chamber
Shone bright the rising morn,
I sat there on my pallet,
My heart with anguish torn.

Help! from disgrace and death deliver me!
Ah! rich in sorrow, thou,
Stoop thy maternal brow,
And mark with pitying eye my misery!

Night. Street before MARGARET'S *door.*

VALENTINE (*a soldier,* MARGARET'S *brother*).

When seated 'mong the jovial crowd
Where merry comrades, boasting loud,
Each named with pride his favorite lass,
And in her honor drain'd his glass;
Upon my elbows I would lean,
With easy quiet view the scene,
Nor give my tongue the rein, until
Each swaggering blade had talked his fill.
Then smiling I my beard would stroke,
The while, with brimming glass, I spoke;
"Each to his taste!—but to my mind,
Where in the country will you find
A maid as my dear Gretchen fair,
Who with my sister can compare?"
Cling! clang! so rang the jovial sound!
Shout of assent went circling round;
Pride of her sex is she!—cried some;
Then were the nojsy boasters dumb.

And now !—I could tear out my hair,
Or dash my brains out in despair !—
Me every scurvy knave may twit,
With stinging jest and taunting sneer !
Like skulking debtor I must sit,
And sweat each casual word to hear !
And though I smash'd them one and all,—
Yet them I could not liars call.

Who comes this way ? who's sneaking here ?
If I mistake not, two draw near.
If he be one, have at him ;—well I wot
Alive he shall not leave this spot !

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How from yon sacristy, athwart the night,
Its beams the ever-burning taper throws,
While ever waning, fades the glimmering light,
As gathering darkness doth around it close !
So night-like gloom doth in my bosom reign.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm like a tom-cat in a thievish vein,
That up fire-ladders tall and steep,
And round the walls doth slyly creep ;
Virtuous withal, I feel, with, I confess,
A touch of thievish joy and wantonness.
Thus through my limbs already there doth bound
The glorious Walpurgis-night !
After to-morrow it again comes round,
What one doth wake for, then one knows aright !

FAUST.

Meanwhile, the flame which I see glimmering there,
Is it the treasure rising in the air ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ere long, I make no doubt, but you
To raise the chest will feel inclined;
Erewhile I peep'd within it too;
With lion-dollars 'tis well lined.

FAUST.

And not a trinket? not a ring?
Wherewith my lovely girl to deck?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I saw among them some such thing,
A string of pearls to grace her neck.

FAUST.

'Tis well! I'm always loath to go,
Without some gift my love to show.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Some pleasure gratis to enjoy,
Should surely cause you no annoy.
While bright with stars the heavens appear,
I'll sing a masterpiece of art:
A moral song shall charm her ear,
More surely to beguile her heart.

(*Sings to the guitar.*)

Kathrina say,
Why lingering stay
At dawn of day
Before your lover's door?
Maiden, beware,
Nor enter there,
Lest forth you fare,
A maiden nevermore.

Maiden, take heed!
Reck well my rede!
Is't done, the deed?
Good-night, you poor, poor thing!
The spoiler's lies,
His arts despise,
Nor yield your prize,
Without the marriage ring!

VALENTINE (*steps forward*).

Whom are you luring here? I'll give it you!
Accursed rat-catchers, your strains I'll end!
First, to the devil the guitar I'll send!
Then to the devil with the singer too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poor guitar! 'tis done for now.

VALENTINE.

Your skull shall follow next, I trow!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Doctor, stand fast! your strength collect!
Be prompt, and do as I direct.
Out with your whisk! keep close, I pray,
I'll parry! do you thrust away!

VALENTINE.

Then parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not?

VALENTINE.

That too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ease!

VALENTINE.

The devil fights for you!
Why how is this? my hand's already lamed!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Thrust home!

VALENTINE (*falls*).

Alas!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There! Now the lubber's tamed!
But quick, away! We must at once take wing;
A cry of murder strikes upon the ear;
With the police I know my course to steer,
But with the blood-ban 'tis another thing.

MARTHA (*at the window*).

Without! without!

MARGARET (*at the window*).

Quick, bring a light!

MARTHA (*as above*).

They rail and scuffle, scream and fight!

PEOPLE.

One lieth here already dead!

MARTHA (*coming out*).

Where are the murderers? are they fled?

MARGARET (*coming out*).

Who lieth here?

PEOPLE.

Thy mother's son.

MARGARET.

Almighty God! I am undone!

VALENTINE.

I'm dying—'tis a soon-told tale,
And sooner done the deed.
Why, women, do ye howl and wail?
To my last words give heed!
(*All gather round him.*)
Gretchen, thou'rt still of tender age,
And, well I wot, not over sage,
Thou dost thy matters ill;
Let this in confidence be said:
Since thou the path of shame dost tread,
Tread it with right good will!

MARGARET.

My brother! God! what can this mean?

VALENTINE.

Abstain,
Nor dare God's holy name profane!
What's done, alas, is done and past!
Matters will take their course at last;
By stealth thou dost begin with one,
Others will follow him anon;
And when a dozen thee have known,
Thou'lt common be to all the town.
When infamy is newly born,
In secret she is brought to light,
And the mysterious veil of night
O'er head and ears is drawn;
The loathsome birth men fain would slay;
But soon, full grown, she waxes bold,
And though not fairer to behold,
With brazen front insults the day:
The more abhorrent to the sight,
The more she courts the day's pure light.

The time already I discern,
When thee all honest folk will spurn,
And shun thy hated form to meet,
As when a corpse infects the street.
Thy heart will sink in blank despair,
When they shall look thee in the face!
A golden chain no more thou'lt wear—
Nor near the altar take in church thy place—
In fair lace collar simply dight
Thou'lt dance no more with spirits light—
In darksome corners thou wilt bide,
Where beggars vile and cripples hide—
And e'en though God thy crime forgive,
On earth, a thing accursed, thou'lt live!

MARTHA.

Your parting soul to God commend;
Your dying breath in slander will you spend?

VALENTINE.

Could I but reach thy wither'd frame,
Thou wretched beldame, void of shame!
Full measure I might hope to win
Of pardon then for every sin.

MARGARET.

Brother! what agonizing pain!

VALENTINE.

I tell thee! from vain tears abstain!
'Twas thy dishonor pierced my heart;
Thy fall the fatal death-stab gave.
Through the death-sleep I now depart
To God, a soldier true and brave. (*Dies.*)

Cathedral. Service, Organ, and Anthem. MARGARET *among a number of people.* EVIL SPIRIT *behind* MARGARET.

EVIL SPIRIT.

How different, Gretchen, was it once with thee,
When thou, still full of innocence,
Here to the altar camest,
And from the small and well-conn'd book
Didst lisp thy prayer,
Half childish sport,
Half God in thy young heart!
Gretchen!
What thoughts are thine?
What deed of shame
Lurks in thy sinful heart?

Is thy prayer utter'd for thy mother's soul,
Who into long, long torment slept through thee?
Whose blood is on thy threshold?
—And stirs there not already 'neath thy heart
Another quick'ning pulse, that even now
Tortures itself and thee
With its foreboding presence?

MARGARET.

Woe! Woe!
Oh could I free me from the thoughts
That hither, thither, crowd upon my brain,
Against my will!

CHORUS.

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla.
(*The organ sounds.*)

EVIL SPIRIT.

Grim horror seizes thee!
The trumpet sounds!
The graves are shaken!
And thy heart
From ashy rest
For torturing flames
Anew created,
Trembles into life!

MARGARET.

Would I were hence!
It is as if the organ
Choked my breath,
As if the choir
Melted my inmost heart!

CHORUS.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

MARGARET.

I feel oppressed!
The pillars of the wall
Imprison me!
The vaulted roof
Weighs down upon me!—air!

EVIL SPIRIT.

Wouldst hide thee? sin and shame
Remain not hidden!
Air! light!
Woe's thee!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?
Quem patronum rogaturus !
Cum vix justus sit securus.

EVIL SPIRIT.

The glorified their faces turn
Away from thee !
Shudder the pure to reach
Their hands to thee !
Woe !

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus—

MARGARET.

Neighbor ! your smelling bottle !
(*She swoons away.*)

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

The Hartz Mountains. District of Schierke and Elend. FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A broomstick dost thou not at least desire ?
The roughest he-goat fain would I bestride,
By this road from our goal we're still far wide.

FAUST.

While fresh upon my legs, so long I naught require,
Except this knotty staff. Beside,
What boots it to abridge a pleasant way ?
Along the labyrinth of these vales to creep,
Then scale these rocks, whence, in eternal spray,
Adown the cliffs the silvery fountains leap :
Such is the joy that seasons paths like these !
Spring weaves already in the birchen trees ;
E'en the late pine-grove feels her quickening powers ;
Should she not work within these limbs of ours ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Naught of this genial influence do I know !
Within me all is wintry. Frost and snow
I should prefer my dismal path to bound.
How sadly, yonder, with belated glow
Rises the ruddy moon's imperfect round,
Shedding so faint a light at every tread
One's sure to stumble 'gainst a rock or tree !
An Ignis Fatuus I must call instead.

Yonder one burning merrily, I see.
Holla! my friend, may I request your light?
Why should you flare away so uselessly?
Be kind enough to show us up the height!

IGNIS FATUUS.

Through reverence, I hope I may subdue
The lightness of my nature; true,
Our course is but a zigzag one.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ho! ho!
So man, forsooth, he thinks to imitate!
Now, in the devil's name, for once go straight,
Or out at once your flickering life I'll blow!

IGNIS FATUUS.

That you are master here is obvious quite;
To do your will, I'll cordially essay;
Only reflect! The hill is magic-mad to night;
And if to show the path you choose a meteor's light,
You must not wonder should we go astray.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, IGNIS FATUUS (*in alternate song*).

Through this dream and magic-sphere,
Lead us on, thou flickering guide.
Pilot well our bold career!
That we may with onward stride
Gain yon vast and desert waste!

See how tree on tree with haste
Rush amain, the granite blocks
Make obeisance as they go!
Hark! the grim, long-snouted rocks,
How they snort, and how they blow!

Brook and brooklet hurrying flow
Through the turf and stones along;
Hark, the rustling! Hark, the song!
Hearken to love's plaintive lays;
Voices of those heavenly days—
What we hope, and what we love!
Like the song of olden time,
Echo's voice repeats the chime.

To-whit! To-whoo! It sounds more near;
Pewit, owl, and jay appear,
All awake, around, above!
Paunchy salamanders too
Crawl, long-limbed, the bushes through!

And, like snakes, the roots of trees
Coil themselves from rock and sand,
Stretching many a wondrous band,
Us to frighten, us to seize;
From rude knots with life imbued,
Polyp-fangs abroad they spread,
To snare the wanderer! 'Neath our tread,
Mice, in myriads, thousand-hued,
Through the heath and through the moss!
And the fire-flies' glittering throng,
Wildering escort, whirls along,
Here and there, our path across.

Tell me, stand we motionless,
Or still forward do we press?
All things round us whirl and fly,
Rocks and trees make strange grimaces,
Dazzling meteors change their places,
How they puff and multiply!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now grasp my doublet—we at last
Have reached a central precipice,

Whence we a wondering glance may cast,
How Mammon lights the dark abyss.

FAUST.

How through the chasms strangely gleams
A lurid light, like dawn's red glow,
Pervading with its quivering beams,
The gorges of the gulf below !
There vapors rise, there clouds float by,
And here through mist the splendor shines ;
Now, like a fount, it bursts on high,
Now glideth on in slender lines ;
Far-reaching, with a hundred veins,
Through the far valley see it glide,
Here, where the gorge the flood restrains,
At once it scatters far and wide ;
Anear, like showers of golden sand
Strewn broadcast, sputter sparks of light :
And mark yon rocky walls that stand
Ablaze, in all their towering height !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sir Mammon for this festival,
Grandly illumes his palace hall !
To see it was a lucky chance ;
E'en now the boist'rous guests advance.

FAUST.

How the fierce tempest sweeps around !
Upon my neck it strikes with sudden shock !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling to these ancient ribs of granite rock,
Else it will hurl you down to yon abyss profound.
A murky vapor thickens night.
Hark ! Through the woods the tempests roar !

The owlets flit in wild affright.
Split are the columns that upbore
The leafy palace, green for aye:
The shivered branches whirr and sigh,
Yawn the huge trunks with mighty groan,
The roots, upriven, creak and moan!
In fearful and entangled fall,
One crashing ruin whelms them all,
While through the desolate abyss,
Sweeping the wreck-strown precipice,
The raging storm-blasts howl and hiss!
Hear'st thou voices sounding clear,
Distant now and now more near?
Hark! the mountain ridge along,
Streameth a raving magic-song!

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

Now to the Brocken the witches hie,
The stubble is yellow, the corn is green;
Thither the gathering legions fly,
And sitting aloft is Sir Urian seen:
O'er stick and o'er stone they go whirling along,
Witches and he-goats, a motley throng.

VOICES.

Alone old Baubo's coming now;
She rides upon a farrow sow.

CHORUS.

Honor to her, to whom honor is due!
Forward, Dame Baubo! Honor to you!
A goodly sow and mother thereon,
The whole witch chorus follows anon.

VOICE.

Which way didst come?

VOICE.

O'er Ilsenstein!
There I peep'd in an owlet's nest.
With her broad eye she gazed in mine!

VOICE.

Drive to the devil, thou hellish pest!
Why ride so hard?

VOICE.

She has graz'd my side,
Look at the wounds, how deep and how wide!

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

The way is broad, the way is long;
What mad pursuit! What tumult wild!
Scratches the besom and sticks the prong;
Crush'd is the mother, and stifled the child.

WIZARDS (*half chorus*).

Like house-encumber'd snail we creep;
While far ahead the women keep,
For when to the devil's house we speed,
By a thousand steps they take the lead.

THE OTHER HALF.

Not so, precisely do we view it;—
They with a thousand steps may do it;
But let them hasten as they can,
With one long bound 'tis clear'd by man.

VOICES (*above*).

Come with us, come with us from Felsensee.

VOICES (*from below*).

Aloft to you we would mount with glee!
We wash, and free from all stain are we,
Yet barren evermore must be!

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is hushed, the stars grow pale,
The pensive moon her light doth veil;
And whirling on, the magic choir,
Sputter forth sparks of drizzling fire.

VOICE (*from below*).

Stay! stay!

VOICE (*from above*).

What voice of woe
Calls from the cavern'd depths below?

VOICE (*from below*).

Take me with you! Oh take me too!
Three centuries I climb in vain,
And yet can ne'er the summit gain!
To be with my kindred I am fain.

BOTH CHORUSES.

Broom and pitch-fork, goat and prong,
Mounted on these we whirl along;
Who vainly strives to climb to-night,
Is evermore a luckless wight!

DEMI-WITCH (*below*).

I hobble after, many a day;
Already the others are far away!
No rest at home can I obtain—
Here too my efforts are in vain!

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Salve gives the witches strength to rise;
A rag for a sail does well enough;
A goodly ship is every trough;
To-night who flies not, never flies.

BOTH CHORUSES.

And when the topmost peak we round,
Then alight ye on the ground;
The heath's wide regions cover ye
With your mad swarms of witchery!
(*They let themselves down.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They crowd and jostle, whirl and flutter!
They whisper, babble, twirl, and splutter!
They glimmer, sparkle, stink, and flare—
A true witch-element! Beware!
Stick close! else we shall severed be.
Where art thou?

FAUST (*in the distance*).

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Already, whirl'd so far away!
The master then indeed I needs must play.
Give ground! Squire Voland comes! Sweet folk, give ground!
Here, doctor, grasp me! With a single bound
Let us escape this ceaseless jar;
Even for me too mad these people are.
Hard by there shineth something with peculiar glare,
Yon brake allureth me; it is not far;
Come, come along with me! we'll slip in there.

FAUST.

Spirit of contradiction! Lead! I'll follow straight!
'Twas wisely done, however, to repair
One May-night to the Brocken, and when there,
By our own choice ourselves to isolate!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark, of those flames the motley glare!
A merry club assembles there.
In a small circle one is not alone.

FAUST.

I'd rather be above, though, I must own!
Already fire and eddying smoke I view;
The impetuous millions to the devil ride;
Full many a riddle will be there untied.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay! and full many a one be tied anew.
But let the great world rave and riot!
Here we will house ourselves in quiet.
A custom 'tis of ancient date,
Our lesser worlds within the great world to create!
Young witches there I see, naked and bare,
And old ones, veil'd more prudently.
For my sake only courteous be!
The trouble's small, the sport is rare.
Of instruments I hear the cursed din—
One must get used to it. Come in! come in!
There's now no help for it. I'll step before,
And introducing you as my good friend,
Confer on you one obligation more.
How say you now? 'Tis no such paltry room;
Why only look, you scarce can see the end.
A hundred fires in rows disperse the gloom;
They dance, they talk, they cook, make love, and drink:
Where could we find aught better, do you think?

FAUST.

To introduce us, do you purpose here
As devil or as wizard to appear?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Though I am wont indeed to strict incognito,
Yet upon gala-days one must one's orders show.
No garter have I to distinguish me,
Nathless the cloven foot doth here give dignity.
Seest thou yonder snail? Crawling this way she hies;
With searching feelers, she, no doubt,
Hath me already scented out;
Here, even if I would, for me there's no disguise.
From fire to fire, we'll saunter at our leisure,
The gallant you, I'll cater for your pleasure.
(*To a party seated round some expiring embers.*)
Old gentlemen, apart, why sit ye moping here?
Ye in the midst should be of all this jovial cheer,
Girt round with noise and youthful riot;
At home one surely has enough of quiet.

GENERAL.

In nations put his trust, who may,
Whate'er for them one may have done;
The people are like women, they
Honor your rising stars alone!

MINISTER.

Too far from truth and right they wander now;
I must extol the good old ways,
For truly when all spoke our praise,
Then was the golden age, I trow.

PARVENU.

Ne'er were we 'mong your dullards found,
And what we ought not, that we did of old;
Yet now are all things turning round,
Just when we most desire them fast to hold.

AUTHOR.

Who, as a rule, a treatise now would care
To read, of even moderate sense ?
As for the rising generation, ne'er
Has youth displayed such arrogant pretence.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*suddenly appearing very old*).

Since for the last time I the Brocken scale,
That folk are ripe for doomsday, now one sees ;
And just because my cask begins to fail,
So the whole world is also on the lees.

HUCKSTER-WITCH.

Stop, gentlemen, nor pass me by,
Of wares I have a choice collection :
Pray honor them with your inspection.
Lose not this opportunity !
No fellow to my booth you'll find
On earth, for 'mong my store there's naught,
Which to the world, and to mankind,
Hath not some direful mischief wrought.
No dagger here, which hath not flow'd with blood,
No bowl, which hath not poured into some healthy frame
Hot poison's life-consuming flood,
No trinket, but hath wrought some woman's shame,
No weapon but hath cut some sacred tie,
Or from behind hath stabb'd an enemy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gossip ! For wares like these the time's gone by.
What's done is past ! what's past is done !
With novelties your booth supply ;
Now novelties attract alone.

FAUST.

May this wild scene my senses spare!
This may in truth be called a fair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Upward the eddying concourse throng;
Thinking to push, thyself art push'd along.

FAUST.,

Who's that, pray?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well! That's Lilith.

FAUST.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam's first wife. Of her rich locks beware!
That charm in which she's parallel'd by few;
When in its toils a youth she doth ensnare,
He will not soon escape, I promise you.

FAUST.

There sit a pair, the old one with the young;
Already they have bravely danced and sprung!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here there is no repose to-day.
Another dance begins; we'll join it, come away!

FAUST (*dancing with the young one*).

Once a fair vision came to me;
Therein I saw an apple-tree,
Two beauteous apples charmed mine eyes;
I climb'd forthwith to reach the prize.

THE FAIR ONE.

Apples still fondly ye desire,
From paradise it hath been so.
Feelings of joy my breast inspire
That such too in my garden grow.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with the old one*).

Once a weird vision came to me;
Therein I saw a rifted tree.
It had a . . . . . ;
But as it was it pleased me too.

THE OLD ONE.

I beg most humbly to salute
The gallant with the cloven foot!
Let him a . . . have ready here,
If he a . . . does not fear.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Accursed mob! How dare ye thus to meet?
Have I not shown and demonstrated too,
That ghosts stands not on ordinary feet?
Yet here ye dance, as other mortals do!

THE FAIR ONE (*dancing*).

Then at our ball, what doth he here?

FAUST (*dancing*).

Oh! He must everywhere appear.
He must adjudge, when others dance;
If on each step his say's not said,
So is that step as good as never made.
He's most annoyed, so soon as we advance;
If ye would circle in one narrow round,
As he in his old mill, then doubtless he
Your dancing would approve,—especially
If ye forthwith salute him with respect profound!

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Still here! what arrogance! unheard of quite!
Vanish; we now have fill'd the world with light!
Laws are unheeded by the devil's host;
Wise as we are, yet Tegel hath its ghost!
How long at this conceit I've swept with all my
might,
Lost is the labor: 'tis unheard of quite!

THE FAIR ONE.

Cease here to tease us any more, I pray.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Spirits, I plainly to your face declare:
No spiritual control myself will bear,
Since my own spirit can exert no sway.
(*The dancing continues.*)
To-night, I see, I shall in naught succeed;
But I'm prepar'd my travels to pursue,
And hope, before my final step indeed,
To triumph over bards and devils too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now in some puddle will he take his station,
Such is his mode of seeking consolation;
Where leeches, feasting on his blood, will drain
Spirit and spirits from his haunted brain.
(*To* FAUST, *who has left the dance.*)
But why the charming damsel leave, I pray,
Who to you in the dance so sweetly sang?

FAUST.

Ah! in the very middle of her lay,
Out of her mouth a small red mouse there sprang.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Suppose there did! One must not be too nice:
'Twas well it was not gray, let that suffice.
Who 'mid his pleasures for a trifle cares?

FAUST.

Then saw I—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto, seest thou there
Standing far off, a lone child, pale and fair?
Slow from the spot her drooping form she tears,
And seems with shackled feet to move along;
I own, within me the delusion's strong,
That she the likeness of my Gretchen wears.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gaze not upon her! 'Tis not good! Forbear!
'Tis lifeless, magical, a shape of air,
An idol. Such to meet with, bodes no good;
That rigid look of hers doth freeze man's blood,
And well-nigh petrifies his heart to stone:—
The story of Medusa thou hast known.

FAUST.

Ay, verily! a corpse's eyes are those,
Which there was no fond loving hand to close.
That is the bosom I so fondly press'd,
That my sweet Gretchen's form, so oft caress'd!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Deluded fool! 'Tis magic, I declare!
To each she doth his lov'd one's image wear.

FAUST.

What bliss ! what torture ! vainly I essay
To turn me from that piteous look away.
How strangely doth a single crimson line
Around that lovely neck its coil entwine,
It shows no broader than a knife's blunt edge !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite right. I see it also, and allege
That she beneath her arm her head can bear,
Since Perseus cut it off.—But you I swear
Are craving for illusion still !
Come then, ascend yon little hill !
As on the Prater all is gay,
And if my senses are not gone,
I see a theatre,—what's going on ?

SERVIBILIS.

They are about to recommence ;—the play
Will be the last of seven, and spick-span new—
'Tis usual here that number to present—
A dilettante will enact it too.
Excuse me, gentlemen ; to me's assign'd
As dilettante to uplift the curtain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You on the Blocksberg I'm rejoiced to find,
That 'tis your most appropriate sphere is certain.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM;

OR,

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING-FEAST

INTERMEZZO.

Theatre.

MANAGER.

Vales, where mists still shift and play,
To ancient hill succeeding,—
These our scenes;—so we, to day,
May rest, brave sons of Mieding.

HERALD.

That the marriage golden be,
Must fifty years be ended;
More dear this feast of gold to me,
Contention now suspended.

OBERON.

Spirits, are ye hovering near,
Show yourselves around us!
King and queen behold ye here,
'Love hath newly bound us.

PUCK.

Puck draws near and wheels about,
In mazy circles dancing!
Hundreds swell his joyous shout,
Behind him still advancing.

ARIEL.

Ariel wakes his dainty air,
His lyre celestial stringing.—
Fools he lureth, and the fair,
With his celestial singing.

OBERON.

Wedded ones, would ye agree,
We court your imitation:
Would ye fondly love as we,
We counsel separation.

TITANIA.

If husband scold and wife retort,
Then bear them far asunder;
Her to the burning south transport,
And him the North Pole under.

THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA (*fortissimo*).

Flies and midges all unite
With frog and chirping cricket,
Our orchestra throughout the night,
Resounding in the thicket!

(*Solo.*)

Yonder doth the bagpipe come!
Its sack an airy bubble.
Schnick, schnick, schnack, with nasal hum,
Its notes it doth redouble.

EMBRYO SPIRIT.

Spider's foot and midge's wing,
A toad in form and feature;
Together verses it can string,
Though scarce a living creature.

A Little Pair.

Tiny step and lofty bound,
Through dew and exhalation;
Ye trip it deftly on the ground,
But gain no elevation.

Inquisitive Traveller.

Can I indeed believe my eyes?
Is't not mere masquerading?
What! Oberon in beauteous guise,
Among the groups parading!

Orthodox.

No claws, no tail to whisk about,
To fright us at our revel;—
Yet like the gods of Greece, no doubt,
He too's a genuine devil.

Northern Artist.

These that I'm hitting off to-day
Are sketches unpretending;
Toward Italy without delay,
My steps I think of bending.

Purist.

Alas! ill-fortune leads me here,
Where riot still grows louder;
And 'mong the witches gather'd here,
But two alone wear powder!

Young Witch.

Your powder and your petticoat,
Suit hags, there's no gainsaying;
Hence I sit fearless on my goat,
My naked charms displaying.

MATRON.

We're too well-bred to squabble here,
Or insult back to render ;
But may you wither soon, my dear,
Although so young and tender.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Nose of fly and gnat's proboscis,
Throng not the naked beauty !
Frogs and crickets in the mosses,
Keep time and do your duty !

WEATHERCOCK (*toward one side*).

What charming company I view
Together here collected !
Gay bachelors, a hopeful crew,
And brides so unaffected !

WEATHERCOCK (*toward the other side*).

Unless indeed the yawning ground
Should open to receive them,
From this vile crew, with sudden bound,
To Hell I'd jump and leave them.

XENIEN.

With small sharp shears, in insect guise,
Behold us at your revel !
That we may tender, filial-wise,
Our homage to the devil.

HENNINGS.

Look now at yonder eager crew,
How naïvely they're jesting !
That they have tender hearts and true,
They stoutly keep protesting !

MUSAGET.

Oneself amid this witchery
How pleasantly one loses ;
For witches easier are to me
To govern than the Muses !

CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE.

With proper folks when we appear,
No one can then surpass us !
Keep close, wide is the Blocksberg here
As Germany's Parnassus.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

How name ye that stiff formal man,
Who strides with lofty paces ?
He tracks the game where'er he can,
"He scents the Jesuits' traces."

CRANE.

Where waters troubled are or clear,
To fish I am delighted ;
Thus pious gentlemen appear
With devils here united.

WORLDLING.

By pious people, it is true,
No medium is rejected ;
Conventicles, and not a few,
On Blocksberg are erected.

DANCER.

Another choir is drawing nigh,
Far off the drums are beating.
Be still ! 'tis but the bittern's cry,
Its changeless note repeating.

DANCING MASTER.

Each twirls about and never stops,
And as he can advances.
The crooked leaps, the clumsy hops,
Nor careth how he dances.

FIDDLER.

To take each other's life, I trow,
Would cordially delight them!
As Orpheus' lyre the beasts, so now
The bagpipe doth unite them.

DOGMATIST.

My views, in spite of doubt and sneer,
I hold with stout persistence,
Inferring from the devils here,
The evil one's existence.

IDEALIST.

My every sense rules Phantasy
With sway quite too potential;
Sure I'm demented if the *I*
Alone is the essential.

REALIST.

This entity's a dreadful bore,
And cannot choose but vex me;
The ground beneath me ne'er before
Thus totter'd to perplex me.

SUPERNATURALIST.

Well pleased assembled here I view
Of spirits this profusion;
From devils, touching angels too,
I gather some conclusion.

SCEPTIC.

The ignis fatuus they track out,
And think they're near the treasure.
Devil alliterates with doubt,
Here I abide with pleasure.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Frog and cricket in the mosses,—
Confound your gasconading!
Nose of fly and gnat's proboscis;—
Most tuneful serenading!

THE KNOWING ONES.

Sans-souci, so this host we greet,
Their jovial humor showing;
There's now no walking on our feet,
So on our heads we're going.

THE AWKWARD ONES.

In seasons past we snatch'd, 'tis true,
Some tit-bits by our cunning;
Our shoes, alas, are now danced through,
On our bare soles we're running.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

From marshy bogs we sprang to light,
Yet here behold us dancing;
The gayest gallants of the night,
In glitt'ring rows advancing.

SHOOTING STAR.

With rapid motion from on high,
I shot in starry splendor;
Now prostrate on the grass I lie;—
Who aid will kindly render?

THE MASSIVE ONES.

Room ! wheel round ! They're coming ! lo !
Down sink the bending grasses.
Though spirits, yet their limbs, we know,
Are huge substantial masses.

PUCK.

Don't stamp so heavily, I pray ;
Like elephants you're treading !
And 'mong the elves be Puck to-day,
The stoutest at the wedding !

ARIEL.

If nature boon, or subtle sprite,
Endow your soul with pinions ;—
Then follow to yon rosy height,
Through ether's calm dominions !

ORCHESTRA (*pianissimo*).

Drifting cloud and misty wreaths
Are filled with light elysian ;
O'er reed and leaf the zephyr breathes—
So fades the fairy vision !

A gloomy Day. A Plain. FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In misery ! despairing ! long wandering pitifully on the face of the earth and now imprisoned ! This gentle hapless creature, immured in the dungeon as a malefactor and reserved for horrid tortures ! That it should come to this ! To this !—Perfidous, worthless spirit, and this thou hast concealed from me !—Stand !—ay, stand ! roll in malicious rage thy fiendish eyes ! Stand

and brave me with thine insupportable presence ! Imprisoned ! In hopeless misery ! Delivered over to the power of evil spirits and the judgment of unpitying humanity !—And me, the while, thou wert lulling with tasteless dissipations, concealing from me her growing anguish, and leaving her to perish without help !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first.

FAUST.

Hound ! Execrable monster !—Back with him, oh thou infinite spirit ! back with the reptile into his dog's shape, in which it was his wont to scamper before me at eventide, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer, and to fasten on his shoulders when he fell ! Change him again into his favorite shape, that he may crouch on his belly before me in the dust, while I spurn him with my foot, the reprobate !—Not the first !—Woe ! Woe ! By no human soul is it conceivable, that more than one human creature has ever sunk into a depth of wretchedness like this, or that the first in her writhing death-agony, should not have atoned in the sight of all-pardoning Heaven, for the guilt of all the rest ! The misery of this one pierces me to the very marrow, and harrows up my soul ; thou art grinning calmly over the doom of thousands !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now we are once again at our wit's end, just where the reason of you mortals snaps ! Why dost thou seek our fellowship, if thou canst not go through with it ? Wilt fly, and art not proof

against dizziness? Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou on us?

FAUST.

Cease thus to gnash thy ravenous fangs at me! I loathe thee!—Great and glorious spirit, thou who didst vouchsafe to reveal thyself unto me, thou who dost know my very heart and soul, why hast thou linked me with this base associate, who feeds on mischief and revels in destruction?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast done?

FAUST.

Save her!—or woe to thee! The direst of curses on thee for thousands of years!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loose the bands of the avengers, nor withdraw his bolts.—Save her!—Who was it plunged her into perdition? I or thou?

FAUST (*looks wildly around*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would'st grasp the thunder? Well for you, poor mortals, that 'tis not yours to wield! To smite to atoms, the being however innocent, who obstructs his path, such is the tyrant's fashion of relieving himself in difficulties!

FAUST.

Convey me thither! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the danger to which thou dost expose thyself? Know, the guilt of blood, shed by thy hand, lies yet upon the town. Over the place

where fell the murdered one, avenging spirits hover and watch for the returning murderer.

FAUST.

This too from thee? The death and downfall of a world be on thee, monster! Conduct me thither, I say, and set her free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will conduct thee. And what I can do,—hear! Have I all power in heaven and upon earth? I'll cloud the senses of the warder,—do thou possess thyself of the keys and lead her forth with human hand! I will keep watch. The magic steeds are waiting I bear thee off. Thus much is in my power.

FAUST.

Up and away!

Night. Open country. FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *rushing along on black horses.*

FAUST.

What weave they yonder round the Ravenstone?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not what they shape and brew.

FAUST.

They're soaring, swooping, bending, stooping.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A witches' pack.

FAUST.

They charm, they strew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On ! On !

Dungeon.

FAUST (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small iron door*).

A fear unwonted o'er my spirit falls ;
Man's concentrated woe o'erwhelms me here !
She dwells immur'd within these dripping walls ;
Her only trespass a delusion dear !
Thou lingerest at the fatal door ?
Thou dread'st to see her face once more ?
On ! While thou dalliest, draws her death-hour near. (*He seizes the lock. Singing within.*)

My mother, the harlot,
She took me and slew !
My father, the scoundrel,
Hath eaten me too !
My sweet little sister
Hath all my bones laid,
Where soft breezes whisper
All in the cool shade !

Then became I a wood-bird, and sang on the spray,
Fly away ! little bird, fly away ! fly away !

FAUST (*opening the lock*).

Ah ! she forebodes not that her lover's near,
The clanking chains, the rustling straw, to hear.
(*He enters.*)

MARGARET (*hiding her face in the bed of straw*).

Woe ! woe ! they come ! oh bitter 'tis to die !

FAUST (*softly*).

Hush ! hush ! be still ! I come to set thee free !

MARGARET (*throwing herself at his feet*).

If thou art human, feel my misery !

FAUST.

Thou wilt awake the jailer with thy cry !
(*He grasps the chains to unlock them.*)

MARGARET (*on her knees*).

Who, headsman, unto thee this power
O'er me could give ?
Thou com'st for me at midnight-hour.
Be merciful, and let me live !
Is morrow's dawn not time enough ?
(*She stands up.*)
I'm still so young, so young—
And must so early die !
Fair was I too, and that was my undoing.
My love is now afar, he then was nigh ;
Torn lies the garland, the fair blossoms strew'd.
Nay, seize me not with hand so rude !
Spare me ! What harm have I e'er done to thee ?
Oh let me not in vain implore !
I ne'er have seen thee in my life before !

FAUST.

Can I endure this bitter agony ?

MARGARET.

I now am at thy mercy quite.
Let me my babe but suckle once again !
I fondled it the live-long night ;
They took it from me but to give me pain,
And now, they say that I my child have slain.
Gladness I ne'er again shall know.
Then they sing songs about me,—'tis wicked of the throng—

An ancient ballad endeth so;
Who bade them thus apply the song?

FAUST (*throwing himself on the ground*).

A lover at thy feet bends low,
To loose the bonds of wretchedness and woe.

MARGARET (*throws herself beside him*).

Oh, let us kneel and move the saints by prayer!
Look! look! yon stairs below,
Under the threshold there,
Hell's flames are all aglow!
Beneath the floor,
With hideous noise,
The devils roar!

FAUST (*aloud*).

Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET (*listening*).

That was my lov'd one's voice!
(*She springs up, the chains fall off.*)
Where is he? I heard him calling me.
Free am I! There's none shall hinder me.
To his neck will I fly,
On his bosom will lie!
Gretchen, he called!—On yon threshold he stood;
Amidst all the howling of hell's fiery flood,
The scoff and the scorn of its devilish crew,
The tones of his voice, sweet and loving, I knew.

FAUST.

'Tis I!

MARGARET.

'Tis thou! O say so once again!
(*Embracing him.*)
'Tis he! 'Tis he! where's now the torturing pain?

Where are the fetters? where the dungeon's gloom?
'Tis thou! to save me thou art come!
And I am sav'd!—
Already now the street I see
Where the first time I caught a glimpse of thee.
There too the pleasant garden shade,
Where I and Martha for thy coming stay'd.

FAUST (*endeavoring to lead her away*).

Come! come away!

MARGARET.

Oh do not haste!
I love to linger where thou stayest.
(*Caressing him.*)

FAUST.

Ah haste! For if thou still delayest,
Our lingering we shall both deplore.

MARGARET.

How, dearest? canst thou kiss no more!
So short a time away from me, and yet,
To kiss thou couldst so soon forget!
Why on thy neck so anxious do I feel—
When formerly a perfect heaven of bliss
From thy dear looks and words would o'er me steal?
As thou wouldst stifle me thou then didst kiss!—
Kiss me!
Or I'll kiss thee! (*She embraces him.*)
Woe! woe! thy lips are cold,—
Are dumb!
Thy love where hast thou left?
Who hath me of thy love bereft?
(*She turns away from him.*)

FAUST.

Come! Follow me, my dearest love, be bold!
I'll cherish thee with ardor thousand-fold;
I but entreat thee now to follow me!

MARGARET (*turning toward him*).

And art thou he? and art thou really he?

FAUST.

'Tis I! Oh come!

MARGARET.

Thou wilt strike off my chain,
And thou wilt take me to thine arms again.
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me?—
And dost thou know, love, whom thou wouldst set free?

FAUST.

Come! come! already night begins to wane.

MARGARET.

I sent my mother to her grave,
I drown'd my child beneath the wave.
Was it not given to thee and me—thee too?
'Tis thou thyself! I scarce believe it yet.
Give me thy hand! It is no dream! 'Tis true!
Thine own dear hand!—But how is this? 'Tis wet!
Quick, wipe it off! Meseems that yet
There's blood thereon.
Ah God! what hast thou done?
Put up thy sword,
I beg of thee!

FAUST.

Oh, dearest, let the past forgotten be!
Death is in every word.

MARGARET.

No, thou must linger here in sorrow!
The graves I will describe to thee,
And thou to them must see
To-morrow:
The best place give to my mother,
Close at her side my brother,
Me at some distance lay—
But not too far away!
And the little one place on my right breast.
Nobody else will near me lie!
To nestle beside thee so lovingly,
That was a rapture, gracious and sweet!
A rapture I never again shall prove;
Methinks I would force myself on thee, love,
And thou dost spurn me, and back retreat—
Yet 'tis thyself, thy fond kind looks I see.

FAUST.

If thou dost feel 'tis I, then come with me!

MARGARET.

What, there? without?

FAUST.

Yes, forth in the free air.

MARGARET.

Ay, if the grave's without,—If death lurk there!
Hence to the everlasting resting place,
And not one step beyond!—Thou'rt leaving me?
Oh Henry! would that I could go with thee!

FAUST.

Thou canst! But will it! Open stands the door.

MARGARET.

I dare not go! I've naught to hope for more.
What boots it to escape? They lurk for me!
'Tis wretched to beg, as I must do,
And with an evil conscience thereto!
'Tis wretched, in foreign lands to stray;
And me they will catch, do what I may!

FAUST.

With thee will I abide.

MARGARET.

Quick! Quick!
Save thy poor child!
Keep to the path
The brook along,
Over the bridge
To the wood beyond,
To the left, where the plank is,
In the pond.
Seize it at once!
It fain would rise,
It struggles still!
Save it. Oh save

FAUST.

Dear Gretchen, more collected be!
One little step, and thou art free!

MARGARET.

Were we but only past the hill!
There sits my mother upon a stone—
My brain, alas, is cold with dread!—
There sits my mother upon a stone,
And to and fro she shakes her head;

She winks not, she nods not, her head it droops sore ;
She slept so long, she waked no more ;
She slept, that we might taste of bliss :
Ah ! those were happy times, I wis !

FAUST.

Since here avails nor argument nor prayer,
Thee hence by force I needs must bear.

MARGARET.

Loose me ! I will not suffer violence !
With murderous hand hold not so fast !
I have done all to please thee in the past !

FAUST.

Day dawns ! My love ! My love !

MARGARET.

Yes ! day draws near.
The day of judgment too will soon appear !
It should have been my bridal ! No one tell,
That thy poor Gretchen thou hast known too well.
Woe to my garland !
Its bloom is o'er !
Though not at the dance—
We shall meet once more.
The crowd doth gather, in silence it rolls ;
The squares, the streets,
Scarce hold the throng.
The staff is broken,—the death-bell tolls,—
They bind and seize me ! I'm hurried along,
To the seat of blood already I'm bound !
Quivers each neck as the naked steel
Quivers on mine the blow to deal—
The silence of the grave now broods around !

FAUST.

Would I had ne'er been born !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears without*).

Up ! or you're lost.
Vain hesitation ! Babbling, quaking !
My steeds are shivering,
Morn is breaking.

MARGARET.

What from the floor ascendeth like a ghost ?
'Tis he ! 'Tis he ! Him from my presence chase !
What would he in this holy place ?
It is for me he cometh !

FAUST.

Thou shalt live !

MARGARET.

Judgment of God ! To thee my soul I give !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Come ! come ! I'll leave thee else to share her doom !

MARGARET.

Father, I'm thine ! Save me ! To thee I come !
Ye angels ! Ye angelic host ! descend,
Encamp around to guard me and defend !—
Henry ! I shudder now to look on thee !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She now is judged !

VOICES (*from above*).

Is saved !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Come thou with me !

(*Vanishes with* FAUST.)

VOICE (*from within, dying away*).

Henry ! Henry !

COMMENT
ON THE
TRAGEDY OF FAUST.

COMMENT

ON THE

TRAGEDY OF FAUST.

GOETHE'S "Faust" has been likened by Kuno Fischer to Dante's poem of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise; sprung, as he says, from the innermost genius of the Italian people, this poem, transcending its national limits, may be regarded as the poetical reflex of the middle ages. Goethe's "Faust" bears a similar relation to the genius of the German people; giving complete expression to their innermost characteristics, it has become their "Divina Commedia."

Genuine poetical material, he adds, is not artificially produced; it obeys the laws of living organisms, is transmitted from generation to generation, and bears the impress of each succeeding age; thus the Faust-legend had lived in the spirit of the German people for two hundred years before its adoption by Goethe. A light sketch of its history may throw light upon his poem in which it has found its latest development.

The Faust-legend was a continuation of the Magus-legend, which arose in ancient times from the deification of the powers of nature; in accordance with this conception, philosophers, who penetrated more deeply than ordinary mortals into the mysteries of nature, were believed to

be endowed with supernatural powers, and were regarded with veneration, as wonder-workers or magi.

With the advent of Christianity, the divinities of the ancient world were transformed into demons, and became associated in the popular imagination with Satan; hence, under its influence, magic became invested with a diabolical character and was reprobated as a league with the powers of evil; at the same time the church, being more potent than hell, could, it was supposed, offer an infallible antidote to its machinations. This power was forfeited at the Reformation, when the Pope, in accordance with the Protestantism of the age, was regarded as Antichrist; the church, divested of its sacred character, could no longer offer a refuge to the votary of magic, and hence the bond-slave of Satan, at the expiration of the appointed term, inevitably became his prey; thus, in the sixteenth century a profoundly tragical character was impressed upon the mediæval legend, which was also modified by the Renaissance.

In the sixteenth century the Magus-legend became associated with Faust, who may be considered first as an historical, and then as a legendary personage, and finally as the hero of German popular literature. Magic, notwithstanding its supposed diabolical character, being held in high esteem in the sixteenth century, its votaries formed a numerous class, embracing men of every variety of culture, from students like Agrippa and Paracelsus down to the mountebank and quack. One of these individuals, in whose person the features of popular magic were strikingly exhibited, left behind him an enduring name which

became associated with the mediæval Magus-legend.

This individual was John Faust, the townsman and contemporary of Melancthon ; from 1516 to 1525 he resided with his friend the Abbot of Maulbronn, where the Faust-kitchen and Faust-tower still exist ; he subsequently appeared at Wittenberg, where he was earnestly exhorted by Melancthon on account of his magical arts ; escaping thence by flight, from impending imprisonment, he wandered through the world, and finally ended his life in a village of Würtemburg. While residing in Wittenberg he boasted that the defeat of the imperial army in Italy was the result of his magical arts ; the devil was said to have accompanied him in the form of a black hound.

To guard against misconception, it may be remarked that John Faust, the hero of the Magus-legend, has nothing in common with John Fust, the printer of Mainz, with whom, without any historical justification, he became subsequently identified.

During the latter half of the sixteenth century a variety of magical incidents gathered round the person of the popular favorite, who thus became transformed from an historical to a legendary personage. Among many examples, the following may be selected as having special interest with reference to Goethe's "Faust." In a work published by Lercheimer, a disciple of Melancthon, in 1585, he relates that, at the court of Heidelberg, a wandering and unnamed magician had wrought a notable miracle ; he had caused vines to spring from the table, and had commanded the guests severally to apply their knives

to the stalk of a grape-cluster, but not to cut till he should give the order ; he then left the room ; on his return each guest held under his knife, not a grape-cluster, but his own nose. A year later this story is related of Faust, without any indication of place. Subsequently it is amplified, and is transferred to a festival at Erfurt. The guests regret that Faust, who is then at Prague, is not among them ; he suddenly appears, transported by magic, is joyfully welcomed and liberally entertained ; wishing in turn to treat the company, he causes holes to be bored in the table, from which flows the noblest wine. In one of the oldest Faust-books, it is related that Faust had ridden out of the cellar on a wine-cask, which, till then, nobody had been able to move ; this incident was localized in Auerbach's cellar at Leipzig, where the picture of Faust's exit upon the wine-cask, bearing the date 1525, still exists. These various incidents, assigned by tradition to different localities — Heidelberg, Erfurt, Leipzig—Goethe combines into one scene, where however it is not Faust, but Mephistopheles, who plays the part of conjuror. The oldest Faust-book, of which many versions were subsequently published, appeared in Frankfort, 1587 ; it contains the crude materials of Goethe's "Faust ;" and is impressed with the various features of the mediæval legend ; the diabolic and the tragic, the grand and the burlesque.

The hero, a peasant's son, comes as a student to Wittenberg, where he surpasses all his companions ; he yearns for forbidden knowledge, buries himself in magical books, and places the Scriptures behind the door ; he dislikes the title of theologian and styles himself doctor of medi-

cine, astrologer, and mathematician. Notwithstanding its horror of magic, the pious popular book betrays also genuine admiration for the intellectual ardor of the Bible-contemning youth. "He took to himself eagle's wings, and wished to explore all grounds in heaven and upon earth." Then follows his compact with the devil: "In that hour," says the old Faust-book, "the godless man fell away from God, and this fall was nothing more than his own pride, despair, and temerity; it was with him as with the giants of whom the poets relate that they piled mountain upon mountain, and wished to make war against God." This allusion to the Titans, in the earliest Faust-book, offers another example of the influence exercised by the Renaissance over the intellectual life of the period. After residing eight years at Wittenberg, Faust, accompanied by Mephistopheles, makes the great tour, in the course of which they appear in Rome and Constantinople. At a students' banquet at Wittenberg he invokes the Grecian Helena, whom he marries, and who bears him a son. As the end approaches he is seized with remorse, and is overwhelmed with agony at the prospect of his inevitable doom. Mephistopheles, meanwhile, certain of his prey, derides his horror-stricken victim. Faust passes the last day of his life with his friends in a village near Wittenberg, where, amid the raging of the elements, his final doom is consummated. With his death Helena and her son disappear from the scene.

In the year 1590 the German Faust-book was translated into English, and almost immediately afterward appeared the "Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," by Marlowe, who, in accordance

with the genius of the age, has simply dramatized the popular legend, the tragical element of which is brought out with wonderful power in the closing scene. At a somewhat later date another version of the story was introduced upon the Spanish stage by Calderon de la Barca.

At this period the German theatre was dominated by a degenerate classical taste; French plays were preferred to those of native growth, and hence "Faust," though produced upon the German stage, did not hold its ground, but was degraded to a puppet-show play, the sight of which, in his childhood, so powerfully affected the imagination of Goethe. The ages, it has been truly said, are mirrored in their legends. A new age has now arrived, an age of spiritual new-birth; it looks with the eyes of Lessing into the Faust-legend, and a change passes over the features of the magician. That great critic opposed the prevailing taste for the artificial productions of the French school, and referred his countrymen to the grand works of original genius, more especially to the plays of Shakespeare. He called their attention also to the native dramas, which had been banished from the stage, and declared, with reference to the "Faust" drama, "it has many scenes which only a Shakespearian genius could have conceived."

Lessing not only indicated "Faust" as a grand subject for dramatic treatment, he himself laid his hand to the work, which, however, he never completed; one scene of his drama alone remains. From the testimony of two of his friends, Blankenburg and Engel, we obtain, however, important information as to the main idea embodied in Lessing's "Faust."

In an ancient dome, at midnight, the devil had assembled the spirits of hell to a carnival, at which each relates his individual achievements; one declares: "I have done nothing; I have only conceived a thought more devilish than the deeds of the others; I will rob God of his favorite, a youth devoted to the pursuit of truth, and for its sake renouncing every other passion." Satan exults in anticipation over the accomplishment of his design. Then a voice proclaims from on high: "Ye shall not prevail!"

These words indicate a new epoch in the development of the Faust-legend, which adapts itself, as formerly to the genius of the 16th, so now to that of the 18th century. The contempt for antiquated and worn-out forms, the craving for originality, the passionate thirst for higher knowledge, which characterized the new epoch, found their counterpart in the hero of the popular legend: "He took to himself eagle's wings, and wished to explore all grounds in heaven and upon earth." How Lessing would have carried out his conception can never be known; so far, however, is certain: Faust is to be saved! The triumph of hell over such a spirit is only apparent; a mind thirsting for truth is no prey for Satan. In order to bring the magician of the popular legend into harmony with the spirit of the age, the great magician of German literature must appear, to whom it was given to fashion men after his image. When Lessing directed attention to Faust, Goethe was in his tenth year; a decade later, and the time approaches when the conception of Faust will begin to take possession of his soul.

It has been remarked by Mr. Lewes, "that

all Goethe's works are biographical ; are parts of his life, and expressions of the various experiences he underwent, and the various stages of culture he passed through."* This is eminently true of "Faust," and hence it may be desirable, for its elucidation, to give a brief sketch of the poet's life.

The trite aphorism that "the child is the father of the man" has never perhaps had a more striking illustration that in Goethe ; and as in Faust we have an idealized portrait of the great poet, a cursory allusion to a few characteristics of his childhood may form a fitting prelude to the consideration of the poem.

Many of the most striking and apparently opposite tendencies of Goethe's nature, subsequently impersonated in the creations of his genius, manifested themselves almost in his infancy. Thus his innate love of the beautiful and disgust at its opposite displayed itself in his third year, when he was moved to tears by the sight of an ugly child. He tells us how, when a boy, he flew past the meat-stalls in perfect horror, while it was his special delight to promenade on the great bridge over the Main, where the beautiful river above and below the bridge attracted his eye, and the gilt weather-cock on the bridge-cross glittered in the sunshine.

To the student of Faust, who remembers the magnificent description of the sunset, in the first part, it is interesting to read of the boy's experience in the so-called garden-room, commanding a pleasant prospect over an almost immeasurable

* See also Goethe's Autobiography (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*), vol. i. p. 240. (Bohn's ed.)

extent of neighbors' gardens. "There," he says, "I commonly learned my lessons, and watched the thunder-storms, and could never look my fill at the setting sun, which went down directly opposite my window."

His dramatic proclivities, together with his marvellous creative faculty, also manifested themselves in early childhood. Never to be forgotten was the last Christmas gift of his grandmother, a puppet theatre, "whereby an imagined world of enchantment was opened to the four-year-old child;" he himself tells us how "the marionette fable of Faust murmured with many voices in his soul." We also learn from his autobiography how, when weary of the original drama to which the puppets had been specially adapted, other pieces were attempted with changed dresses and decorations; and how, when he and his companions had outgrown the puppets, his fancy and technical skill were exercised in making arrangements for the plays and tragedies in which they were themselves the performers. His precocious power of story-telling was also exercised for the delight of his companions, and the specimen which he gives of these boyish productions, in "The New Paris," exhibits the same blending of the real and the ideal which characterized his mature creations, and shows us how, "in accordance with the instincts of his nature, he learned to work up his visions and conceits into artistic forms."

In his sixth year his peace of mind was deeply disturbed by tidings of the Lisbon earthquake; God the Creator and Preserver of heaven and earth, in thus consigning the just and the unjust to the same destruction, had not manifested Him-

self, by any means, in a fatherly character. In vain the young mind strove to resist these impressions; he began to settle into a serious disbelief in the benignity of Providence. Gradually his doubts subsided; he listened in the family circle to discussions respecting the different religious sects, all of whom were animated by the same purpose of approaching the Deity, especially through Christ, more closely than seemed possible under the forms of the established religion. He came to the thought that he also might immediately approach the great God of Nature, whose earlier manifestations of wrath had been long forgotten in the beauty of the world. The boy could ascribe no form to the Deity; he therefore sought him in his works, and resolved, in the good Old Testament fashion, to build him an altar. Natural productions were set forth as images of the world, over which a flame was to burn, typifying the aspirations of man's heart toward his Maker. Ores and other natural productions were arranged on a music-stand, in the form of a four-sided pyramid; a fumigating pastille was placed on the apex; the sun glittered above the roofs, a burning glass was applied, "and thus was the worship consummated by a priest of seven years old, alone in his chamber." We see here, in embryo, as it were, in the child's mind, the curious dualism which characterized the poet, and which found its most typical expression in his great master-work, "Faust." The reasoning, doubting, denying intellect finds there impersonation, as well as the heaven-aspiring soul. The tendency to symbolic mysticism, moreover, which has found such beautiful expression in the concluding scene of the second part

of "Faust," thus manifested itself in the worship of the seven-year-old child.

Faust's passionate thirst for knowledge, which sought gratification in all directions, and strove to unveil the hidden mysteries of nature, had also its prototype in the juvenile Goethe. For an account of the various modes in which he sought to gratify, what he has himself styled his voracious appetite for knowledge the reader is referred to the earlier pages of his autobiography. One example of this many-sided curiosity must suffice: an armed loadstone, sewed up in scarlet cloth, was, he tells us, destined one day to experience the effects of his spirit of investigation. The secret attractive force exercised by the instrument excited his wonder and admiration; desiring to arrive at some revelation of the mystery, he tore away the external covering; "the parts were scattered, and I lost," he says, "the wondrous phenomenon at the same time with the apparatus."

His susceptibility to the tender passion, which formed so striking a characteristic of his nature, and which so powerfully influenced his subsequent career, manifested itself even in his boyhood. He tells us how, before his fifteenth year, he experienced for the first time the joys and sorrows of love. The story of his intercourse with Gretchen, whose name he has immortalized in "Faust," is circumstantially related in his autobiography; the mental anguish, together with the physical prostration which followed the destruction of his romance, bear witness to the intensity of his feelings; I have no doubt that here, as in many subsequent episodes of his life, he has embodied some passages of his own experience in "Faust," where

situations and images appear which remind us of his intercourse with Gretchen.

Thus he tells us how her form, from the moment in which he first beheld her, followed him in every path ; as he could find no pretext to see her at home, he went to church for love of her, and there gazed his fill. "When the congregation left the church," he adds, "I did not venture to accost her, much less to accompany her, and was perfectly delighted if she seemed to have returned my greeting with a nod." Surely we have here the germ of the scene in which Gretchen, on leaving the cathedral, is unceremoniously accosted by Faust. Moreover when, at length, Goethe visits Gretchen's home, she sits at the window spinning ; and the relation which subsequently sprang up between them — the maiden anxious to learn, and the youth inclined to teach—suggests what appears to him the most beautiful union between two human beings, when the maiden looks up to her lover as the creator of her spiritual existence ; which is precisely Gretchen's attitude toward Faust.

"At length the arrow, with its barbed hooks, was torn out of his heart, and the question then was how the inward sanative power of youth could be brought to his aid." He fled to the woods, and in the remotest depth of the forest sought out a solemn spot, where the noblest oaks and beeches formed a large, noble, shaded space. Here he gradually experienced the healing ministrations of nature ; and when the undefined feelings awakened by his sacred grove could no longer satisfy him, he found relief in his artistic proclivities, and copied from nature the various objects by which he was surrounded.

The wonderful susceptibility to the influences of nature, revealed in this experience of boyhood, formed one of the most striking characteristics of the man, and has also found expression in his great master-work. After the heart-rending emotions experienced by Faust in the prison-scene with Gretchen, at the end of the first part, he reappears in the opening scene of the second part with his lacerated spirits healed and harmonized by the soothing influences of nature, typified by Ariel and his elfin choir; and in the artistic realization of ideal beauty, he finds a worthy object for his renovated powers.

Having thus followed our poet through his childhood and boyhood, and having noticed some characteristics and experiences in their relation to "Faust," we must now follow him to Leipzig, whither he repaired, at the age of sixteen, to enter upon his college life.

At that time the influence of a degenerate French taste, against which Lessing had already uplifted his powerful voice, completely dominated the social and intellectual life of Leipzig. Gottsched, the pedantic upholder of French culture, characterized by Goethe as a respectable old grandfather, held a prominent position at the university; while the monotonous system of routine which there prevailed is described by Herman Grimm as a continuous vegetation hedged round by reverence.

It is not surprising that Goethe's earliest literary productions should bear the stamp of his uncongenial environment; his poetical career was inaugurated by a series of songs, in the prevailing French style, composed for music, and by the composition of his earliest extant drama, "Die

Laune des Verliebten" (translated under the title of "The Wayward Lover"). This drama was founded upon his relation with Anna Kathrina Schönkopf, the attractive daughter of his host and hostess, whose affections, according to his own account, he won and afterward forfeited by his own foolish jealousy and caprice. A second drama, "Die Mitschuldigen" ("The Fellow-Culprits"), was also sketched at this period; the experiences embodied in these two pieces furnish, however, no elements for "Faust;" the feature of his Leipzig residence which has there stamped itself with the greatest prominence is the dissatisfaction awakened by the college lectures on philosophy, logic, and jurisprudence.

"At first," he tells us, "I attended my lectures assiduously and faithfully; but the philosophy would by no means enlighten me. In the logic, it seemed strange to me that I had so to tear asunder, isolate, and, as it were, destroy those operations of the mind which I had performed with the greatest ease from my youth upward, and this in order to see into the right use of them. Of the world, and of God, I thought I knew about as much as the Professor himself. . . . It was soon quite as bad with the law lectures; for I already knew just as much as the Professor thought good to communicate to us. My stubborn industry in writing down the lectures at first was paralyzed by degrees, for I found it excessively tedious to pen down once more that which I had repeated often enough to retain it forever in my memory." We have here the experience which subsequently embodied itself in the celebrated scene between Mephistopheles and the Student.

To this period must also be referred some cle-

ments in the portraiture of Faust himself. Goethe has informed us how, in preparing for his first communion, his religious aspirations had been paralyzed by the dry, spiritless routine to which he was subjected. "I received absolution," he says, "and withdrew neither warm nor cold; and the next day accompanied my parents to the Table of the Lord." He then describes the powerful impression produced upon his imagination by the text, that one who unworthily partakes of the Sacrament, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself. Every fearful thing which he had read in the histories of the middle ages, and even in the Bible itself, about the judgments of God, formed itself into the most frightful combinations, and produced a painful hypochondriacal condition, which accompanied him to Leipzig. There, however, he became ashamed of his doubts, and at last, he says, "I completely left behind me this strange anguish of conscience, together with church and altar." "And thus, by degrees, the epoch approached when all authority was to vanish from before me, and I was to become suspicious—nay, to despair even, of the greatest and best individuals whom I had known or imagined." This fragment of his great confession finds an echo in some passages of "Faust."

We must not bid farewell to his Leipzig experiences without adverting to his art studies, which he there carried on with zeal and enthusiasm. He became the pupil of Oeser, the director of the Drawing Academy, who taught him that "The Ideal of Beauty is simplicity and repose." He studied the writings of Winckelmann and the "Laocoon" of Lessing. Alluding to the distinc-

tion there pointed out between plastic and speaking art (*Bildende und Redende Kunst*), he says: "All the consequences of this splendid thought were illumined to us as by a lightning flash." There was awakened within him an intense desire to visit the picture-gallery at Dresden; thither he repaired, and on entering the sanctuary, his astonishment surpassed every expectation he had formed. He had likewise the opportunity at Leipzig of examining many valuable art collections; "and so the university," he says, "where I neglected the ends both of my family and myself, was to ground me in that in which I afterward found the greatest satisfaction of my life."

Owing to a variety of causes his health gave way, and one summer night (1768) he awoke with a violent hæmorrhage. Medical assistance was called in; for many days he wavered between life and death, "and even the joy of convalescence was embittered by the discovery of a tumor which formed in the left side of his neck, and which troubled him for a considerable time." Thus with shattered health he left Leipzig in September, 1768, and returned to his native city. Among the remembrances which he carried with him from Leipzig, that of Auerbach's cellar, with its celebrated Faust-picture, must not be forgotten.

The domestic circumstances attending his return, his father's coldness, and impatience at the slowness of his recovery, together with the devoted affection of his sister, are mentioned in the autobiography. Of more interest, however, as bearing upon "Faust," was his intimacy with Susanna Katharina von Klettenberg, the central figure among his mother's pious friends, a woman

in whom religious enthusiasm and high culture were associated with distinguished rank and charm of demeanor, and from whose letters and conversations arose "the confessions of a beautiful soul," which appeared in "Wilhelm Meister." The religious mysticism to which he was thus introduced was closely allied to alchemy, to the study of which he was at this time led to devote himself. The family physician, who belonged to the Pious Separatists, was addicted to alchemy, and hinted at the possession of an universal medicine of magical virtue, which was only to be administered in cases of extreme danger. To excite belief in the possibility of such a remedy, he recommended to his patients certain chemico-alchemical books, intimating that an acquaintance with the hidden resources of nature was necessary in order to produce this valuable panacea. Fräulein von Klettenberg had listened to these enticing words. She had secretly studied Welling's "Opus Mago-Cabalisticum," and small excitement, the poet tells us, was needed to inoculate him also with this disease. The works of Theophrastus, Paracelsus, and Basilius Valentinus, together with those of Helmont, Starkey, and other alchemists, were studied, and thus were spent the evenings of a long winter, during which he was compelled to keep his chamber. A crisis in his malady having arisen, the mysterious remedy, a crystallized salt dissolved in water, was administered, and from that moment the disease took a favorable turn. His faith in the physician was thus enhanced, and he was stimulated to renewed industry in his alchemic investigations. In his little attic he provided himself with glasses, retorts, and other necessary apparatus, where the

strange ingredients of the macrocosm and microcosm were handled in a mysterious manner, and where he busied himself especially in preparing the so-called Liquor Silicum. Thus without reference to the composition of "Faust," he familiarized himself with the arts and the nomenclature employed by the mediæval necromancers, whose writings, he tells us, could trace their pedigree in a direct line up to the Neo-Platonic philosophy. In the light of that philosophy nature was regarded not as the object of methodical study, but as a mystery, as a volume closed to earthly senses, for the interpretation of which a key was required as mysterious as the volume itself; he who could unveil these mysterious powers and make them available was a master over the spirits, a magician. This magic was an object of belief in the middle ages, and finds expression in the words of Faust:

> Unlock'd the spirit world doth lie;
> Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
> Up, scholar, lave, with courage high,
> Thine earthly breast in the morning-red!

Goethe tells us that while studying the works of the alchemists he was particularly pleased with "the 'Aurea Catena Homeri,' in which nature, though perhaps in fantastical fashion, is represented in a beautiful combination." This conception of the universe could not find more adequate expression than in the words of Faust, when in one of the magical cabalistic books he contemplates the sign of the universe:

> How all things live and work, and, ever blending,
> Weave one vast whole from being's ample range!
> How powers celestial, rising and descending,
> Their golden buckets ceaseless interchange!
> Their flight on rapture-breathing pinions winging,
> From heaven to earth their genial influence bringing,
> Through the wide sphere their chimes melodious ringing.

The religious mysticism to which Goethe was introduced by Fräulein von Klettenberg has, like magic, its root in the Neo-Platonic philosophy. Nowhere could the divine life, operative in external nature, be grasped so immediately as in the depths of the human soul ; here also is chemistry needed to purify the gold of the spirit from the dross of lower desires and passions.

Both forms of theosophy sought to discover the soul's way to God ; magic, through external nature ; mysticism, through the human soul. The first course was pursued by Paracelsus, the second by Jacob Böhm. This magic and this mysticism find expression in the beginning and the end of "Faust." In the opening scene the magician, after standing enraptured before the vision of the universe, exclaims in despair :

> A wondrous show ! but ah ! a show alone !
> Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where ?

The Mystical Chorus at the end of the poem solves the riddle ; in the divine love, symbolically represented in the Mater Gloriosa, he contemplates the unveiled secret of the universe :

> All of mere transient date
> As symbol showeth ;
> Here the inadequate
> To fulness groweth ;
> Here the ineffable
> Wrought is in love ;
> The ever-womanly
> Draws us above.

The period was now approaching when the genius of the great poet was to reach its full development. As his health and youthful spirits were restored, he gladly acceded to his father's intention of sending him to Strasburg, there to

prosecute his studies, and eventually to take his degree.

He arrived there April 2d, 1770, and on alighting from the diligence repaired immediately to the minster. "Many thousands since then have ascended to the platform of the tower, and read Goethe's name, which is there inscribed, and like him have gazed from the summit upon the beautiful region in which he was about to take up his abode."

Deeply significant was the brief period of his sojourn in Strasburg; the French language, to which he had addicted himself from his youth, was abandoned, and he turned with earnestness to his mother tongue; his multifarious studies, scientific, literary, mystical, and cabalistic, were pursued with incredible ardor; the development of his own originality awakened his sympathy with whatever was original and characteristic in every department of human effort; at no period of his life could he have been more susceptible to the influence of Herder, who arrived in Strasburg in the winter of 1770. Goethe was then one-and-twenty years of age; there was a ferment within him; he needed a master; one who should help him to find out his true life-career. In approaching Herder he, for the first time, came in contact with a really great man, to whom he could look up as his superior in culture and attainment.

Herder's mind has been compared to a mirror, in whose depths was reflected the entire history of humanity. Under his influence Goethe recognized that poetry is a gift to the world and to nations, not the private inheritance of a few refined and cultivated men. A new world was thus opened to him; the poetry of the East, the Old Tes-

tament, national songs, Homer, Ossian, Shakespeare; the full power of the great English dramatist especially was now experienced by him for the first time. "The first page," to quote a lecture delivered by him at this period, "made me his for life; and when I had perused an entire play, I stood like one born blind, to whom sight, by some miraculous power, had been restored in a moment." His own creative energies were stirring within him. "Two subjects," he says, "had rooted themselves within me, and were, little by little, moulding themselves into poetic form. These were Götz von Berlichingen and Faust. The biography of the former had seized my inmost heart. The figure of a rude, well-meaning self-helper, in a wild anarchical time, awakened my deepest sympathy. The significant puppet-show fable of the latter resounded and vibrated many-toned within me. I, too, had wandered into every department of knowledge, and had early enough been led to see its vanity. Real life, too, I had tried under various aspects, and had always returned more unsatisfied and troubled." Here, if anywhere, as Mr. Lewes says, we have the key to Faust. "Three forms rise up from out the many influences of Strasburg into distinct and memorable importance: Frederika, Herder, the Cathedral. An exquisite woman, a noble thinker, and a splendid monument, led him into the regions of Passion, Poetry, and Art."*

For the charming Sesenheim Idyl, the reader is referred to the pages of the autobiography; the portrait of Frederika, there sketched with such masterful and loving care, is declared by Her-

* Lewes' "Life of Goethe."

man Grimm to be, not a transcript from nature, but rather a portrait of an ideal being, suggested to the poet's imagination by the remembered image of his beloved one. Who, in such a case, can separate poetry and truth? Suffice it to say that tender feeling and glowing passion breathe through the verses which she inspired, which have been collected into a volume entitled "The Little Sesenheim Song-book." We must not linger amid the groves and gardens of Sesenheim, or follow through its varied episodes the growth and development of their natural affection, but pass at once to the concluding scene. As the time approached for his departure from Strasburg, they both felt that their romance was drawing to a close. Amid the pressure of engagements which occupied the last days of his sojourn there, "I could not," he says, "fail to see Frederika once more. Those were painful days, the memory of which has not remained with me." He went to bid her farewell. "When I held out my hand to her from my horse," he says, "the tears were in her eyes, and I felt sad at heart." On his return to Frankfort he wrote to her. "Frederika's answer to the letter in which I had bidden her adieu," so we read in the autobiography, "tore my heart. I now, for the first time, became aware of her bereavement, and saw no possibility of alleviating it. She was completely present to me; I felt that she was wanting to me; and, what was worst of all, I could not forgive myself for my own misfortune. Gretchen had been taken away from me; Aennchen had left me; now, for the first time, I was guilty. I had wounded the most beautiful heart to its very depths; and the period of a gloomy repentance with the absence

of a refreshing love, to which I had grown accustomed, was most agonizing, nay, unsupportable." I quote this passage because it appears to me to have a direct relation to the Gretchen episode in Faust. On the 17th of March, 1832, five days before his death, Goethe addressed a letter to Wilhelm von Humboldt, in which he says, "More than sixty years ago the conception of 'Faust' lay clearly before my youthful mind." We are thus carried back to the year 1772, when he had just returned from Strasburg to Frankfort. He tells us, in his autobiography, that he had contracted a practice from which he could not deviate his whole life through, of converting everything that gladdened or troubled, or otherwise occupied him, into a poem; hence, all his poems are only fragments of a great confession. We have seen how the images of Gretchen and Frederika at this period haunted his imagination, and we can, I think, trace the influence of both in the heroine of Faust. The name, and some of the situations may have been suggested by his earlier experience, while the image of Frederika, the remorse awakened by his desertion of her, together with the vivid realization of her grief, which brought her to the brink of the grave, would stimulate his imagination, and embody themselves in that wonderful creation, which, in association with Faust, takes rank among the undying master-works of genius. Antigone, Iphigenia, Ophelia, Imogen, must, in regard to inner life-power, yield the preference to Gretchen. Though English readers may not feel disposed to subscribe to this opinion of Herman Grimm, we must all acknowledge that the anguish of bereavement has nowhere found more pathetic expression than in Gretchen's song at

her spinning-wheel. The terrible scene in the cathedral, with which the first published fragment concludes, reminds us of the profound impression produced upon his mind by the contemplation of the minster. He studied it so long and so affectionately that the structure of the venerable pile became clear to him, not only as a whole, but also in the individual parts. In spirit he saw four higher spires ascending above the volutes of the tower, with a higher one in the centre, where the clumsy cross now stands. To the astonished question of the official placed over the public edifices: "Who had told him so?" he replied, "The tower itself;" and added, "I have observed it so long and so attentively and have shown it so much affection, that it at last resolved to make me this open confession." "It has not misinformed you," replied the official; "we still have among our archives the original sketches, which say the same thing, and which I can show you." We can well understand, after reading the above, how, in connection with his studies for Götz von Berlichingen and Faust, the minster could, as he tells us, stand as a background to such poetical conceptions.

It is impossible to think of Faust without at the same time calling up the image of Mephistopheles, and it is interesting to consider the sources from which Goethe drew this wonderful conception.

Like most of the creations of his genius, it doubtless embodies one side of his own nature; and thus, in Faust and Mephistopheles, we have the crowning example of that dualism in the poet's mind which has found expression also in Antonio and Tasso, in Edward and the Captain, and in Jarno and Wilhelm. Nevertheless, we must look

abroad for various distinctive features which characterize Mephistopheles, and most commentators, following the poet's own suggestion, have regarded Johann Heinrich Merck as the germ of the character. There is, however, probability in the hypothesis of H. Grimm, that Herder has also supplied some elements for this memorable figure; and if so, we have here another example of the manner in which Goethe occasionally, in his poetic creations, fused two distinct individualities into one.

The supercilious tone which Herder invariably assumed toward Goethe, together with his bitter, biting, contradictory humor, which he was at no trouble to control, aroused a feeling of discontent in Goethe, which was continually at strife with the reverence awakened by his vast knowledge, which opened to the younger poet wide views of things of which he had never before dreamed. Herder, we are told, poured forth his ideas with the richest prodigality; no one, however, who received his precious gifts was spared the sarcastic bitterness with which they were accompanied. Goethe moreover recognized in Herder, for the first time, the terrible power of cold, unsparing criticism. These and other characteristics of Herder may have supplied some elements for the conception of Mephistopheles, to whom Goethe may also have transferred some of the sharp, sarcastic features which distinguished Merck, with whom he became acquainted after his departure from Strasburg. Nevertheless, highly as that remarkable man was prized by Goethe, he was not, according to Grimm, sufficiently significant to have furnished material for a figure which looked down upon everything from so great a height as

did Mephistopheles. I must not pursue the subject, but refer the reader to the pages of H. Grimm, where it is discussed at greater length.

On returning to Frankfort, after parting from Frederika, Goethe was possessed by a feeling of spiritual unrest; the walls of his chamber imprisoned him; he wandered under the open sky, in the valleys, on the heights, in the fields, and in the woods; among his friends he got the name of "the wanderer;" during his rambles he composed and sang strange hymns and dithyrambs; one of these, "The Wanderer's Storm-Song," chanted aloud amid the raging of the elements, gives expression to these feelings, and inaugurates the advent of his "Sturm und Drang" period. In November, 1771, he dramatised the history of Gottfried von Berlichingen with the "iron hand," the predatory Burgrave of the sixteenth century. The spirit of revolt against authority and tradition, which at this period characterized alike Goethe and his age, found its prototype in the turbulent baron, whose figure so powerfully impressed the poet's imagination.

In the spring of 1772 he repaired to Wetzlar, and during the summer of that year he lived through the experience which subsequently found expression in the "Sorrows of Werther," a prose poem, the composition of which forms a crisis in his artistic development. The stormy impulses were quelled, the wanderer was transformed into the creative artist, who henceforth entered into the full possession of his genius. The three years which intervened between his departure from Wetzlar, November 11, 1772, and his arrival at Weimar, November 7, 1775, are the most productive period of his life. "Werther" was written

in the beginning of the year 1774. "Through this composition I had," he says, "more than through any other, saved myself out of a stormy element; I felt myself as after a general confession, again joyous and free and prepared for a new life." "The surest foundation of my independence I found in my creative activity; for several years it had never failed me; at that time, let a subject be proposed, I was at once prepared and ready." "This indwelling poetical faculty belonged to me as my own, and in thought I made it the basis of my own existence." This self-dependence, based upon creative power, transformed itself into an image, in which Goethe personified and contemplated himself: Prometheus, the man-creating Titan. Such a poet may well be styled the Magician of German poetry, he who could say of himself, I possess a panacea, which is ever at my service, the art, namely, of transmuting reality into poetry.

The hour has now arrived when he is to fashion the magician of the popular legend after his own image. This Prometheus-Goethe is Faust.

> "Here I sit and shape
> Men in my image,
> A race like myself!"

We obtain an interesting glimpse of Goethe at this period, during a brief sojourn at Cologne, whither he was accompanied by his most congenial friend, Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi. They revelled in the interchange of thought. At night Goethe sought his friend; they stood together at the window; the moonlight trembled on the waters of the Rhine, and Goethe recited the ballads which he had then composed, one of which is forever associated with Gretchen—

> "There was a king in Thule."

Even Goethe's personal appearance at that time was invested with magical power. In a letter from Heinse to Gleim, written at this period, we read: "Goethe was with us; a beautiful youth of five-and-twenty, full of genius from crown to toe, a heart full of feeling, a spirit full of fire with eagle's wings." Are we not literally reminded of the old Faust-book, and its description of the youthful magician of Wittenberg, "He took to himself eagle's wings, and wished to explore all grounds in heaven and upon earth"?

It was during this period of creative activity that "Faust" was produced, in its earliest form. What Goethe published as a "Fragment" in 1790, was most probably completed, for the most part, in 1774. On the occasion of Jacobi's visit to Frankfort, early in the year 1775, Goethe communicated to him the scenes of his "Faust;" and when, sixteen years later, Jacobi had read the Fragment, he wrote to Goethe: "I already knew almost all." It is therefore certain that, in the beginning of the year 1775, the oldest poem, in its essential parts, was complete. Some scenes were added in the course of the year 1775, as we learn from his letters to the Countess Augusta Stolberg, the sister of his friends.

Toward the end of the year 1774, Goethe had been captivated by Anna Elizabeth Schönemann, celebrated in his poems as Lili. She was the daughter of a rich banker in Frankfort, and only sixteen years of age. The alliance was not acceptable to either family; obstacles intervened which seemed to render marriage impossible, and to free himself from an embarrassing situation he had accepted the invitation of the Counts Stolberg to accompany them on their Swiss tour. Signs of

the mental unrest consequent upon his relations with Lili appear in his correspondence with the Countess Stolberg. On march 6th he writes to her: "I have drawn, composed a scene; oh, if I did not now write dramas, there would be an end of me." On September 17, at night, he writes from Offenbach: "The day passed tolerably. When I arose, it was well with me. I composed a scene of my 'Faust.' I felt somewhat like a rat which has swallowed poison; it runs into every hole, drinks all moisture, swallows everything eatable that comes in its way, while within it burns with inextinguishable fire." We are here reminded of the song in Auerbach's cellar:

"The cook strewed poison for the rat."

Who would have suspected that in Altmayer's satirical allusion to Siebel — "He sees in the swollen rat his own sorry image"—Goethe had parodied his own troubled state of mind? It may be inferred that the composition of the Auerbach scene falls in September, 1775, and has left its trace in the letter to the Countess Stolberg.

The "Sturm und Drang" period is lived through; we stand on the threshold of a new life-epoch of the poet, generally known as his classical period. On November 7, 1775, in his twenty-sixth year, he repaired to Weimar, where he was received most graciously by the principal personages of the court.

Karl August, the reigning duke, "eight years younger than Goethe, attached himself to him as to a brother;" his wife, Louise, the reigning duchess, a truly noble woman, also gave him her friendship, and he was a special favorite with the mother-duchess, Anna Amalia, "who is de-

scribed by contemporaries as combining a masculine strength of understanding with feminine gentleness and amiability." "On June 11, 1776, the duke named him Privy-legation-councillor. In January, 1779, he was charged with the War Commission; in September, 1779, he was named Privy Councillor; in April, 1781, he was ennobled by Imperial diploma; and in June, 1782, he undertook provisionally the Presidency of the Chamber."* The practical duties attending these various offices, the distractions of society, together with the arrangement and direction of the private theatricals, which formed a prominent feature of Weimar court life at that period, left him little leisure for prosecuting his literary labors.

The manuscript of "Faust" had been brought with him to Weimar, and this poem was one of the first that he read in the presence of the court. What form the "Helena" had then assumed, we do not know; it is, however, certain that in 1780 he read it before the Duchess Amalia, and a second time before the Princess of Gotha.

The conception and composition of other works which belong to the classical period banished "Faust" to the background. We know also, from many passages in his correspondence, with what intense regret he felt himself obliged, during the early years of his residence at Weimar, to subordinate his literary proclivities to the duties and cares of official life. In 1779 he was occupied with his "Iphigenia," which was first written in prose. In writing to the duke he says: "I let people say what they will, and then I retire into my old fortress of Poetry, and

* Quoted from Mr. Hayward's "Goethe."

work at my 'Iphigenia.' By this I am made sensible that I have been treating this heavenly gift somewhat cavalierly, and there is still time and need for me to become more economical, if ever I am to bring forth anything."

"Tasso" was begun in 1780, and on the last day of the same year he wrote to Frau von Stein: "My 'Tasso' moves my pity; it lies upon my desk and looks upon me with friendly glance; but what can I do? I must bake all my wheat into ammunition bread." And again: "O thou sweet Poetry! . . . I withdraw the water as much as possible from these fountains and cascades, and direct it to wheels and irrigation; but before I am aware, an evil genius draws the tap and all gushes and bubbles."

In spite of these occasional outbreaks, the record of his multifarious labors during the first six years of his Weimar residence shows "with what Spartan self-mastery he held his Pegasus fast bound in his stall." Various branches of science meanwhile—mineralogy, astrology, and botany—in connection with his official activity, were pursued with passionate ardor. "How legible the book of Nature becomes to me," he writes, "I cannot express; my long lessons in spelling have helped me, and now my quiet joy is inexpressible." Poetry, however, was his master-passion; he longed for leisure, and to be relieved in some measure from the pressure of official duties, and accordingly, in 1783, we see him occupied with preparations for his projected visit to Italy. Various reasons have been assigned for his sudden departure from Weimar; besides his yearning, natural to a poet, to visit Italy, the land of song, it has been pointed out by Herman

Grimm that the natural course of events rendered a temporary absence from the scene of his labors desirable.

Goethe had entered upon his duties as prime minister, and at the same time as educator of a young and inexperienced prince; as the development of the latter proceeded, however, the duke, from year to year, became more independent, and gradually took the reins into his own hands. Goethe's position was thus changed; since, while still burdened with the details of office, the decision of all questions rested with the duke, Accordingly, with wise forethought, he adapted his life to these altered circumstances; after ten years of manifold activity he departed for Rome, and after an absence of nearly two years he returned, under changed conditions, to begin a new existence at Weimar.

The words addressed by Plutus to the boy-charioteer in the second part of "Faust" give expression to the sentiments with which Goethe may have looked forward to his departure for Rome, and consequent emancipation from official cares.

> Now from the burden that oppressed me here
> Thou'rt frank and free; away to thine own sphere!
> Here is it not; distorted, wild, grotesque,
> Surrounds us here a motley arabesque.
> There fly, where on thy genius thou canst wait,
> Lord of thyself; where charmed the good, the fair;
> Where clear thy vision in the clear calm air;
> To solitude—there thine own world create!

Four great poetical problems accompanied the poet to Italy; the versification of "Iphigenia," and the completion of "Faust," "Egmont," and "Tasso." During his first Roman residence, from October 28, 1786, till February 21, 1787,

the first of these problems was solved. After his return from Sicily he wrote, on August 11, 1787, to Herder: "'Egmont' is completed, and may be dispatched at the end of this month. 'Tasso' comes after the new year; 'Faust' upon his mantle shall, as courier, announce my arrival!"

These two poems, however, did not advance. A quarter of a year later he wrote: "There still lie before me two such heavy stones as 'Faust' and 'Tasso.'"

Goethe poetized his own experiences. He experienced nothing that could influence these works. "If they are to progress" ("Faust" and "Tasso"), we read in a letter written on January 1, 1788, "I must, in the course of this year, fall in love with a princess, in order to complete 'Tasso,' and I must surrender myself to the devil, in order to complete 'Faust,' however little inclination I feel for either." At length, it would seem, life comes into "Faust." We find in the diary of his Italian journey, March 1, 1788, a very remarkable confession with reference to that poem:

"This has been a prolific week, which in the retrospect appears to me like a month. In the first place the plan of 'Faust' was made, and I hope that this operation has succeeded. Naturally it is another thing to write out the piece now, or fifteen years ago; I think, however, that it will lose nothing, especially as I imagine that I have now recovered the threads. Also in regard to the tone of the whole I am consoled; I have already composed a new scene, and if I were to smoke the paper nobody would be able to distinguish it from the older portion. The old manuscript, as I see it before me, gives me much

to think of ; it is so yellow with time that it looks like the fragment of an ancient Codex ; and as I then, through reflection and imagination, had to transplant myself into an earlier world, so I must now transplant myself to a period of my own bygone experience."

"This memorandum of Goethe," says Kuno Fischer, "I consider most important, as throwing light upon the history of the origin and development of 'Faust.'"

So completely was the poet estranged from the most genial of his youthful works, that the period of its production seemed to him like his own bygone existence ; he had lost the threads, and imagines that he has recovered them. In one of the most beautiful localities of Rome, the garden of the Villa Borghese, Goethe composed a scene of Faust. No one, from the locality, would divine the scene : it was the Witches' Kitchen. "I imagine," Fischer says, "that a second scene must also be referred to the period of his Italian sojourn ; namely, Faust's monologue in wood and cavern ; in one passage it refers to the Witches' Kitchen, it harmonizes with the plan of the first poem, while both in form and contents it is the fruit of a later period. This monologue, highly important for the critical examination of the work, could not have been produced before his sojourn in Italy."

On June 18, 1788, Goethe returned from his Italian journey to Weimar. The letter which he addressed from Rome to Karl August plainly reveals the new position which it was his intention henceforth to occupy in connection with the Weimar Court. "My relation to affairs," he says, "sprang out of my personal relation to you;

now let a new relation, after so many years, spring from the former. I can truly say, that in the solitude of these eighteen months I have found my own self again. But as what? As an artist!"

The wise duke answered this appeal nobly. The poet remained the adviser of his prince, but was relieved from the more onerous duties of office. The direction of the mines, and of all scientific and artistic institutions, he retained; among them that of the theatre.*

On his return to Weimar, "Faust" and "Tasso" remained still unfinished. In the July of the following year "Tasso" was completed. The termination of "Faust" was not to be thought of. Accordingly, in the seventh volume of the collected edition of his works, this poem appeared as "A Fragment" (Easter, 1790). Here closes the first period in the history of the composition of "Faust" (1770–1790).

This fragment consists of the following parts: 1. It opens with Faust's first monologue, the scene with the Earth-spirit, the conversation with the famulus. Then follows a wide gap. 2. It recommences abruptly, in the midst of the second conversation between Faust and Mephistopheles, with the words of Faust:

> "The scope of all my powers henceforth be this,
> To bare my breast to every pang,—to know
> In my heart's core all human weal and woe;"

the short monologue of Mephistopheles:

> "Mortal! the loftiest attributes of men,
> Reason and knowledge, only thus contemn;"

the conversation with the scholar, the preparation for the journey, the Auerbach scene, and the

* Quoted from Mr. Lewes' "Life of Goethe."

Witches' Kitchen succeed. 3. Then follows the Gretchen tragedy, with the exclusion of the Valentine scene ; the fragment ends with Gretchen's words in the cathedral : "Neighbor, your smelling-bottle."

The essential parts were already composed in the beginning of the year 1775 ; then followed, in the course of the same year, the Auerbach scene, thirteen years later the Witches' Kitchen, and "the monologue in wood and cavern," which was introduced into the Gretchen tragedy in a position which required subsequently to be changed.

If we compare the fragment with the later poem which lies before us as the first part, we there find : 1. The dedication, the prologue in the theatre, the prologue in heaven ; 2. All the scenes which fill up the wide ensuing gap ; namely, Faust's second monologue, the Eastersong, the scene before the gate, the third monologue in Faust's study :

"Behind me now lie field and plain,"

the conjuration and first appearance of Mephistopheles, the two conversations between Faust and Mephistopheles, down to the passage quoted above ; 3. The completion of the Gretchen tragedy, which forms the conclusion of the first part, the Walpurgis-night, the return, the prison scene. Among these scenes, some partly sketched, some more or less carried out and requiring revision, remained in manuscript. We now approach a crisis in the development of Goethe's "Faust" similar to that which marked the popular legend through the influence of Lessing. During a series of years Goethe had endeavored to continue

his youthful poem, and to bring it to completion. He had wished to transport himself back into its elements, and for a moment imagined that he had succeeded. It was a self-deception. The poem lived no longer in the poet, and it could not be artificially re-quickened; what separated the two periods was the gulf of years—the difference between Goethe the youth and Goethe in the summit of manly age.

The original poem was the most powerful and fiery outflow of the "Sturm und Drang" period, an epoch from which Goethe had become more and more estranged as he advanced in life. This estrangement rose to repugnance, even to aversion, when the tremendous flood subsequently broke forth a second time with Schiller. In order to quicken "Faust" anew there was only one method, namely, a fundamental reconstruction of the plan, which, without imitation, should return to the path indicated by Lessing. The impulse thereto came, however, not from Goethe himself, so strong at that time was his repulsion from this poem. He was, moreover, completely engrossed by other objects—official duties, scientific studies, poetical labors. He undertook the direction of the Court Theatre, accompanied the duke on his campaign in France; during the siege of Mainz he lived in his botanical, optical, and anatomical observations. After his "Roman Elegies" follow his epic poems, "Reineke Fuchs," "Hermann and Dorothea," "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre." He conceived the plan of a great epic, "William Tell," which was to be the fruit of his third Swiss journey in the year 1797. In the middle of this year falls the epoch of "Faust's" resurrection, the turning-point

which has made this poem the German "Divina Commedia." The first reminder of the forsaken "Faust" came from the poet who had commenced his career as the most powerful leader of that "Sturm und Drang" period upon which Goethe already looked down, as upon a "Dunst- und Nebelweg" (a fog and vapor-way). To the poet of "Iphigenia" and "Tasso," Schiller's youthful works, dramas like the "Robbers" and "Fiesco" must have appeared as a relapse into that spiritual ferment which in the course of his development he had outlived and subdued. In the estrangement which he felt from his own "Faust," some of the same motives were operative which formed the gulf between himself and Schiller. This gulf was eventually bridged over, and a relation of the rarest and purest kind was established between the two poets, a league of personal friendship, reciprocal encouragement, and combined productivity. They were the last ten years of Schiller's life. With a fulness of noble and grateful remembrance Goethe, in the epilogue to "The Bell," has celebrated this period, and the memory of his exalted friend.

This was the poet who reminded Goethe of his "Faust," and who with his counsel was present at the resurrection and transformation of the poem. Soon after their first personal intercourse, Schiller, in a letter written in November, 1794, touches uponthis subject: "With true longing would I read the fragments of your Faust which are still unprinted, for I confess to you that which I have read of this piece appears to me like the Torso of Hercules. There reign in these scenes a power and a fulness of genius which unmistakably reveal the master, and I would

follow as far as possible the great and bold nature which breathes therein." We are reminded of what Lessing had formerly felt respecting the old German Faust-drama: "There are scenes therein which only a Shakespearian genius could have conceived." So Schiller now feels respecting Goethe's "Faust." And how does Goethe reply? On December 2, 1794, he writes: "Of 'Faust' at present I can communicate nothing; I do not venture to untie the packet which contains it. I could not transcribe without remodelling it, and thereto I feel within me no courage. Can anything prevail with me at some future time to undertake the work, it is your sympathy." In the August of the following year he promises "something from 'Faust'" for the December number of the *Horen*, and Schiller repeats his entreaty August 17, 1795. This something remained unprinted. Goethe cannot yet bring himself to approach this subject. "It is with me in this matter," he says, "as with a powder which has precipitated itself from a solvent; so long as you shake, it seems once more to unite; as soon as I am left to myself, it subsides gradually to the bottom."

At length there comes a disposition favorable to "Faust," it is awakened amid the poetical efforts wherein the two friends worked in rivalry for the "Musenalmanach." "Our ballad-study," wrote Goethe, June 22, 1797, "has again brought me upon this 'Dunst- und Nebelweg.' The plan itself," such are his words, "is only an idea. I have now undertaken this idea and its realization, and am tolerably in harmony with myself respecting it." He desires now the counsel of his friend. Schiller, in a sleepless night,

may think the matter over and communicate to him the demands which he should make upon "Faust" as a whole. "Relate and interpret to me, like a true prophet, my own dream." Schiller writes in reply: "I will endeavor to recover your threads, and if this does not succeed, I will realize to myself as if I had accidentally found the fragments of 'Faust,' and were required to carry them out." "Because the fable passes and must pass into the formless, it will be necessary to pass from the object to the idea. In short, the demands upon 'Faust' are at the same time philosophical and poetical, and you may turn as you will, the nature of the subject will impose upon you a philosophical treatment." Schiller rightly adds to these words: "In this I do not certainly say to you anything new." The philosophical *reconstruction* was already in progress. During the days of this interchange of ideas with Schiller, Goethe composed the prologue in heaven, the dedication, the prologue in the theatre, and also the intermezzo of "Oberon and Titania's Marriage." The prologue in heaven embodies the fundamental idea which underlies the new Faust-poem; this new poem had now to be combined with the already-published fragment, while the latter had to be expanded and brought into harmony with the later portion of the work. At this time his interest in art was again reawakened, and he wrote his admirable Essay on the Laocoon. On the 1st of July, 1797, he wrote to Schiller that he had made some progress with the revision of "Faust," but that "architecture had exorcised these airy phantoms." In the same month he made his third

tour in Switzerland, where he collected material for an epic on William Tell, to which he felt more strongly drawn than to "Faust." The project of the epic was, however, abandoned; "he handed it over to Schiller for his drama on that subject, giving him, at the same time, his idea of the character of Tell, and the studies of localities."

In the spring of 1798 Schiller again recalled his attention to "Faust;" it was resumed in 1800, and early in the following year the long-meditated task was completed.

After Schiller's death Goethe appeared to have abandoned the prosecution and completion of the poem. How profoundly he was affected by that event is seen from his correspondence: "The half of my existence is gone from me," he wrote to Zelter. "My diary," he says, "is a blank at this period; the white pages intimate the blank in my existence. In those days I took no interest in anything."*

On the resumption of his literary activity, other works occupied his attention; it will be sufficient to mention "The Natural Daughter," "The Wander-year," "The Elective Affinities," "The Autobiography," "The West-Oestliche Divan."

Half a century had elapsed since the original conception of the poem, when in July, 1824, Goethe applied himself to its continuation and completion. Early in the year 1831 he could announce to his friends that the first and second acts were completed. The work had been interrupted by the sorrow of bereavement; the death of the duke,

* Quoted from Lewes' "Life of Goethe."

"whom he affectionately styled his brother in arms," July 14, 1828, was followed by that of his only son, who, October 30, 1830, died in Rome. This blow nearly cost him his life. A violent hæmorrhage in the lungs was the result. One problem still remained, the completion of the fourth act of "Faust." In the deepest retirement of his garden-house he applied himself to the task, and on July 20, 1831, the great work was finally achieved.

If from the history of "Faust" we turn to its contents, we shall find that it consists of two poems, each of which, though welded together by the genius of the poet, bears the impress of its own individuality. In Faust's monologue in the vaulted chamber we recognize the features of the mediæval magician; soon, however, an element unknown to the popular legend blends with the familiar type. This new element characterized the German "Sturm und Drang" period, whose motto was (Urnatur gegen Unnatur), the natural against the unnatural; faith in Nature had gone forth like a new gospel proclaimed by the fiery genius of Rousseau. Faust once more reflects the genius of the age, and, in his passionate revolt against empty book-learning, worn-out creeds, and rotten formulas, yearns for more direct communion with Nature. He opens the mysterious volume of Nostradamus, and gazes with sympathetic admiration upon the harmonious working of celestial powers revealed to his spiritual gaze. His rapture, however, endures but for a moment; contemplation alone cannot satisfy the craving of his soul:

"Where shall I grasp thee, infinite Nature, where?"

He sees the sign of the Earth-spirit, and exclaims :

> "Earth-spirit, thou to me art nigher,
> E'en now my strength is rising higher,
> E'en now I glow as with new wine ;
> Courage I feel, abroad the world to dare,
> The woe of earth, the bliss of earth to bear,
> To mingle with the lightning's glare,
> And mid the crashing shipwreck not despair."

With passionate eagerness he invokes the Earth-spirit ; the genius of nature and of humanity ; his invocation is no cabalistic formula ; it is the resistless power of the human will, possessed by a vehement desire, which presses on to its fulfilment. The spirit responds to his appeal and reveals himself in such fulness of fiery splendor that, for the moment, Faust shrinks back appalled. In the consciousness of inherent power, however, he quickly mans himself, and stands face to face with the spirit :

> "Shall I yield, thing of flame, to thee ?
> Faust, and thine equal, I am he."

He yearns to live the life of the Earth-spirit, to come under the sway of mighty passions, to heap upon his bosom the bliss and woe of humanity. The egotist, however, who would plunge into the sea of life, in order to quench his individual thirst, does not seize the world, but is seized by it, is carried away by the current, and cast helpless to the ground. Blinded by self-will he becomes possessed by that demoniacal arrogance which bids defiance to the everlasting laws ; the necessary issue of this conflict is tragic fate ; this arrogance and this fate are the Hybris and the Nemesis of the ancients. This fate Faust is to experience till, shattered in his inmost

being, he exclaims: "Would I had ne'er been born!" This was the fundamental theme of the first Faust-tragedy, which did not exclude the idea of the hero's final restoration. Of the Earth-spirit we find no trace in the later poem; though appearing only in the opening scene of the original poem, it was evidently intended by the poet that he should play a more important part; this is manifest from Faust's monologue in the wood; the exalted spirit there invoked is the Earth-spirit; he had bestowed upon Faust everything for which he had implored, had satisfied the very wish which, on his first appearance, he had refused. The Mephistopheles of the earlier poem is, moreover, no devil in the diabolical sense, such as is introduced in the prologue in heaven; he is a demon given as a companion to Faust by the Earth-spirit, whose commission he fulfils; this subordinate character of Mephistopheles appears also in the scene toward the conclusion of the first part, where Faust is hastening from the Brocken to deliver Gretchen. He may be regarded as the impersonation of that selfish egoism which sneers, in utter unbelief, at the higher aspirations of the human soul.

If we now turn to the prologue in heaven, with which, in the middle of the year 1797, Goethe began the recomposition of his work, we shall find in the words addressed by the Lord to Mephistopheles the fundamental theme of the new poem.

"Divert
This mortal spirit from his primal source;
Him canst thou seize, thy power exert,
And lead him on thy downward course,
Then stand abash'd, when thou perforce must own,
A good man, in the direful grasp of ill,
His consciousness of right retaineth still."

This theme, of everlasting interest, the probation, fall, and ultimate restoration of the struggling human soul, pervades the poem, underlying its varied and complicated elements. The insatiable thirst for knowledge had formed a characteristic feature of the mediæval Faust; the celestial voice, in Lessing's prologue, proclaiming to the devils, "Ye shall not prevail," had stamped the thirst for truth as a divine, not a diabolical impulse: in the words above quoted, Goethe recognizes conscience as one of the deepest instincts of the human soul; the inward compass pointing to the True and Right, which, notwithstanding its aberrations, can never be ultimately diverted from the pole. The varied energies, intellectual and moral, which are the birthright of humanity, can, however, only have free scope amid the manifold trials and temptations of this world; this thought necessitates the introduction of the tempter. Here Goethe returns to the popular tradition; Mephistopheles is introduced as Satan, who is permitted by the Lord of Heaven to endeavor to divert the spirit of Faust from its original source, and to lead it on the downward way.

Faust, baffled in his attempt to solve the problem of the universe, curses in his despair the lofty aspirations of his higher nature; he yields to the tempter and, in the vain desire to still the craving of his soul, plunges into the depths of sensual gratification. He is permanently lost, however, only on one condition; namely, the subjugation of the higher to the lower elements of his being, the permanent triumph of self-indulgence over aspiration and effort. Hence in Goethe's poem Faust's ultimate doom appears uncertain to

the last, and not, as in the popular tradition, predetermined at the expiration of a given term. With regard to signing the compact with a drop of blood Goethe is careful sharply to define the difference between the popular tradition and his own poem. Here the compact is not fearful, but absurd; its object being Faust's inmost nature, if he loses the wager he has lost himself, and all is over; it is ridiculous to promise with signature and seal that something shall happen which has already come to pass. When at the close of life he appears verbally to have lost the wager, he has in reality won it. His satisfaction consists, not in the gratification of his lower appetites, but in a nature elevated through the exercise of its noblest powers. He finds happiness in redeeming from the elements an extended region which, through his exertion, is transformed into a sphere for human activity and well-being.

He has found his true vocation in laboring for humanity, and in imagination contemplates with joy the harvest which he has sown, and which others will reap.

Mr. Lewes also recognizes "that the solution of the Faust problem is embodied in his dying speech: the toiling soul, after trying in various directions of *individual* effort and *individual* gratification, and finding therein no peace, is finally conducted to the recognition of the vital truth that man lives for man, and that only in as far as he is working for humanity, can his efforts bring permanent happiness." Such a consummation is no triumph for the devil. Faust has won immortality, and is borne aloft by angels with the triumphant song:

"Saved is this noble soul from ill,
Our spirit-peer. Who ever
Strives forward with unswerving will,
Him can we aye deliver;
And if with him celestial love
Hath taken part,—to meet him
Come down the angels from above;
With cordial hail they greet him."

THE INTERMEZZO.

As without some key this scene is utterly incomprehensible to the English reader, a brief notice of some of the allusions it contains is here subjoined ; they are dwelt upon at greater length in Düntzer's work.

It may be regarded as a kind of satirical *jeu d'esprit*, and consists of a series of epigrams, directed against a variety of false tendencies in art, literature, religion, philosophy, and political life.

The introductory stanzas are founded upon the Midsummer Night's Dream, and Wieland's Oberon. To celebrate the reconciliation of the fairy king and queen a grotesque assemblage of figures appears upon the stage. Commonplace musicians, and poetasters, having no conception that every poem must be an organic whole, are satirized as the bagpipe, the embryo spirit and the little pair. Then follows a series of epigrams, having reference to the plastic arts, and directed against that false pietism and affected purity which would take a narrow and one-sided view of artistical creations. Nicolai, the sworn enemy of ghosts and Jesuits, is introduced as the inquisitive traveller, and Stolberg, who severely criticised Schiller's poem, "The Gods of Greece," is alluded to in the couplet headed "Orthodox."

Hennings, the editor of two literary journals, entitled the *Musaget*, and the *Genius of the Age*, had attacked the Xenien, a series of epigrams, published jointly by Goethe and Schiller ; Goethe,

in retaliation, makes him confess his own unfitness to be a leader of the Muses, and his readiness to assign a place on the German Parnassus to any one who was willing to bow to his authority. Nicolai again appears as the inquisitive traveller, and Lavater is said to be alluded to as the crane. The metaphysical philosophers are next the objects of the poet's satire ; allusion is made to the bitter hostility manifested by the contending schools, the characteristics of which are so well known that it is needless to dwell upon them here. The philosophers are succeeded by the politicians ; "the knowing ones," who, in the midst of political revolutions, manage to keep in with the ruling party, are contrasted with those unfortunate individuals who are unable to accommodate themselves to the new order of things. In revolutionary times also, parvenus are raised to positions of eminence, while worthless notabilities, deprived of their hereditary splendor, are unable to maintain their former dignified position. "The massive ones" typify the men of the revolution, the leaders of the people, who, heedless of intervening obstacles, march straight on to their destined goal. Puck and Ariel, who had introduced the shadowy procession, again make their appearance, and the fairy pageant vanishes into air.

What relation this fantastic assemblage bears to Faust is not immediately obvious, unless, indeed, as Düntzer suggests, the poet meant to shadow forth the various distractions with which Mephistopheles endeavors to dissipate the mind of Faust, who had turned with disgust from the witch-society of the Brocken.

THE END.

This edition of Goeth's Faust presents what is really a complete tragic poem. The second part is omitted as superfluous and not desired by the general reader.

HEINE'S

BOOK OF SONGS

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

This edition of Heine's Book of Songs is an entirely new one in which appears the best work of two of the most accomplished translators of Heine's fascinating poetry, Sir Theodore Martin, K. C. B., and Edgar A. Bowring, C. B. Poems almost equal in number have been chosen from the translations by each of these; but wherever both have translated the same poem, the better rendering has been selected for this edition.

HEINRICH HEINE.

HEINRICH (or Henry) Heine was born in the Bolkerstrasse, at Dusseldorf, on the 12th of December, 1799; but, singularly enough, the exact date of his birth was, until recently, unknown to his biographers, who, on the authority of a saying of his own, assigned it to the 1st of January, 1800, which he boasted made him "the first man of the century." In reply, however, to a specific inquiry addressed to him by a friend on this subject a few years before his death, he stated that he was really born on the day first mentioned, and that the date of 1800 usually given by his biographers was the result of an error voluntarily committed by his family in his favor at the time of the Prussian invasion, in order to exempt him from the service of the King of Prussia.

By birth he was a Jew, both of his parents having been of that persuasion. He was the eldest of four children, and his two brothers are (or were recently) still alive, the one being a physician in Russia, and the other an officer in the Austrian service. The famous Solomon Heine, the banker of Hamburg, whose wealth was only equalled by his philanthropy, was his uncle. His father,

however, was far from being in opulent circumstances. When quite a child, he took delight in reading Don Quixote, and used to cry with anger at seeing how ill the heroism of that valiant knight was requited. He says somewhere, speaking of his boyish days, "apple tarts were then my passion. Now it is love, truth, freedom, and crab-soup." He received his earliest education at the Franciscan convent in his native town, and while there had the misfortune to be the innocent cause of the death by drowning of a schoolfellow, an incident recorded in one of the poems in his "Romancero." He mentions the great effect produced upon him by the sorrowful face of a large wooden Christ which was constantly before his eyes in the Convent. Even at that early age the germs of what has been called "his fantastic sensibility, the food for infinite irony," seem to have been developing themselves. A visit of the Emperor Napoleon to Dusseldorf when he was a boy affected him in a singular manner, and had probably much to do with the formation of those imperialist tendencies which are often to be noticed in his character and writings. He was next placed in the Lyceum of Dusseldorf, and in 1816 was sent to Hamburg to study commerce, being intended for mercantile pursuits. In 1819 he was removed to the University at Bonn, which had been founded in the previous year, and there he had the advantage of studying under Augustus Schlegel. He seems, however, to have remained there only six months, and to have then gone to the University of Göttingen, where, as he tells us, he was rusticated soon after matriculation. He next took up his abode at Berlin, where he applied himself to the study of philosophy, under the direction of

the great Hegel, whose influence, combined with that of the works of Spinoza, undoubtedly had much to do with the formation of Heine's mind, and also determined his future career. From this time we hear no more of his turning merchant; and it is from the date of his residence at Berlin that we may date the rise of that spirit of universal indifference and reckless daring that so strongly characterizes the writings of Heine. Among his associates at this period may be mentioned, in addition to Hegel, Chamisso, Varnhagen von Ense and his well-known wife Rachel, Bopp the philologist, and Grabbe, the eccentricities of whose works were only equalled by the eccentricities of his life.

Heine's first volume of poetry, entitled "Gedichte," or Poems, was published in 1822, the poems being those which, under the name of "Youthful Sorrows," now form the opening of his "Book of Songs." Notwithstanding the extraordinary success afterward obtained by this latter work, his first publication was very coldly received. Some of the poems in it were written as far back as 1817,* and originally appeared in the Hamburg periodical *Der Wachter*, or *Watchman*. Offended at this result, he left Berlin and returned to Göttingen in 1823, where he took to studying law, and received the degree of Doctor in 1825. He was baptized into the Lutheran Church in the same year, at Heiligenstadt, near that place. He

* One of the finest in the collection, "The Grenadiers," which is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Béranger, was written as early as 1815, when Heine was not sixteen years old, and before Béranger had written his analogous poems "Le Vieux Drapeau," "Le Vieux Sergent," etc.

afterward said jocularly that he took this course to prevent M. de Rothschild treating him too *familionairely*. It is to be feared, however, from the tone of all his works, that his nominal religious opinions sat very lightly upon him through life. He writes as follows on this subject in 1852: "My ancestors belong to the Jewish religion, but I was never proud of this descent; neither did I ever set store upon my quality of Lutheran, although I belong to the evangelical confession quite as much as the greatest devotees among my Berlin enemies, who always reproached me with a want of religion. I rather felt humiliated at passing for a purely human creature—I whom the philosophy of Hegel led to suppose that I was a god. How proud I then was of my divinity! What an idea I had of my grandeur! Alas! that charming time has long passed away, and I cannot think of it without sadness, now that I am lying stretched on my back, while my disease is making terrible progress."

Previous to this date, and while living at Berlin, Heine published (in 1823) his only two plays, "Almanzor" and "Ratcliff," which were equally unsuccessful on the stage and in print, and which are certainly the least worthy of all his works. Between these two plays he inserted a collection of poetry entitled "Lyrical Interlude," which attracted little attention at the time. In the year 1827, however, he republished this collection at Hamburg, in conjunction with his "Youthful Sorrows," giving to the whole the title of the "Book of Songs." In proportion to the indifference with which his poems had been received on their first appearance, was the enthusiasm which they now excited. They were

read with avidity in every direction, especially in the various universities, where their influence upon the minds of the students was very great. In the year 1852, this work had reached the tenth edition.

Heine's next great work, his "Reisebilder," or Pictures of Travel, written partly in poetry and partly in prose, was published at Hamburg at various intervals from 1826 to 1831, and, as its name implies, is descriptive of his travels in different countries, especially in England and Italy. The poetical portion of the "Reisebilder," the whole of which is translated into English, is divided into three parts—"The Return Home," the "Hartz-Journey," and "The Baltic," written between 1823 and 1826. This work again met with an almost unprecedented success, and from the date of its publication and that of the "Book of Songs," may be reckoned the commencement of a new era in German literature. These remarkable poems exhibit the whole nature of Heine, free from all disguise. The striking originality, the exuberance of fancy, and, above all, the singular beauty and feeling of the versification that characterize nearly the whole of them, stand out in as yet unheard-of contrast to the intense and bitter irony that pervades them—an irony that spared nobody, that spared nothing, not even the most sacred subjects being exempt from the poet's mocking sarcasm. This characteristic of Heine only increased as years passed on. In the later years of his life, which were one long-continued agony, his bodily sufferings offer some excuse, it may be, for what would otherwise have been inexcusable in the writings of a great poet. There was doubtless much affec-

tation in the want of all religious and political faith that is so signally apparent in the works of Heine, and yet they betray a real bitterness of feeling that cannot be mistaken. At every page may be traced the malicious pleasure felt by him in exciting the sympathy and admiration of the reader to the highest pitch, and then with a few words—with the last line or the last verse of a long poem, it may be—rudely insulting them, and dashing them to the ground. No better parody of this favorite amusement of Heine can be given than by citing two well-known verses of Dr. Johnson :

"Hermit old in mossy cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Strike thy pensive breast, and tell
Where is bliss, and which the way?"

Thus I spake, and frequent sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the falling tear,
When the hoary sage replied,
"Come, my lad, and drink some beer!"

The exuberance of Heine's heart, as has been well said, was only equalled by the dryness of his spirit; a real enthusiasm was blended with an unquenchable love of satire; "his exquisite dilettanteism made him adore the gods and goddesses of Greece at the expense even of Christianity." In short, qualities scarcely ever found in combination were combined in him; in one weak, suffering body two distinct and opposite natures, each equally mighty, were united. Perhaps the best name ever applied to him is that of the "Julian of poetry."

The French Revolution in 1830 determined Heine's future life. He was then living at Berlin again, after having resided at Hamburg and

Munich. He now turned politician and newspaper writer. His Essay on Nobility was written at this time. He presently (in May, 1831) went to live in Paris, where he resided until his death, with the exception of making one or two short visits to his native land. Though the fact is not exactly stated, there can be no doubt that he received some very broad hints from the authorities of Prussia to leave that country. From that time, France became his adopted fatherland, and he himself was thenceforward more of a Frenchman than a German. The Germans have indeed always reproached him as being frivolous and French; he has often been called the Voltaire of Germany; but Thiers perhaps described him the most accurately when he spoke of him as being "the wittiest *Frenchman* since Voltaire." He wrote French as fluently as German; and the translations of his various works that were published in Paris in the *Revue des deux Mondes* and the *Bibliothèque Contemporaine*, or as separate works, were either written by himself, or by his personal friends under his own immediate superintendence.

Some of his more important prose works were written soon after he took up his abode in Paris. He wrote, in 1831, a series of articles for the *Augsburg Gazette* on the State of France, which he subsequently collected and published both in French and German. In 1833 appeared his well-known "History of Modern Literature in Germany," republished afterward under the title of "The Romantic School," and in French under that of "L'Allemagne." This may be looked upon as his most remarkable prose work, and as the one that most exhibits his characteristic pecu-

liarities. The following lively description of it is from the pen of an eminent French critic: "According to M. Heine, the whole of the intellectual movement of Germany since Lessing and Kant has been a death-struggle against Deism. This struggle he describes with passion, and it may be said that he heads it in person. He ranges his army in order of battle, he gives the signals, and marches the Titans against heaven —Kant, Fichte, Hegel, all those formidable spirits whose every thought is a victory, whose every formula is a cosmogonic *bouleversement*. Around them, in front or behind, are grouped a crowd of writers, theologians and poets, romance writers and savans. If one of the combatants stops short, like Schelling, the author overwhelms him with invectives. If a timid and poetic band of dreamers, such as Tieck, Novalis, Brentano, and Arnim, try to bring back this feverish Germany to the fresh poetry of the middle ages, he throws himself upon them and disperses them, like those Cobolds in the 'Book of Songs' who overthrew the angels of paradise. And when the philosophical conflict is over, he predicts its consequences with a sort of savage delirium. . . . He compares Kant to the bloodthirsty dictators of '93, and proclaims the gospel of pantheism. His theory of the intellectual history of the Germans is altogether false, and should only be consulted as an illustration—alas, too positive! —of the fever at once mystical and sensual of a certain period of our age." This book produced a perfect storm of fury in Germany. "Denounced by Menzel and the pietists as an emissary of Modern Babylon, cursed by the austere *teutomaniacs* as a representative of Parisian cor-

ruption, Heine was not the less suspected by the democrats, who accused him of treason. To this was added official persecution."

Proceeding to his next work, the publication of his "Salon," consisting of an interesting series of essays, etc., commenced at Hamburg in 1834, its fourth and last volume not appearing till 1840. A long essay on the Women of Shakespeare appeared in 1839, and in 1840 a violent personal attack on his old friend, the republican poet Börne, then only recently dead—a work which, with all its talent, did great injury to his reputation. His remaining great prose work, entitled "Lutezia," or Paris, consists of a collection of valuable articles on French politics, arts, and manners, written by him as the correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette* between 1840 and 1844. The only other writings of his in prose that need be specified, entitled respectively "Confessions," "Dr. Faust," and the "Gods in Exile," were written a few years before his death.

After the publication of the "Reisebilder," Heine's next poetical production was the charming poem of "Atta Troll," which appeared in 1841, written in a simple trochaic metre—"four-footed solemn trochees," as he himself expresses it. This poem has been described as the work of a German Ariosto, combining gayety and poetry, irony and imagination in perfect proportions. Much worldly wisdom is to be learned from the instructive history of Atta Troll, the dancing bear of the Pyrenees. The striking interlude in it of the vision of Herodias among the spirit huntsmen should not be overlooked.

The marriage of Heine seems to have taken place at about this period. His wife, who is

often spoken of in his poems in terms of deep affection, and whose name was Mathilde, was a Frenchwoman and a Roman Catholic, and they were married according to the rites of that church. With all his love for Madame Heine, however, he seems to have been very jealous of her, and it is recorded that on one occasion he took it into his head that she had run away from him. He was reassured by hearing the voice of her favorite parrot "Cocotte," which led him to say, that she would never have gone off without taking "Cocotte" with her. In spite of the bitterness of spirit that pervades all his writings, it is clear that he possessed deep natural affections. His mother survived him; and though almost entirely separated from her for the last twenty-five years of his life, he often introduces her name in his works with expressions of filial reverence. His last visit to Germany in the winter of 1843 seems to have been for the special purpose of visiting her at Hamburg, where she resided. His friends fancied that the "old woman at the Dammthor" (one of the gates of Hamburg), of whom he used to speak, was a myth, but she was no other than his mother. Nothing can be more charming than the manner in which he speaks of both her and his wife in the beautiful little poem called "Night Thoughts." (See page 221.)

In 1844 he published a fresh collection of poems under the title of "New Poems," to which was added as an appendix "Germany, a Winter Tale." The former of these was subsequently added by him to his "Book of Songs," and will be found in its place accordingly in the present volume, as well as his "New Spring," which

formed a part of the same work. The "Germany" is one of his most remarkable works, and contains an account of his journey to Hamburg the previous winter to see his mother that has just been referred to. None of his productions are more thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of satire. Every stage of his journey, from its commencement at the Prussian frontier, to its termination at Hamburg, gives occasion for the display of his wit and sarcastic raillery. It will be seen that many of the passages in the poem were struck out of the original edition by the official Censors. Perhaps the most amusing portions are the episode of the author's adventures in the Cavern of Kyffhauser with the famous Emperor Barbarossa (not omitting their little conversation respecting the guillotine), and the rencontre with the Goddess Hammonia in the streets of Hamburg, and his subsequent tête-à-tête with her. The extravagance (slightly coarse it must be confessed) of the latter scene is quite worthy of Rabelais, though the poet takes care to tell us that it is intended to imitate Aristophanes. The remonstrances to the King of Prussia, with which the poem concludes, should also not be passed over.

In the year 1848, after a premonitory attack in 1847 that passed away, that terrible disease which eventually destroyed Heine's life, first assailed him in an aggravated form. Commencing with a paralysis of the left eyelid, it extended presently to both eyes and finally terminated in paralysis and atrophy of the legs. The last time he ever left his house was in May, 1848. For eight long years he was confined to his couch, to use his own expression, in a state of "death

without its repose, and without the privileges of the dead, who have no need to spend money, and no letters or books to write." But despite his bodily sufferings, his good spirits never seemed to leave him. his love of raillery did but increase, and little did that public whose interest he continued to excite by the wonderful products of his genius know of his distressing state.

In the years 1850 and 1851, in the midst of his fearful malady, Heine composed his last great poetical work entitled "Romancero." This singular volume is divided into three Books, called respectively "Histories," "Lamentations," and "Hebrew Melodies." The first of these contains a large number of romantic ballads and poems of the most dissimilar character, but all bearing the stamp of the author's peculiar genius; the second opens with several miscellaneous pieces, including some literary satires, and concludes with twenty pieces bearing the lively title of "Lazarus," and comprising, as some one has observed, the journal of his impressions as a sick man. The "Hebrew Melodies" are subdivided into three, entitled by Heine "Princess Sabbath," "Jehuda ben Halevy," a poem itself in three parts, and "Disputation." The Jewish descent and Jewish sympathies of the poet are plainly discernible in these Melodies, the most interesting of which, and probably the best of the whole collection, contained in the "Romancero," is that which sets forth the life of Jehuda ben Halevy, the great Hebrew poet of the middle ages. Some critics rank this poem among Heine's very best productions. The concluding piece, "Disputation," is in Heine's wildest style, and seems written for the express purpose of destroying th.

pleasure excited by the one that precedes it. In none of his works is his mocking spirit more plainly discernible. "It is the most Voltairian scene ever imagined by the sceptical demon of his mind." No one can read this polemical poem without seeing how little Heine himself cared for any received form of religion—for the Christian faith as professed by him, or the Jewish faith into which he was born. The piece terminates in Heine's favorite manner, namely, with an unexpected joke in the last line.

The collection entitled "Latest Poems" was written three years afterward. Its name shows that the end was now not far off. The hand of a master is still visible in all these poems, the most interesting of which is perhaps the "Slave Ship," one of the most powerful productions of Heine's pen. In the year 1855, he published a French translation of his "New Spring" in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. And now the end really arrived.

On the 17th February, 1856, Henry Heine was at length released from his sufferings in his house in the Avenue Matignon, No. 3, as appears from the obituary notice. The smallness of the attendance at his funeral would seem to show that there was some truth in the saying that he had many admirers but few friends. The only names of note that are recorded as having been present on the occasion are Mignet, Gautier, and Dumas. And this was the man who was recognized as the successor of Goethe in the throne of poetry in Germany, and whose songs were already household words in all parts of that country! His humor did not leave him till the very last. A few days before his death Hector Berlioz called on him just as a tiresome German professor was leaving the room after

wearying him with his uninteresting conversation. "I am afraid you will find me very stupid, my dear fellow! The fact is, I have just been *exchanging thoughts* with Dr.——," was his remark. Only a day or two before he expired, he sent back to the printer the last proofs of a new edition of the "Reisebilder."

Heine left a singular will behind him, in which he begged that all religious solemnities should be dispensed with at his funeral, and that, although he called himself a Lutheran, no Lutheran minister should officiate on the occasion. He added that this was not a mere freak of a freethinker, for that he had for the last four years dismissed all the pride with which philosophy had filled him, and felt once more the power of religious truth. He also begged for forgiveness for any offence which, in his ignorance, he might have given to good manners and morals.

When the private papers of Louis Philippe fell into the hands of the populace at the sack of the Tuileries in February, 1848, it was discovered that Heine had for many years enjoyed a pension of some 200*l.* a year on the Civil List. This discovery gave an opening to the republicans for violent attacks on him; but there does not appear to have been anything in the circumstances of the case to make this transaction discreditable to either the giver or the receiver of the pension.

Heine is described as having lived in the simplest manner, occupying three small rooms on the third floor, the *ménage* comprising, in addition to his wife and himself, no one but an old negress as a servant, and "Cocotte," who has been already alluded to.

Heine is beyond question the greatest poet

that has appeared in Germany since the death of Goethe. Enough has been said in the course of this brief sketch of his life to show the singular, the unprecedented character of his genius, and to illustrate that combination in his person of two separate natures that we have stated to exist. What more touching trait of character was ever heard of than the simple fact that although the last eight years of his life were spent in a state of intolerable agony, he left his mother in ignorance of his sufferings to the very last? Yes, when stricken with total blindness, and when dying literally by inches, all his letters to the "old woman at the Dammthor" were written in the most cheerful, happy tone, and he made her believe that his only reason for employing an amanuensis instead of writing with his own hand was that he had a slight affection in his eyes, which would be cured with a little care!

The following appreciation of the character of Heine, written while he was still alive, but when the shades of darkness and death were slowly gathering round him, may serve as a fitting termination to these few pages: "It may be said that Heine bears within him all the misery of a mighty literature that has fallen from his ideal. Let this be his excuse. But now his eyes are closing on this perishable world, whose contradictions and wretchedness provoked his painful gayety; another world is opening on his mind. There, no more misery, no more irritating contrasts, no more revolting disenchantments; there, all problems are resolved, all struggles cease. If irony, in the case of a capricious and ardent intelligence, could be the faithful mirror of things below, there is no room save for confidence and

respect in that spiritual world that his soul's looks are fast discovering. He sought for serenity in that light raillery which enveloped the whole universe, and played his part in it with grace; but this serenity was incomplete and false, and often suffered his ill-cured sorrows to break forth. True serenity is a higher thing; it is to be found in the intelligence and adoration of that ideal which nothing can affect, that truth which no shadow can obscure." And so with these words of kindly sympathy, Heinrich Heine, —farewell!

PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION OF

THE BOOK OF SONGS.

It is the fairy forest old,
With lime-tree blossoms scented !
The moonshine had with its mystic light
My soul and sense enchanted.

On, on I roamed, and, as I went,
Sweet music o'er me rose there ;
It is the nightingale—she sings
Of love and lovers' woes there.

She sings of love and lovers' woes,
Hearts blest, and hearts forsaken ;
So glad is her mirth, so sad her sob,
Dreams long forgot awaken.

Still on I roamed, and, as I went,
I saw before me louring
On a great wide lawn a stately pile,
With gables peaked and towering.

Closed were its windows, everywhere
A hush, a gloom past telling ;
It seemed as though silent Death within
These empty halls were dwelling.

A Sphinx lay there before the door,
  Half-brutish and half-human,
A lioness in trunk and claws,
  In head and breasts a woman.

A lovely woman! The pale cheek
  Spoke of desires that wasted;
The hush'd lips curved into a smile
  That woo'd them to be tasted.

The nightingale so sweetly sang,
  I yielded to their wooing;
And as I kissed that winning face,
  I seal'd my own undoing.

The marble image thrilled with life,
  The stone began to quiver:
She drank my kisses' burning flame
  With fierce convulsive shiver.

She almost drank my breath away;
  And, to her passion bending,
She clasped me close, with her lion claws
  My hapless body rending.

Delicious torture, rapturous pang!
  The pain, the bliss, unbounded!
Her lips, their kiss was heaven to me-
  Her claws, oh, how they wounded!

The nightingale sang: "O beauteous Sphinx!
  O love, love! say, why this is,
That with the anguish of death itself
  Thou minglest all thy blisses?

"O beauteous Sphinx, oh answer me,
That riddle strange unloosing!
For many, many thousand years
Have I been on it musing!"

* * * * * *

All this I might have said very well in good prose. . . . But if one reads his old poems through again, to give them, in view of a new edition, some polishing touches, one is somehow surprised into the old melodious habit of rhyme and cadence, and lo! the verses, with which I introduce this third edition of "The Book of Songs." O Phœbus Apollo! if these verses are bad, thou wilt readily forgive me. . . . For thou art an omniscient God, and thou knowest very well why I have been for so many years unable to occupy myself with metre and the clink of rhyme. . . . Thou knowest why the flame, which once enraptured the world with a brilliant display of fireworks, was suddenly diverted perforce to much more serious conflagrations. . . . Thou knowest why it is now gnawing my heart away with a silent heat. . . . Thou, O great and beauteous God, dost understand me—thou who, upon occasion, dost exchange the golden lyre for the sturdy bow and the deadly arrows. . . . Dost thou still remember, too, that Marsyas, whom thou didst flay alive? That was a long time back, and a similar example might be again needed. . . . Thou smilest, O mine everlasting father!

Written at Paris, the *20th February*, 1839.

HEINRICH HEINE.

YOUTHFUL SORROWS.

1817–1821.

I. VISIONS.

1.

I HAVE had dreams of wild love wildly nursed,
Of myrtles, mignonette, and silken tresses,
Of lips, whose blames belie the kiss that blesses,
Of dirge-like songs to dirge-like airs rehearsed.

My dreams have paled and faded long ago,
Faded the very form they most adored,
Nothing is left me but what once I poured
Into pathetic verse with feverish glow.

Thou, orphan'd song, art left. Do thou, too, fade!
Go, seek that vision'd form long lost in night,
And say from me—if you upon it light—
With airy breath I greet that airy shade!

2.

A DREAM, that eerie was to see,
Delighted, then affrighted me.
Its gruesome sights still haunt mine eyes,
And shake my heart with wild surmise.

There was a garden wondrous fair;
Great joy had I in roaming there:
Fair flowers a-many looked at me,
Well pleased was I as man might be.

The little birds from boughs above
Piped many sprightly songs of love;
The sun was red, and rimmed with gold;
The flowers had bright hues manifold.

Sweet odors floated everywhere,
The breezes soft and wooing were;
And all was lustrous, all was gay,
And wore its bravest, best array.

Within that flowery haunt, I ween,
A fountain stood of marble sheen;
And of a fair girl I was ware,
That washed a milk-white vestment there.

Her eyes were soft, her cheeks were sleek,
A saint-like thing, fair-hair'd and meek;
And as I gazed, oh rare to tell,
Though strange, methought I knew her well!

That rare pale maid, her task she plies,
And croons a chant in wondrous wise:
"Flow on, fountain! fountain, flow!
Wash me the linen white as snow!"

Then up to her I took my way,
And whispered low, "Oh tell me, pray,
Thou maiden all so wondrous bright,
For whom it is, this web so white?"

Then swift she spoke, "Doom follows fleet.
This web, it is thy winding-sheet."

And ere the words she well had spoke,
The whole scene faded off like smoke.

And straight by magic sleight I stood
Within a wild and darksome wood:
The trees shot up into the sky,
Bemazed and wonder-struck was I.

And hark! A dull, dead sound, as though
An axe far off struck blow on blow!
Through bush and brake I speed apace,
And reach at length an open space.

Full in the midst, turf'd round with green,
An oak, a mighty oak, was seen;
And lo! that maiden weird, she hacks
And hews its trunk with whirling axe!

Stroke falls on stroke, nor stop nor stay,
She swings the axe, and croons this lay:
"Good steel sturdy, good steel fine,
Shape me, and quickly, an oaken shrine!"

Then up to her I took my way,
And whispered low, "Oh tell me, pray,
Thou maiden wondrous fair to see,
For whom this oaken shrine may be?"

Then swift she spoke, "The hours are few:
It is thy coffin that I hew!"
And ere the words she well had spoke,
The whole scene faded off like smoke.

It stretched so far, it stretched so bare,
All waste, all barren everywhere;
How it befell I never knew,
There I was standing all agrue.

And gazing far ahead, I note
A streak of white before me float.
I ran to it, ran, stopped, and lo!
That rare pale maid again I know.

There spade in hand, on that wide waste,
She dug the earth deep, dug with haste;
To look at her I scarce did dare,
She was so gruesome, yet so fair.

And swiftly still her spade she plies,
And croons a chant in wondrous wise;
"Sharp spade, stout spade, shovel and sweep,
Shovel a pit that is wide and deep!"

Then up to her I took my way,
And whispered low, "Oh tell me, pray,
Thou maiden sweet of wondrous sheen,
What may this pit thou diggest mean?"

Then swift she spoke, "Content thee! See,
A cool grave I have dug for thee!"
And even as the words she said,
The pit she dug wide open spread.

And as I looked into the pit,
I shuddered as with an ague-fit,
And down, as smit by sudden stroke,
I tumbled headlong!—and awoke!

3.

One night—'twas in a dream—myself I spied
In black dress coat, silk waistcoat, ruffles round
My wrists, as I were for a wedding bound;
And my love stood before me, tender-eyed.

I made a bow to her, and said, "The bride?
Oh, I congratulate you!" Forth they wound
These words of mine, slow, icy-chill—a sound
As though my throat choked, and my tongue were tied.
Then all at once gushed bitter tear on tear
From my love's eyes, and in that stormy dew
Her image sweet did wellnigh disappear.
O sweetest eyes, dear stars of love! though ye,
Waking, oft played me false, and dreaming too,
To trust you still how ready would I be!

4.

I SAW in dream a dapper mannikin
That walked on stilts, each stride an ell or more;
White linen and a dainty dress he wore,
But it was coarse and smirched and stained within.
All inwardly was mean and poor and thin,
Yet with a stately seeming lackered o'er;
His words were full of bluster, and he bore
Himself like one well used to fight and win.
"And know'st thou who he is? Come, look and guess!"
So spake the God of Dreams, and showed me then
Within a glass a billowy multitude.
The mannikin before an altar stood,
My love beside him: both of them said "Yes!"
And countless fiends laughed loud and cried "Amen!"

5.

WHY stirs and chafes my madden'd blood?
Why burns my heart in furious mood?

My blood fast boils, and foams and fumes,
And passion fierce my heart consumes.

My mad blood boils in foaming stream,
Because I've dreamt an evil dream :
Night's gloomy son appear'd one day,
And bore me in his arms away.

To a bright house soon brought he me,
Where sounded harp and revelry,
And torches gleam'd and tapers shone—
The hall I entered then alone.

I saw a merry wedding feast,
The glad guests round the table press'd ;
And when the bridal pair I spied,
O woe ! my mistress was the bride.

There was my love, and strange to say,
A stranger claim'd her hand to-day.
Then close behind her chair of honor
I silent stood and gazed upon her.

The music sounded—still I stood ;
Their joy but swell'd my mournful mood ;
The bride she looked so highly blest,
Her hand the while the bridegroom press'd

The bridegroom next fill'd full his cup,
And from it drank, then gave it up
Unto the bride ; she smiled a thank ;
O woe ! my red blood 'twas she drank.

The bride a rosy apple took,
And gave it him with smiling look ;
He took his knife, and cut a part ;
O woe ! it was indeed my heart.

They lovingly each other eyed,
The bridegroom boldly clasp'd the bride,
And kissed her on her cheeks so red ;
O woe ! cold death kiss'd me instead.

Like lead my tongue within me lay,
Vainly I strove one word to say ;
A noise was heard—the dance began,
The bridal pair were in the van.

Whilst I stood rooted to the ground,
The dancers nimbly whirl'd around ;
The bridegroom spoke a whisper'd word—
She blush'd, well pleased with what she heard.

6.

In blissful dream, in silent night,
There came to me, with magic might,
With magic might, my own sweet love,
Into my little room above.

I gazed upon the darling child,
I gazed, and she all-gently smiled,
And smiled until my heart swell'd high,
When stormlike daring words breath'd I :

" Take, take thou everything that's mine,
My All will I to thee resign,
If I may be thy paramour
From midnight till the morning hour."

Then on me gazed the beauteous maid,
With looks that inward strife betray'd,
So sweet, so sad, while thus she said :
" Give me thy hope of heaven instead !"

"My life so sweet, my youthful blood,
I'll give with cheerful joyous mood,
For thee, O maiden angel-fair,—
But hope of heaven hereafter—ne'er!"

My daring speech flowed readily,
Yet ever fairer blossom'd she,
And still the beauteous maiden said,
"Give me thy hope of heaven instead!"

These words fell on me heavily,
Then rush'd, like some fierce flowing sea,
Down to my spirit's depth most deep—
I scarce had power my breath to keep.

There came a band of angels white,
Graced with a golden halo bright,
But wildly follow'd in their track
A grisly train of goblins black.

They wrestled with the angels white,
And drove away those angels bright,
And then the gloomy squadron too
Melted like morning mist from view.—

Fain had I died of rapture there,
My arms upheld my maiden fair;
She nestled near me like a roe,
But also wept with bitter woe.

Sweet maiden wept; well knew I why,
Her rosy mouth to peace kiss'd I:
"O still, sweet love, that tearful flood,
Surrender to my loving mood!

"Surrender to my loving mood!"—
When sudden froze to ice my blood;

The earth beneath me groan'd and sigh'd,
A yawning chasm open'd wide.

And from the chasm's gloomy veil
Rose the black troop—sweet love turn'd pale;
My arms were of sweet love bereft,
And I in solitude was left.

The gloomy troop around me danced
In wondrous circle, then advanced,
And seized and bore me to the ground,
While scornful laughter rose around.

And still the circle narrower grew,
And ever humm'd the fearful crew:
Thy hope of heaven was pledg'd by thee,
"Thou'rt ours for all eternity!"

7.

THOU now hast the money—why longer delay?
Thou dark scowling fellow, why lingering stay?
I sit in my chamber, and patiently wait,
And midnight is near, but the bride is still late.

From the churchyard the shuddering breezes arise;—
Ye breezes, O say, has my bride met your eyes?
Pale demons come round me, and hard on me press,
Make courtsies with grinning, and nod their "O yes!"

Quick, tell me the message you're coming about,
Black villain, in liv'ry of fire trick'd out!
My mistress sends word that she soon will be here;
In a car drawn by dragons she'll shortly appear.

Dear gray little man, say, what would'st thou to-
day?
Dead master of mine, what's thy business, pray?
He gazes upon me with mute, mournful mien,
Shakes his head, turns away, and no longer is
seen.

His tail wags the shaggy old dog, and he whines;
All brightly the eye of the black tom-cat shines;
The women are howling with long flowing hair—
Why sings my old nurse my old cradle-song
there?

Old nurse stops at home, to her song to attend,
The eiapopeia is long at an end;
To day I am keeping my gay wedding feast;
Only watch the arrival of each gallant guest!

Only watch them! Good sirs, how polite is your
band!
Ye carry your heads, 'stead of hats, in your hand;
With your clattering bones, and like gallows-
birds dress'd,
Why arrive here so late, when the wind is at rest?

The old witch on her broomstick comes galloping
on:
Ah, bless me, good mother, I'm really thy son.
The mouth in her pale face beginning to twitch,
"Forever, amen," soon replies the old witch.

Twelve wither'd musicians come creeping along,
The limping blind fiddler is seen in the throng;
Jackpudding dress'd out in his motley array,
On the gravedigger's back is grimacing away.

With dancing twelve nuns from the convent
advance,
The leering old procuress leading the dance;

Twelve merry young priests follow close in their
train,
And sing their lewd songs in a church-going
strain.

Till you're black in the face, good old clothesman,
don't yell,
Your fur-coat will nothing avail you in hell ;
'Tis heated for naught all the year with odd
things—
'Stead of wood, with the bones of dead beggars
and kings.

The girls with the flowers seem'd hunchback'd
and bent,
Tumbling head over heels in the room as they
went ;
With your faces like owls, and a grasshopper's
leg,
That rattling of bones discontinue, I beg.

The squadrons of hell all appear in their shrouds,
And bustle and hustle in fast-swelling crowds ;
The waltz of damnation resounds in the ear—
Hush, hush ! my sweet love is at length drawing
near.

Now, rabble, be quiet, or get you away !
I scarcely can hear e'en one word that I say ;
Hark ! Is't not the sound of a chariot at hand ?
Quick, open the door ! Why thus loitering stand ?

Thou art welcome, my darling ! how goes it, my
sweet ?
You're welcome, good parson ! stand up, I en-
treat !
Good parson, with hoof of a horse and with tail,
I'm your dutiful servant, and wish you all hail !

Dear bride, wherefore stand'st thou so pale and
so dumb?
The parson to join us together has come;
Full dear, dear as blood, is the fee I must pay,
And yet to possess thee is merely child's play.

Kneel down, my sweet bride, by my side prythee
kneel!
She kneels and she sinks—O what rapture I
feel!—
She sinks on my heart, on my fast-heaving
breast;
With shuddering pleasure I hold her close
press'd.

Like billows her golden locks circle the pair,
'Gainst my heart beats the heart of the maiden so
fair;
They beat with a union of sorrow and love,
And soar to the regions of heaven above.

While our hearts are thus floating in rapture's
wide sea,
In God's holy realms, all untrammell'd and free,
On our heads, as a terrible sign and a brand,
Has hell in derision imposed her grim hand.

In propriâ personâ the dark son of night
As parson bestows the priest's blessing to-night;
From a bloody book breathes he the formula
terse,
Each prayer execration, each blessing a curse.

A crashing and hissing and howling is heard,
Like rolling of thunder, like waves wildly stirr'd;
When sudden a bluish-tinged light brightly
flames,
"Forever, amen!" the old mother exclaims.

8.

I CAME from the house of my mistress dear,
And wander'd, half frenzied, in midnight fear,
And when o'er the churchyard I mournfully trod,
In solemn silence the graves seem'd to nod.

The musician's old tombstone seem'd nodding to be;
'Tis the flickering light of the moon that I see.
There's a whisper "Dear brother, I soon shall be here!"
Then a misty pale form from the tomb doth appear.

The musician it was who arose in the gloom,
And perch'd himself high on the top of the tomb;
The chords of his lute he struck with good will,
And sang with a voice right hollow and shrill:

"Ah, know ye still the olden song,
That thrill'd the breast with passion strong,
Ye chords so dull and unmoving?
The angels they call it the joys of heaven,
The devils they call it hell's torments even,
And mortals they call it—loving!"

The last word's sound had scarcely died,
When all the graves their mouths open'd wide;
Many airy figures step forward, and each
The musician draws near, while in chorus they screech:

"Love, O love, thy wondrous might
Brought us to this dreary plight,
Closed our eyes in endless night—
To disturb us why delight?"

Thus howl they confusedly, hissing and groaning,
With roaring and sighing and crashing and moaning;
The mad troop the musician surround as before,
And the chords the musician strikes wildly once more:

"Bravo! bravo! How absurd!
Welcome to ye!
Plainly know ye
That I spake the magic word!

"As we pass the livelong year
Still as mice in prison drear,
Let's to-day be full of cheer!
First, though, please
See that no one else is here;
Fools were we as long as living,
To love's maddening passion giving
All our madden'd energies.
Let, by way of recreation,
Each one give a true narration
Of his former history—
How devour'd,
How o'erpower'd
In love's frantic chase was he."

Then as light as the air from the circle there broke
A wizen'd thin being, who hummingly spoke:

"A tailor was I by profession
With needle and with shears;
None made a better impression
With needle and with shears.

"Then came my master's daughter
With needle and with shears,

And pierced my sorrowing bosom
With needle and with shears."

In right merry chorus the spirits then laughed;
In solemn silence a second stepp'd aft:

"Great Rinaldo Rinaldini,
Schinderhanno, Orlandini,
And Charles Moor especially,
Were my patterns made by me.

"Like those mighty heroes, I
Fell in love, I'll not deny,
And the fairest woman most
Haunted me like any ghost.

"Sighing, cooing like a dove,
I was driven mad with love,
And my fingers, by ill-luck,
In my neighbor's pocket stuck.

"But the constable abused me,
And most cruelly ill-used me,
And I sought to hide my grief
In my neighbor's handkerchief.

"Then their arms policemen placed
Quietly around my waist,
And the bridewell then and there
Took me 'neath its tender care.

"There, with thoughts of love quite full,
Long time sat I, spinning wool,
Till Rinaldo's ghost one day
Came and took my soul away."

In right merry chorus the spirits then laughed;
A third, all-berouged and bedizen'd, stepp'd aft:

"As monarch I ruled on the stage,
The part of the lover played I,
Oft bellowed 'Ye Gods,' in a rage,
Breath'd many a heart-rending sigh.

"I play'd Mortimer's part best, methinks,
Maria was always so fair;
But despite the most natural winks,
She never gave heed to my prayer.

"Once when I, with desperate look,
'Maria, thou holy one!' cried,
The dagger I hastily took,
And plunged it too deep in my side."

In right merry chorus the spirits then laugh'd;
A fourth in a white flowing garment stepp'd aft:

"*Ex cathedrâ* kept prating the learned professor,
He prated, and I went to sleep all the while;
Yet my pleasure had certainly not been the lesser,
Had I revell'd instead in his daughter's sweet smile.

"From the window she oft to me tenderly beckon'd,
That flower of flowers, my life's only light;
Yet that flower of flowers was pluck'd in a second
By a stupid old blockhead, an opulent wight.

"Then cursed I all women and rogues of high station,
And mingled some poisonous herbs in my wine,
And held with old Death a jollification,
While he said: 'Your good health! from this moment you're mine!'"

In right merry chorus the spirits then laugh'd ;
A fifth, with a rope round his neck, next stepp'd
aft :

" There boasted and bragg'd a count, over his
wine,
Of his daughter so fair, and his jewels so fine.
What care I, Sir Count, for thy jewels so fine ?
Far rather would I that thy daughter were mine !

" 'Tis true under bar, lock, and key they both
lay,
And the Count many servants retain'd in his
pay.
What cared I for servants, for bar, lock, or
key ?
Up the rungs of the ladder I mounted with
glee.

" To my mistress's window I climb'd with good
cheer,
Where curses beneath me saluted my ear.
'Stop, stop, my fine fellow ! I too must be
there,
I'm likewise in love with the jewels so fair.'

" Thus jested the Count, while he grappled me
tight,
His servants came round me with shouts of
delight.
'Pooh, nonsense, you rascals ! No robber
am I,
I but came for my mistress—'tis really no lie.'

" In vain was my talking, in vain what I said,
They got ready the rope, threw it over my head,
And the sun, when he rose, with amazement extreme,
Found me hanging, alas, from the gallows' high beam!"

In right merry chorus the spirits then laugh'd;
A sixth, with his head in his hand, next stepp'd aft:

" Love's torments made me seek the chace;
Rifle in hand, I roam'd apace.
Down from the tree, with hollow scoff,
The raven cried: 'Head off! head off!'

" O, could I only see a dove,
I'd take it home for my sweet love!
Thus thought I, and midst bush and tree
With sportsman's eye sought carefully.

" What billing's that? What gentle cooing?
It sounds like turtle doves' soft wooing.
I stole up slyly, cock'd my gun,
And, lo, my own sweet love was one!

" It was indeed my dove, my bride;
A stranger clasp'd her waist with pride.
Old gun, now let thy aim be good!—
The stranger welter'd in his blood.

" Soon through the wood I had to pass,
With hangmen by my side, alas!
Down from the tree, with bitter scoff,
The raven cried: 'Head-off! head-off!'"

In right merry chorus the spirits then laughed;
At length the musician in person stepp'd aft:

"I've sung my own song, friends, demurely,
That charming song's at an end;
When the heart is once broken, why surely
The song may homeward wend!"

Then began the wild laughter still louder to sound,
And the pale spectral troop in a circle swept round.
From the neighboring church-tow'r the stroke of "One!" fell,
And the spirits rush'd back to their graves with a yell.

9.

I WAS asleep, and calmly slept,
All pain and grief allay'd;
A wondrous vision o'er me crept,
There came a lovely maid.

As pale as marble was her face,
And, O, so passing fair!
Her eyes they swam with pearl-like grace,
And strangely waved her hair.

And slowly, slowly did she glide,
So phantom-like and frail,
And down she lays her by my side,
That maiden marble-pale.

How shook and throbb'd, half sad, half blest,
My heart, which hotly burn'd!

But neither shook nor throbb'd her breast,
Which into ice seem'd turn'd.

"It neither shakes nor throbs, my breast,
And it is icy cold;
And yet I know love's yearning blest,
Love's mighty pow'r of old.

"No color's on my lips and cheek,
No blood my veins doth swell;
But start not, thus to hear me speak,
I love thee, love thee well!"

And madlier still she clasped me round,
Till my very breath 'gan fail:
The cock crew;—gone, with never a sound,
Was the maiden marble-pale.

10.

I OFT have pale spectres before now
Conjured with magical might;
They refuse to return any more now
To their former dwelling of night.

The word that commands their submission
I forgot in my terror and fear;
My own spirits now seek my perdition,
Within their prison-house drear.

Dark demons, approach not a finger!
Away, nor to torment give birth!
Full many a joy still may linger
In the roseate light of this earth.

I needs must be evermore striving
To reach the flower so fair;

O, what were the use of my living
If I may cherish her ne'er?

To my glowing heart fain would I press her,
Would clasp her for once to my breast,
On her lips and her cheeks once caress her,
With sweetest of torments be blest.

If once from her mouth I could hear it,
Could hear one fond whisper bestow'd,
I would follow thee, beckoning spirit,
Yea, e'en to thy darksome abode.

The spirits have heard, and draw nigh me,
And nod with terrible glee:
Sweet love, with an answer supply me—
Sweet love, O lovest thou me?

II. SONGS.

1.

I AT morn get up, and "Will she
Come," I ask, "to-day?"
I lié down at eve, and "Still she
Cometh not!" I say.

Sleepless, restless, with heart aching,
Night I wear away;
Dreaming, half asleep, half waking,
Roam about by day!

2.

I'm driven hither and thither along!
  But yet a few hours, I shall see her again,
  Herself, the most fair of the fair maiden-train;
True heart, what means thy throbbing so strong?

The hours are only a slothful `race!`
  Lazily they move each day,
  And with yawning go their way;—
Hasten on, ye slothful race!

Wild-raging eagerness thrills me indeed;
  Never in love have the hours delighted;
  So, in a cruel bond strangely united,
Slyly deride they the lovers' wild speed.

3.

By naught but sorrow attended,
  I wander'd under the trees;
That olden vision descended,
  And stole to my heart by degrees.

Who taught you the word ye are singing,
  Ye birds in the branches on high?
O hush! when my heart hears it ringing,
  It makes it more mournfully sigh.

A fair young maiden 'twas taught it,
  Who came here, and sang like a bird;
And so we birds easily caught it,
  That pretty, golden word."

No more shall this story deceive me,
  Ye birds, so wondrously sly;

Of my sorrow ye fain would bereave me,
On your friendship I cannot rely.

4.

SWEET love, lay thy hand on my heart, and tell
If thou hearest the knocks in that narrow cell?
There dwells there a carpenter, cunning is he,
And slyly he's hewing a coffin for me.

He hammers and knocks by day and by night,
My slumber already has banish'd outright;
Oh, Master Carpenter, prythee make haste,
That I some slumber at length may taste.

5.

BEAUTEOUS cradle of my sorrow,
Beauteous grave of all my peace,
Beauteous town, we part to-morrow,
Fare thee well, our ties must cease!

Fare thee well, thou threshold holy,
Where my loved one sets her feet!
Fare thee well, thou spot so holy,
Where we chanced at first to meet!

Had I but beheld thee never,
Thee, my bosom's beauteous queen,
Wretched now, and wretched ever,
Oh, I should not thus have been!

Ne'er to stir thy bosom thought I,
For thy love I never pray'd;
Silently to live but sought I
Where thy breath its balm convey'd.

Yet thou spurn'st me in my sadness,
Bitter words thy mouth doth speak,
In my senses riots madness,
And my heart is faint and weak.

And my limbs, in wanderings dreary,
Sadly drag I, full of gloom,
Till I lay my head all weary
In a chilly distant tomb.

6.

PATIENCE, surly pilot, shortly
To the port I'll follow you;
From two maidens I'm departing,
From my love and Europe too.

Blood-spring, from mine eyes 'gin running,
Blood-spring, from my body flow,
So that I then, with my hot blood,
May write down my tale of woe.

Ah, my body, wherefore shudder
Thus to-day my blood to see?
Many years before thee standing
Pale, heart-bleeding, saw'st thou me!

Know'st thou still the olden story
Of the snake in Paradise,
Who, a cursed apple giving,
Caused our parents endless sighs?

Apples brought all evils on us,
Death through Eve by apples came;
Flames on Troy were brought by Eris,—
Both thou broughtest, death and flame!

7.

TOWER and castled peak look downward
On the mirror of the Rhine,
And my bark sails blithely onward
In the sunbeams' golden shine.

Calm I mark the ripple stealing
O'er the broken wavelet's crest;
Silently awakes the feeling,
Cherish'd deep within my breast.

Looking tender in its splendor
On the stately river glides,
But the gleaming, fair in seeming,
Death and night within it hides.

Sweet to view, at core fallacious,
Stream, my lady's type thou art;
She can wear a smile as gracious,
Look as meek and kind of heart.

8.

FIRST methought in my affliction,
I can never stand the blow.—
Yet I did—strange contradiction!
How I did, ne'er seek to know.

9.

WITH roses and cypress and tinsel gold
Lovingly, tenderly I would enfold
This book, as though it a coffin were,
And bury my songs in their cerements there.

Could I bury my love there, I were blest!
On the grave of love grows the flower of rest;

It blooms there for all to pluck, but for me
'Twill bloom not, till laid in the grave I be.

Well, here are the songs that so wildly erst,
Like lava streams that from Ætna burst,
From the nethermost depths of my soul gush'd out,
And with lightning-flashes were freak'd about.

Now silent and corpse-like they lie, and stare
Pallid and cold, with a mist-like air ;
But within them again the old fires would seethe,
If only Love's spirit should o'er them breathe.

And there come to my heart boding whispers, that say,
Love's spirit shall over them weep one day,
If ever this volume should reach thy hand,
Thou love of my soul, in a distant land.

Then the spell shall be broken that binds my lays,
The death-pale letters on thee shall gaze,—
Beseechingly gaze on thy beautiful eyes,
And breathe of love's passion, its pangs, its sighs.

III. ROMANCES.

1. The Mournful One.

Every heart with pain is smitten
When they see the stripling pale,
Who upon his face bears written
Grief and sorrow's mournful tale.

Breezes with compassion lightly
Fan his burning brow the while,
And his bosom many a sprightly
Damsel fair would fain beguile.

From the city's ceaseless bustle
To the wood for peace he flies.
Merrily the leaves there rustle,
Merrier still the bird's songs rise.

But the merry song soon ceases,
Sadly rustle leaf and tree,
When he, while his grief increases,
Nears the forest mournfully.

2. The Mountain Echo.

At sad slow pace across the vale
There rode a horseman brave:
"Ah! travel I now to my mistress's arms,
Or but to the darksome grave?"
The echo answer gave:
"The darksome grave!"

And farther rode the horseman on,
With sighs his thoughts express'd:
"If I thus early must go to my grave,
"Yet in the grave is rest."
The answering voice confess'd:
"The grave is rest!"

Adown the horseman's furrow'd cheek
A tear fell on his breast:
"If rest I can only find in the grave,
For me the grave is best."
The hollow voice confess'd:
"The grave is best!"

3. The Two Brothers.

On the mountain summit darkling
Lies the castle, veil'd in night;
Lights are in the valley sparkling,
Clashing swords are gleaming bright.

Brothers 'tis, who in fierce duel
Fight, with wrath to fury fann'd;
Tell me why these brothers cruel
Strive thus madly, sword in hand?

By the eyes of Countess Laura
Were they thus in strife array'd;
Both with glowing love adore her—
Her, the noble, beauteous maid.

Unto which now of the brothers
Is her heart the most inclined?
She her secret feeling smothers—
Out, then, sword, the truth to find!

And they fight with rage despairing,
Blows exchange with savage might;
Take good heed, ye gallants daring—
Mischief walks abroad by night.

Woe, O woe, ye brothers-cruel!
Woe, O woe, thou vale abhorr'd!
Both fall victims in the duel,
Falling on each other's sword.

Races are to dust converted,
Many centuries have flown,
And the castle, now deserted,
Sadly from the mount looks down.

But at night-time in the valley
Wondrous forms appear again ;
At the stroke of twelve, forth sally
To the fight the brothers twain.

4. Poor Peter.

I.

While Hans and Grettel are dancing with glee,
And each of them loudly rejoices,
Poor Peter looks as pale as can be,
And perfectly mute his voice is.

While Hans and Grettel are bridegroom and bride,
And glitter in smart ostentation,
Poor Peter must still in his working dress bide,
And bites his nails with vexation.

Then softly Peter said to himself,
As he gazed on the couple sadly :
"Ah, had I not been such a sensible elf,
It had fared with my life but badly !"

II.

"Within my breast there sits a woe
That seems my breast to sever ;
Where'er I stand, where'er I go,
It drives me onward ever.

"It makes me tow'rd my loved one fly,
As if she could restore me ;
Yet when I gaze upon her eye,
My sorrows rise before me.

"I clamber up the mountain now,
In lonely sorrow creeping,
And standing silent on its brow,
I cannot cease from weeping."

III.

Poor Peter he goes shambling by
Very slow, death-pale, and shy;
People on the streets, they will
To look at him, poor soul! stand still.

The girls they whisper as they pass,
"Has he come from the grave, alas?"
Ah no! ye maidens fair, I trow,
He's only going gravewards now.

His treasure he has lost, and so
'Tis the best place for him to go,
Where he his weary heart may lay,
And sleep on to the Judgment-Day.

5. THE PRISONER'S SONG.

WHEN my grandmother once had bewitch'd a poor girl,
The mob would have burnt her quite readily;
But though fiercely the judge his mustachios might twirl,
She refused to confess her crime steadily.

And when in the caldron they held her fast,
She shouted and yell'd like a craven;
But when the black vapor arose, she at last
Flew up in the air as a raven.

My black and feathery grandmother dear,
O visit me soon in this tower!

Quick, fly through the grating, and come to me here,
And bring me some cakes to devour!

My black and feathery grandmother dear,
O prythee protect me from sorrow!
For my aunt will be picking my eyes out, I fear,
When I merrily soar hence to-morrow.

6. The Grenadiers.

Two grenadiers travell'd tow'rds France one day,
On leaving their prison in Russia,
And sadly they hung their heads in dismay
When they reach'd the frontiers of Prussia.

For there they first heard the story of woe,
That France had utterly perish'd,
The grand army had met with an overthrow,
They had captured their Emperor cherish'd.

Then both of the grenadiers wept full sore
At hearing the terrible story;
And one of them said: "Alas! once more
My wounds are bleeding and gory."

The other one said: "The game's at an end,
With thee I would die right gladly,
But I've wife and child, whom at home I should tend,
For without me they'll fare but badly.

"What matters my child, what matters my wife?
A heavier care has arisen;
Let them beg, if they're hungry, all their life—
My Emperor sighs in a prison!

"Dear brother, pray grant me this one last prayer :
If my hours I now must number,
O take my corpse to my country fair,
That there it may peacefully slumber.

"The legion of honor, with ribbon red,
Upon my bosom place thou,
And put in my hand my musket dread,
And my sword around me brace thou.

"And so in my grave will I silently lie,
And watch like a guard o'er the forces,
Until the roaring of cannon hear I,
And the trampling of neighing horses.

"My Emperor then will ride over my grave,
While the swords glitter brightly and rattle ;
Then armed to the teeth will I rise from the grave,
For my Emperor hasting to battle !"

7. The Message.

Up, boot and saddle, my boy ! Bestride
Your steed, and away *pêle-mêle*
To old King Duncan's castle ride
Through forest and over fell.

Slip into the stable, and wait, till you
Are by the groom espied,
Then ask, "Of King Duncan's daughters which,
Now tell me, is the bride ?"

And if he says, "'Tis the nut-brown girl !"
Then speed with the tale to me ;

But if he says, "'Tis the fair-hair'd maid!"
Then slacker your speed may be.

And to the Master Twinester go,
Buy a rope of the stoutest strand;
Ride slowly back, speak never a word,
And lay it into my hand.

8. Taking the Bride Home.

I go not alone, fair lady mine;
You must away with me
To the dear old vaulted chamber drear
In the sad cold house of sorrow and fear,
Where my mother cowers by the porch outside,
A-watch for her son to bring home his bride.

"Now let me go, thou gloomy man!
What should I want with thee?
Thy breath is hot, thine eyes flash light,
Thy hand is ice, thy cheek is white;
But a merry life is the life for me,
'Mid roses' perfume and in sunshine free."

Let the rose waft perfume, the sun shine bright,
Darling, my sweet, my own!
Thyself in the white flowing veil attire,
And sweep the strings of the sounding lyre,
And sing me a bridal song soft and low;
The night wind shall pipe the tune as we go.

9. Don Ramiro.

"Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Through long years the hotly-loved one!
Thou hast will'd now my destruction,
Will'd it, too, without compassion.

"Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Very sweet the gift of life is!
But beneath us all is fearful,
In the tomb so dark and chilly.

"Donna Clara, joy! to-morrow
Will Fernando at the altar
As his wedded bride salute thee—
Wilt thou ask me to the wedding?"

"Don Ramiro! Don Ramiro!
Bitterly thy words are sounding,
Bitt'rer than yon stars' decree is,
Scoffing at my heart's own wishes.

"Don Ramiro! Don Ramiro!
Shake thy gloomy sadness from thee;
On the earth are many maidens,
But by God have we been parted.

"Don Ramiro, who so bravely
Many Moors hast overpower'd,
Overpower now thyself too—
Come to-morrow to my wedding."

"Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Yes, I swear it, yes, I'll come there!
And the dance will lead off with thee;—
So good-night, I'll come to-morrow."

"So good-night!"—The window rattled;
Sighing stood below Ramiro,
Seeming turn'd to stone long stood he;
Then he vanish'd in the darkness.

Lastly, after lengthen'd conflict,
Night to day in turn surrender'd;

Like a blooming flowery garden
Lies extended fair Toledo.

Palaces and splendid buildings
Glitter in the radiant sunlight,
And the churches' domes so lofty
Glisten proudly, as though gilded.

Humming like a busy beehive,
Merrily the bells are sounding ;
Sweetly rise the solemn psalm-tunes
From the God-devoted churches.

But look yonder ! but look yonder !
Where from out the market chapel,
Midst the heaving crowd and uproar,
Streams the throng in checker'd masses.

Glittering knights and stately ladies
In gay courtly dresses sparkle,
And the clear-toned bells are ringing,
And the organ peals between times.

But with reverence saluted,
In the people's midst are walking,
Nobly clad, the youthful couple,
Donna Clara, Don Fernando.

To the bridegroom's palace entrance
Slowly moves the gay procession ;
There begin the ceremonies,
Stately, and in olden fashion.

Knightly games and merry feasting
Interchange with loud rejoicing ;
Swiftly fly the hours thus gladly
Till the shades of night have fallen.

And the wedding-guests assemble
In the hall, to hold the dances,
And their checker'd gala dresses
Midst the glittering lights are sparkling.

On a high-exalted dais
Bride and bridegroom are reclining,
Donna Clara, Don Fernando,
Holding loving conversation.

In the hall are gayly moving
All the festal crowd of people,
And the kettle-drums sound loudly,
And the trumpets, too, are crashing.

"Wherefore, O my heart's fair mistress,
Are thy glances so directed
Tow'rd the hall's most distant corner?"
Thus the knight exclaim'd with wonder.

"Seest thou not, then, Don Fernando,
Yonder man in dark cloak hidden?"
And the knight with smiling answered:
"Ah, 'tis nothing but a shadow."

But the shadow soon approach'd them,
And a man was in the mantle,
And Ramiro recognizing,
Clara greeted him with blushes.

And the dancing has begun now,
And the dancers whirl round gayly
in the waltz's giddy mazes,
And the ground beneath them trembles.

"Gladly will I, Don Ramiro,
In the dance become thy partner,

But thou didst not well to come here
In a black and night-like mantle."

But with eyes all fix'd and piercing
Looks Ramiro on the fair one ;
Clasping her, with gloom thus speaks he,
" At thy bidding have I come here !"

And the pair of dancers vanish
In the dance's giddy mazes,
And the kettle-drums sound loudly,
And the trumpets, too, are crashing.

" Snow-white are thy cheeks, Ramiro,"
Clara speaks with secret trembling.
" At thy bidding have I come here !"
In a hollow voice replies he.

In the hall the wax-lights glimmer
Through the ebbing, flowing masses,
And the kettle-drums sound loudly,
And the trumpets, too, are crashing.

" Ice-cold are thy hands, Ramiro,"
Clara speaks with shudd'ring terror.
" At thy bidding have I come here !"
And within the whirl they vanish.

" Leave me, leave me, Don Ramiro !
Ah, thy breath is like a corpse's !"
Once again the dark words speaks he:
" At thy bidding have I come here !"

And the very ground seems glowing,
Fiddle, viol sound right merry ;
Like a wondrous weft of magic
All within the hall is whirling.

" Leave me, leave me, Don Ramiro !"
Sadly sounds amidst the tumult ;
Don Ramiro ever answers :
" At thy bidding have I come here !"

" In the name of God depart, then !"
Clara with a firm voice utters,
And the words she scarce had spoken
When Ramiro vanish'd from her.

Clara, death in every feature,
Chilly, night-surrounded, stood there,
And a swoon her lightsome figure
To its darksome kingdom carries.

But at last her misty slumber
Yields, at last her eyelids open ;
But again, with deep amazement,
Would she fain have closed her fair eyes.

For since they began the dancing,
From her seat had she not moved once,
And she still sits by the bridegroom,
And the anxious knight thus asks her :

" Say, why are thy cheeks so pallid ?
Wherefore is thine eye so darksome ?"—
" And Ramiro ?" stammers Clara,
And her tongue is mute with horror.

But with deep and solemn wrinkles
Is the bridegroom's brow now furrow'd :
" Lady, bloody news why seek'st thou ?
This day's noontide died Ramiro."

10. BELSHAZZAR.

THE midnight hour was drawing on ;
Hushed into rest lay Babylon.

All save the royal palace, where
Was the din of revel, and torches' flare.

There high within his royal hall
Belshazzar the king held festival.

His nobles around him in splendor shine,
And drain down goblets of sparkling wine.

The nobles shout, and the goblets ring ;
'Twas sweet to the heart of that stiff-neck'd king.

The cheeks of the king, they flushed with flame ;
As he drank, he grew bolder, more dead to shame.

And, madden'd with pride, his lips let fall
Wild words, that blaspheme the great Lord of all.

More vaunting he grew, and his blasphemous sneers
Were hailed by his lordly rout with cheers.

Proudly the king has a mandate passed ;
Away hie the slaves, and come back full fast.

Many gold vessels they bring with them,
The spoils of God's House in Jerusalem.

With impious hand the king caught up,
Filled to the brim, a sacred cup ;

And down to the bottom he drain'd it dry,
And with mouth a-foam thus aloud did cry—

"Jehovah! I scoff at Thy greatness gone.
I am the king of Babylon!"

The terrible words were ringing still,
When the king at his heart felt a secret chill.

The laughter ceased, the lords held their breath,
And all through the hall it was still as death.

And see, see there! on the white wall, see,
Comes forth what seems a man's hand to be!

And it wrote and wrote in letters of flame
On the white wall—then vanished the way it came.

The king sat staring, he could not speak,
His knees knocked together, death-pale was his cheek.

With cold fear creeping his lords sat round,
They sat dumb-stricken, with never a sound.

The Magians came, yet not one of them all
Could read the flame-writing upon the wall.

But or ever that night did to morning wane,
Belshazzar the king by his lords was slain.

11. The Minnesingers.

In the minstrels' strife engaging
Pass the Minnesingers by;
Strange the war that they are waging,
Strange the tourney where they vie.

Fancy, that for battle nerves him,
Is the Minnesinger's steed;
Art as trusty buckler serves him,
And his word's a sword indeed.

Beauteous dames, with glances pleasant,
From the balcony look down;
But the right one is not present
With the proper laurel crown.

Other combatants, when springing
To the lists, at least are sound;
Minnesingers must be bringing
To the fray a deadly wound.

He from whom the most there draineth
Song's blood from the inmost breast—
He is victor, and obtaineth
From fair lips the praise most blest.

12. Looking from the Window.

Fair Hedwig lay at the window, to see
If pale Henry would chance to detect her;
She said half aloud: "Why goodness me!
The man is as pale as a spectre!"

With yearning pale Henry look'd above
At her window, in hopes to detect her;
Fair Hedwig now felt the torments of love,
And she became pale as a spectre.

Love-sick, now stood fair Hedwig all day
At her window, lest he should reject her;
But soon in pale Henry's arms she lay
All night, at the time for a spectre.

13. The Wounded Knight.

I know a story of anguish,
A tale of the times of old;
A knight with love doth languish,
His mistress is faithless and cold.

As faithless must he esteem now
Her whom in his heart he adored;
His loving pangs must he deem now
Disgraceful and abhorr'd.

In vain in the lists would he wander,
And challenge to battle each knight;
"Let him who my mistress dares slander
Make ready at once for the fight!"

But all are silent, save only
His grief, that so fiercely doth burn;
His lance he against his own lonely
Accusing bosom must turn.

14. The Voyage.

Each wave I counted, as I stood
And lean'd against the mast;
Adieu, dear native land, adieu!
My little bark sails fast.

I pass her house, the window-panes
Against the sunset shine;
I look till I am almost blind,
But no one makes a sign!

Crowd not, ye tears, into mine eyes,
Still leave me power to see!
And thou, poor heart, break not with this
O'erwhelming agony!

15. The Song of Repentance.

Sir Ulrich rides in the forest so green,
The leaves with joy seem laden ;
He sees, the trees' thick branches between,
The form of a beauteous maiden.

The youth then said : " Well know I thee,
So blooming and glowing thy face is ;
Alluringly ever encircles it me,
In deserts or crowded places.

" Those lips, by fresh loveliness ever stirr'd,
Appear a pair of roses ;
Yet many a hateful bitter word
That roguish mouth discloses.

" A pretty rosebush a mouth like this
Resembles very closely,
Where cunning poisonous serpents hiss
Amid the leaves morosely.

" Within those beauteous cheeks there lies
A sweet and beauteous dimple ;
That is the grave where I fell by surprise,
Lured on by a yearning simple.

" There see I the beauteous locks of hair,
That once so lovingly pleased me ;
That is the net so wondrous fair
Wherewith the Evil One seized me.

" And that blue eye, that so sweetly fell,
As clear as the ocean even,
It proved to be the portal of hell,
Though I thought it the gateway of heaven."

In the wood still farther Sir Ulrich doth ride,
The leaves make a rustling dreary;
A second figure afar he spied,
That seem'd so sad and weary.

The youth then said: "O mother dear,
Who lov'dst me to distraction,
But to whom in life I caused many a tear,
By evil word and action!

"O would that to dry thine eyes could avail
My sorrow so fiercely glowing!
O could I but redden thy cheeks so pale
With the blood from my own heart flowing!"

And farther rides Sir Ulrich there,
The night o'er the forest is falling;
Many singular voices fill the air,
The evening breezes are calling.

The youth then hears his sorrowing words
Full often near him ringing;
'Tis the notes of the mocking forest birds
All twittering loudly and singing:

"Sir Ulrich sings a pretty song,
We call it the song of repentance;
And when he has reach'd the end of his song,
He'll repeat it sentence by sentence."

16. On Hearing a Lady Sing an Old Ballad.

I see her still, that fair enchantress,
As first my eyes upon her fell;
I hear her rich voice clear and pealing,
Into my heart's depths sweetly stealing,
Till tears relieve the quickened feeling—
How I was moved, I cannot tell.

Away to dreamland I was wafted;
Methought that I was still a child;
I sit by lamplight in a nook
Of my dear mother's room, and look
In wonder on a story-book,
While winds without are piping wild.

The stories kindle into life,
Knights from the grave ascend anon;
There is a fight at Roncèsvalles,
Sir Roland's plume towers o'er it all,
Brave falchions may attend his call,
So, too, does caitiff Ganelon.

By him most vilely done to death,
Bleeding and breathless Roland lies;
Scarce could he wind the signal horn,
That to great Charles's ear was borne,
When down he sank, foredone, forlorn—
And straight with him my vision dies.

Then came a crash, that from my dream
Awoke me, a chaotic sound;
The legend now is all told out,
The people clap their hands, and shout
"Bravo! Bravo!" all round about;
The singer courtesys to the ground.

17. The Song of the Ducats.

O my golden ducats dear,
Tell me why ye are not here?

Are ye with the golden fishes
Which within the stream so gaily
Leap and splash and wriggle daily?

Are ye with the golden flow'rets
Which, o'er green fields scattered lightly,
In the morning dew gleam brightly?

Are ye with the golden bird-kins
Which we see in happy chorus
In the blue skies hov'ring o'er us?

Are ye with the golden planets
Which in radiant crowds each even
Smile in yonder distant heaven?

Ye, alas, my golden ducats,
Swim not in the streamlet bright,
Sparkle not on meadow green,
Hover not in skies serene,
Smile not in the heavens by night.
Creditors, with greedy paws,
Hold you safely in their claws.

18. Dialogue on Paderborn Heath.

Hear'st thou not far music ringing,
As of double-bass and fiddle?
Many fair ones there are springing
Gaily up and down the middle.

"You're mistaken, friend, in speaking
Thus of fiddle and its brother;
I but hear young porkers squeaking,
And the grunting of their mother."

Hear'st thou not the forest bugle?
Hunters in the chase are straying;
Gentle lambs are feeding, frugal
Shepherds on their pipes are playing.

" Ah, my friend, what you just now heard
Was not bugles, pipes, or hunters ;
I can only see the sow-herd
Slowly driving home his grunters."

Hear'st thou not the distant voices
In sweet rivalry contending ?
Many an angel blest rejoices
Strains like these to hear ascending.

" Ah, that music sweetly ringing
Is, my friend, no rival chorus ;
'Tis but youthful gooseherds, singing
As they drive their geese before us."

Hear'st thou not the church-bells holy,
Sweet and clear, with deep emotion ?
To the village chapel slowly
Wend the people with devotion.

" Ah, my friend, the bells 'tis only
Of the cows and oxen also,
Who, with sunken heads and lonely,
Go back to their gloomy stalls so."

See'st thou not the veil just moving ?
See'st thou not those soft advances ?
There I see my mistress loving,
Humid sorrow in her glances.

" She, my friend, who nods so much, is
An old woman, Betsy namely ;
Pale and haggard, on her crutches
O'er the meadow limps she lamely."

Overwhelm me with confusion
At my questions, friend, each minute ;

Wilt thou deem a mere illusion
What my bosom holds within it?

19. LIFE'S SALUTATIONS.

(From an Album.)

THIS earth resembles a highway vast,
We men are the trav'llers along it;
On foot and on horseback we hurry on fast,
And as runners or couriers throng it.

In passing each other, we nod and we greet
With our handkerchiefs waved from the coaches;
We fain would embrace, but our horses are fleet,
And speed on, despite all reproaches.

Dear Prince Alexander, as onward we go,
We scarcely have met at a station,
When the signal to start the postilions blow,
Compelling our sad separation.

20. A WORD TO THE WISE.

WHEN spring with the sunny days comes in,
Then flowers to burgeon and bloom begin;
When the moon has her radiant course begun,
The stars swim after her one by one;
When a pair of sweet eyes on the poet beams,
From the depths of his soul songs gush in streams;
But songs and stars and flowers of all dyes,
And moonbeams and sunshine and sweetest eyes—
Be as fond of this sort of thing as you may—
To make up a world go a very short way.

IV. SONNETS.

To A. W. von Schlegel.

In dainty hoop, with flowers all-richly dight,
With beauty-patches on her painted face,
With pointed shoes all hung about with lace,
With tow'ring curls, and, wasp-like, fasten'd tight—
Thus was the spurious muse equipp'd that night
When first she offer'd thee her fond embrace;
But thou eludedst her and leftst the place,
Led by a mystic impulse from her sight:
A castle in the desert thou didst find,
Where, like a lovely marble image shrin'd,
Lay a fair maid, in magic slumber sunk;
But soon the spell was loosed—when kiss'd by thee,
With smiles the lawful muse of Germany
Awoke, and sank within thine arms, love-drunk.

To My Mother, B. Heine, *née* Von Geldern.

I.

I have been wont to bear my head right high,
My temper too is somewhat stern and rough;
Even before a monarch's cold rebuff
I would not timidly avert mine eye.
Yet, mother dear, I'll tell it openly:
Much as my haughty pride may swell and puff,
I feel submissive and subdued enough
When thy much-cherished, darling form is nigh.
Is it thy spirit that subdues me then,
Thy spirit, grasping all things in its ken,
And soaring to the light of heaven again?

By the sad recollection I'm oppress'd
That I have done so much that grieved thy
breast,
Which loved me, more than all things else, the
best.

II.

With foolish fancy I deserted thee ;
I fain would search the whole world through,
to learn
If in it I perchance could love discern,
That I might love embrace right lovingly.
I sought for love as far as eye could see,
My hands extending at each door in turn,
Begging them not my prayer for love to
spurn—
Cold hate alone they laughing gave to me.
And ever search'd I after love ; yes, ever
Search'd after love, but love discover'd never,
And so I homeward went, with troubled
thought ;
But thou wert there to welcome me again,
And, ah, what in thy dear eye floated then
That was the sweet love I so long had sought.

To H. S.

When I thy book, friend, open hastily,
Full many a cherish'd picture meets my view,
And many a golden image that I knew
In boyish dreams and days of infancy.
Proudly tow'rd heaven upsoaring, then I see
The pious dome, rear'd by religion true,
I hear the sound of bell and organ too,
Love's sweet lament at times addressing me.

Well see I, too, how o'er the dome they skip,
The nimble dwarfs, and with malicious joy
The beauteous flow'r- and carvèd- work destroy,
But though the oak of foliage we may strip,
And rob it of its fair and verdant grace,
When spring returns, fresh leaves it dons apace.

Fresco Sonnets to Christian S——.

I.

I take no notice of the blockheads tame
Who, seeming to be golden, are but sand ;
I never offer to that rogue my hand
Who secretly would injure my good name ;
I bow not to the harlots who proclaim
Boldly their infamy throughout the land ;
And when in victor-cars the rabble band
Draw their vain idols, with them I ne'er came.
Well know I that the oak must fall indeed,
While by the streamlet's side the pliant reed
Stands in all winds and weathers, fearing not ;
But say, what is the reed's eventual lot ?
What joy ! As walking-stick it serves the dandy,
Or else for beating clothes they find it handy.

II.

Give me a mask, I'll join the masquerade
As country clown, so that the rabble rout
Who in their proud disguises strut about
May not suppose me one of their vile trade.
Give me low manners, words on purpose made
To show vulgarity beyond all doubt ;
All sparks of spirit I'll with care put out
Wherewith dull fools coquet in accents staid.

So will I dance then at the great mask'd ball,
By German knights, monks, kings surrounded too,
By Harlequin saluted, known to few.
With wooden swords they'll strike me, one and all.
That is the joke. For if I show my face,
The rascals will be silenced in disgrace.

III.

I laugh at all the fools who at me gape,
And whom with prying goat-like face I see ;
I laugh at every fox who knavishly
And idly snuffs me like a very grape ;
I laugh at every vain pretentious ape,
Who a proud judge of genius claims to be ;
I laugh at all the knaves who threaten me
With poisonous weapons whence there's no escape.
For when the charming fancies joy once gave
Are wrested from us by the hands of fate,
And at our feet in thousand atoms cast,
And when our very heart is torn at last,
All torn and cut and pierced and desolate,
A fine shrill laugh we still have power to save.

IV.

A strange and charming tale still haunts my mind,
Wherein a song the leading part assumes,
And in the song there lives and twines and blooms
A lovely specimen of womankind ;

And in this maiden is a heart enshrined,
And yet no love that little heart illumes ;
Her loveless frosty disposition dooms
Her life to suffer from her pride so blind.
Hear'st thou how in my head the tale comes back ?
And how the song sounds solemnly and sad ?
And how the maiden titters softly yet ?
I only fear lest my poor head should crack.
Alas ! it would indeed be far too bad,
If my unlucky reason were upset.

V.

At evening's silent, melancholy hour,
Long-buried songs around me take their place,
And burning tears course swiftly down my face,
And my old heart-wounds bleed with greater power.
My love's dear image like a beauteous flower
As in a magic glass again I trace ;
In bodice red she sits and sews apace,
And silence reigns around her blissful bower.
But on a sudden springs she from her seat,
And cuts from her dear head a beauteous lock,
And gives it me—the very joy's a shock.
The Evil One soon spoilt my rapture sweet :
The hair he twisted in a rope full strong,
And many a year has dragg'd me thus along.

VI.

" When I a year ago again met thee,
No kiss thou gav'st me in that moment blest ;"
Thus spake I, and my love a kiss impress'd
With rosy mouth upon my lips with glee.

With a sweet smile she from a myrtle tree
Hard by us pluck'd a twig, and said in jest :
"Take thou this twig, in fresh earth let it rest,
And o'er it place a glass"—then nodded she.
'Twas long ago. The twig died in the pot.
'Tis many a year since she hath cross'd my sight ;
Yet in my head that kiss still burneth hot.
Lately returning home, I sought the place
Where dwells my love. Before her house all night
I stood, and left when morning show'd its face.

VII.

Of savage devils'-brats, my friend, beware,
But gentle angels'-brats more hearts will break ;
Once such a one a sweet kiss bid me take,
But when I came, I felt sharp talons there.
Of black and ancient cats, my friend, take care,
But white young kittens are still more awake ;
Once such a one my sweetheart did I make—
My heart my sweetheart savagely did tear.
O darling brat ! O maiden passing sweet !
How could thy clear eye e'er deceive me so ?
How could thy paw e'er give me such a blow ?
O my dear kitten's paw so soft and neat !
Could I but press thee to my glowing lip !
And could my life-blood meanwhile cease to drip !

VIII.

Thou oft hast seen me boldly strive with those—
Both spectacled old fop and painted dame—
Who gladly would destroy my honest name,
And gladly see my last expiring throes.

Thou oft has seen how pedants round me close,
How fools with cap and bells my life defame,
How poisonous serpents gnaw my sinking frame,
Whilst from a thousand wounds my life-blood flows.
But firm as any tower there stood thy form ;
Thy head a lighthouse was amid the storm,
Thy faithful heart a haven was for me ;
Though round that haven roars the raging main,
And few the ships the landing-place that gain,
Once there, we slumber in security.

IX.

Fain would I weep, but, ah, I cannot weep ;
Fain would I upwards full of vigor spring,
But cannot ; to the earth I needs must cling,
Spurn'd by the reptiles that around me creep.
Fain would I near my beauteous mistress keep,
Near my bright light of life be hovering,
And in her dear sweet breath be revelling,
But cannot ; for my heart with sorrow deep
Is breaking ; from my broken heart doth flow
My burning blood, my strength within me fades,
And darker, darker grows the world to me.
With secret awe I yearn unceasingly
For yonder misty realm, where silent shades
Their gentle, loving arms around me throw.

LYRICAL INTERLUDE.

1822–23.

PROLOGUE.

THERE once lived a knight, who was mournful and bent,
His cheeks white as snow were, and hollow ;
He totter'd and stagger'd wherever he went,
A vain vision attempting to follow.
He seem'd so clumsy and awkward and *gauche*,
That the flowers and girls, when they saw him approach,
Their merriment scarcely could swallow.

From his room's darkest corner he often ne'er stirr'd,
Esteeming the sight of men shocking,
And extended his arms, without speaking a word,
As though some vain phantom were mocking.
But scarce had the hour of midnight drawn near,
When a wonderful singing and noise met his ear,
And he heard at the door a strange knocking.

His mistress then secretly enters the room,
In a dress made of foam of the ocean ;
She glows like a rosebud, so sweet is her bloom,
Her jewell'd veil's ever in motion ;

Her golden locks play round her form slim and tall,
Their eyes meet with rapture, and straightway they fall
In each other's arms with devotion.

In his loving embraces the knight holds her fast,
The dullard with passion is glowing;
He reddens, the dreamer awakens at last,
And bolder and bolder he's growing.
But she grows more saucy and mocking instead,
And gently and softly she covers his head,
Her white jewell'd veil o'er him throwing.

To a watery palace of crystal bright
The knight on a sudden is taken;
His eyes are dazzled by radiant light,
By his wits he is wellnigh forsaken.
But the nymph holds him closely embraced by her side,
The knight is the bridegroom, the nymph is the bride,
While her maidens the lute's notes awaken.

So sweetly they play and so sweetly they sing,
In the dance they are moving so lightly,
That the knight before long finds his senses take wing,
He embraces his sweet one more tightly—
When all of a sudden the lights disappear,
And the knight's once more sitting in solitude drear
In his poet's low garret unsightly.

1.

'TWAS in the glorious month of May,
When all the buds were blowing,
I felt—ah me, how sweet it was!—
Love in my heart a-growing.

'Twas in the glorious month of May,
When all the birds were quiring,
In burning words I told her all
My yearning, my aspiring.

2.

SWEET flowers spring up, the fairest,
Where fell my tears, and burned;
And all my sighs to melodies
Of nightingales are turned.

And, if thou'lt love me, Sweeting,
The flowers to thee I'll bring;
And 'neath thy chamber window
The nightingales shall sing.

3.

THE rose and the lily, the dove and the sun,
I loved them all dearly once, every one;
I love them no longer, I love now alone
The small one, the neat one, the pure one, mine own.
Yes, she herself, the fount of all love,
Is the rose and the lily, the sun and the dove.

4.

WHENE'ER I look into thine eyes,
Then every fear that haunts me flies;
But when I kiss thy mouth, oh then
I feel a giant's strength again.

When leaning on thy darling breast,
I feel with heavenly rapture blest ;
But when thou sayest, "I love thee !"
Then must I weep, and bitterly.

5.

THY face, so sweet and fair to see,
Of late has come in my dreams to me ;
It is so gentle and angel-fair,
And yet so wan, so wan with care.

The lips are rose-red ; but anon
Death kisses them—the rose is gone ;
And quench'd, alas ! the heavenly light,
That from thy sweet eyes flashes bright.

6.

THY cheek incline, dear love, to mine,
Then our tears in one stream will meet, love !
Let thy heart be pressed till on mine it rest,
Then the flames together will beat, love !

And when the stream of our tears shall light
On that flame so fiercely burning,
And within my arms I clasp thee tight—
I shall die with love's wild yearning.

7.

I WILL steep my fainting spirit
In the lily's calyx pale,
The lily, in tones that stir it,
A song of my love shall exhale.

That song shall vibrate and shiver,
Like the ever-remembered kiss,
That from her lips on mine did quiver
In an hour of divinest bliss.

8.

Immovable, unchanging,
The stars stand in the skies,
Upon each other gazing
With sad and loving eyes.

They speak throughout the ages
A speech so rich, so grand;
But none of all the sages
That speech can understand.

But I that speech have mastered,
Can all its meanings trace;
What for a grammar served me
Was my belovèd's face.

9.

Oh, I would bear thee, my love, my bride,
Afar on the wings of song,
To a fairy spot by the Ganges' side;
I have known and have loved it long.

'Tis a garden a-flame with blossoms rare,
That sleeping in moonlight lies;
The Lotus-flowers are awaiting there
A sister they dearly prize.

There the violets twine, and soft vows repeat,
And gaze on the stars above;
The roses exhale in whispers sweet
Old legends of souls that love.

Gazelles come bounding from the brake,
And pause, and look shyly round;
And the waves of the sacred river make
A far-off slumb'rous sound.

There shall we couch by a rippling stream
In the shade of a stately palm,
And drink in love, and delight, and dream
Long dreams in a blissful calm.

10.

The lotos flower is troubled
At the sun's resplendent light ;
With sunken head and sadly
She dreamily waits for the night.

The moon appears as her wooer,
She wakes at his fond embrace ;
For him she kindly uncovers
Her sweetly flowering face.

She blooms and glows and glistens,
And mutely gazes above ;
She weeps and exhales and trembles
With love and the sorrows of love.

11.

In the Rhine, that beautiful river,
The sacred town of Cologne,
With its vast cathedral, is ever
Full clearly mirror'd and shown.

A picture on golden leather
In that fair cathedral is seen ;
On my life, so sad altogether,
It hath cast its rays serene.

The flowers and angels hover
Round our dear Lady there ;
Her eyes, lips, cheeks, all over
Resemble my mistress fair.

12.

THOU lov'st me not, thou tellest me.
It troubles me but slightly ;
But when thy beauteous face I see,
No king's heart beats more lightly.

Thou hatest me, thy red lips say
With well-pretended snarling ;
But when sweet kisses they convey,
I'm comforted, my darling.

13.

FULL lovingly thou must embrace me,
My mistress beauteous and sweet !
With pliant form interlace me,
And with thine arms and thy feet.

The fairest of snakes e'er created
With vigor encircles anon,
And clasps and twines round the elated
And happy Laocoon.

14.

SWEAR not at all, but only kiss !
All woman's oaths I hold amiss ;
Thy word is sweet, but sweeter far
The kisses that my guerdon are.
These keep I, while thy words but seem
A passing cloud, or fragrant dream.

* * * *

Now then, my loved one, swear away !
I'll credit all that thou dost say ;
And when I sink upon thy breast,
I'll think that I am truly blest ;

I'll think that, love, eternally,
And even longer, thou'lt love me.

15.

Upon my mistress's eyes so clear
I write the fairest cantatas ;
Upon my mistress's mouth sincere
I write the best of terzinas ;
Upon my mistress's cheeks so dear
I write the cleverest stanzas ;
And had my mistress a heart, upon it
I soon would write a charming sonnet.

16.

The world's an ass, the world can't see,
And grows more stupid daily :
It says, my darling child, of thee,
Thou livest far too gaily.

The world's an ass, the world can't see,
Thy character not knowing ;
It knows not how sweet thy kisses be,
How rapturously glowing.

17.

Loved one— gladly would I know it—
Art thou but a vision fair,
Such as in his brain the poet
Loves in summer to prepare ?

No ! such eyes of magic splendor,
Lips so rosy and so warm,
Such a child, so sweet and tender,
Never did the poet form.

Basilisks and vampires gory,
Dragons, monsters of the earth,
Suchlike evil beasts of story
In the poet's fire have birth.

But thyself, so artful-artless,
Thy sweet face, thy tender eyes,
With their looks so fond, so heartless,
Never poet could devise.

18.

FAIR she is as foam-born Venus,
She that was my love, my pride;
But a churl has stept between us,
Vaunts her as his chosen bride.

Heart mine, chafe not at the treason,
O thou much-enduring one!
Bear, nay, deem it quite in reason,
What the pretty fool has done.

19.

I AM not wroth, my own lost love, although
My heart is breaking—wroth I am not, no!
For all thou dost in diamonds blaze, no ray
Of light into thy heart's night finds its way.

I saw thee in a dream. Oh, piteous sight!
I saw thy heart all empty, all in night;
I saw the serpent gnawing at thy heart;
I saw how wretched, O my love, thou art!

20.

YES, thou art wretched, and I am not wroth:
O love, in pain we both most draw our breath;

Yes, we are fated to be wretched both,
Till our sad hearts, O love, shall break in death.

I see the scorn upon thy lips express'd,
I see thine eyes flash fierce defiance now,
I see the spasm of pride that heaves thy breast,
Yet even as I am wretched, so art thou.

Yet round thy lips an unseen sorrow glides,
Tears, hidden tears, bedim those eyes of thine,
Thy proud breast cherishes a wound it hides—
Yes, to be wretched is thy lot and mine!

21.

HARK to yon fiddling and fluting,
The trumpets bray loudly out!
My heart's very darling is footing
It there with her wedding rout.

Hark to yon booming and droning
Of hautboy, bassoon, and drum!
And, mingled through all, the moaning
And sobs of good angels come.

22.

THOU scarcely could'st have forgotten it faster,
That I of thine heart so long was the master;
Thine heart so false, so small, and so sweet,
A sweeter and falser I never shall meet.

Thou now hast forgotten the love and disaster
That made my heart throb all the faster;
I know not if love was the greatest, or woe;
That both were great, full well I know.

23.

If the little flowers knew how deep
Is the wound that is in my heart,
Their tears with mine they'd weep,
For a balm to ease its smart.

If the nightingales knew how ill
And worn with woe I be,
They would cheerily carol and trill,
And all to bring joy to me.

If they knew, every golden star,
The anguish that racks me here,
They would come from their heights afar
To speak to me words of cheer.

But none of them all can know;
One only can tell my pain,
And she has herself—oh woe!—
She has rent my heart in twain.

24.

O WHY have the roses lost their hue,
Sweet love, O tell me why?
Why mutely thus do the violets blue
In the verdant meadows sigh?

The lark, why sings he so sad a chime,
As he soars in the sky o'erhead?
Why, why exhales from the fragrant thyme
An odor as of the dead?

Why wears the sun all the livelong day
A look of such chill and gloom?
Oh, why is the earth so ashen-gray,
And desolate as a tomb?

And why so heart-sick and sad am I?
Oh, say, love, why this should be!
Oh, say, my heart's very darling, why
Hast thou forsaken me?

25.

For thine ear many tales they invented,
And loud complaints preferred;
But how my soul was tormented,
Of this they said not a word.

They prated of mischief and evil,
And mournfully shook their head;
They liken'd poor me to the devil,
And thou didst believe what they said.

But, oh, the worst and the saddest
Of this they nothing knew;
The saddest and the maddest
In my heart was hidden from view.

26.

The linden blossomed, the nightingale sung,
The sun was beaming with smiles of light;
Then you kissed me, around me your arms you flung,
To your heaving bosom you clasp'd me tight.

Leaves were falling, the raven croak'd hollow and hoarse,
The sun was saddened, and sick with shade;
We said "Farewell!" like some matter of course,
And you the politest of curtseys made.

27.

We have felt for each other emotions soft,
And yet our tempers always were matching,
At "man and wife" we have play'd full oft,
And yet ne'er took to fighting and scratching.
We have shouted together, together been gay,
And tenderly kiss'd and fondled away.
At last we play'd in forest and dell
At hide and seek, like sister and brother,
And managed to hide ourselves so well,
That never since then have we seen each other.

28.

I've no belief in the heavens
Of which the parsons rave;
In thine eyes believe I only,
In their heavenly light I lave.

I've no belief in the Maker
Of whom the parsons rave;
In thine heart believe I only,
No other God will I have.

I've no belief in the devil,
In hell or the pains of hell;
In thine eyes believe I only,
And thine evil heart as well.

29.

To me thou wert faithful and steady,
And madest for me supplication;
In my troubles and sad tribulation
Thy comfort always was ready.

Food and drink thou gav'st me in payment,
And plenty of money didst lend me,
And also a passport didst send me,
As well as some changes of raiment.

From heat and from coldness unpleasant
May heaven, my dear one, long guard thee,
And may it never reward thee
The kindness shown me at present!

30.

THE earth had long been avaricious,
But May, when she came, gave with great prodigality,
And all things now smile with rapture delicious,
But I for laughter have no partiality.

The blue bells are ringing, their beauty displaying,
The birds, as in fables, talk sentimentality;
I take no pleasure in all they are saying,
And I am quite wretched in sober reality.

All men I detest, and now cannot meet one,
Not even my friend, with the least cordiality,
And this all because my amiable sweet one
They "madam" entitle, with chilling formality.

31.

AND as I linger'd so many a day
Dreaming and roystering far away,
The time on my love's heart hung like a load,
So a wedding-robe for herself she sewed,
And for bridegroom within her soft arms she wound
The biggest young fool that might well be found.

My love, so gentle, so fair is she,
That her sweet image keeps haunting me ;
Her violet eyes, her rosy cheeks,
They glow and they bloom through the months
and weeks.
Of all my mad follies, the maddest, I wis,
Was to let through my fingers a love like this.

32.

THE violets blue of those eyes of thine,
The roses red of thy cheeks divine,
The lilies white of thy hands so fine,
Bloom on and on, fresh, bright, and clear—
'Tis only your heart is dried up, my dear.

33.

THE world is so fair, and the sky so blue,
And the breezes so soft, and so balmy, too,
And the meadow flowers are so bright of hue,
And they sparkle and gleam in the morning dew
And all men are merry and glad to view ;
Yet fain would I lie in the churchyard bed,
And nestle in close by my love that's dead.

34.

WHEN thou shalt lie, my darling, low
In the dark grave, where they hide thee,
Then down to thee I will surely go,
And nestle in beside thee.

Wildly I'll kiss and clasp thee there,
Pale, cold, and silent lying ;
Shout, shudder, weep in dumb despair,
Beside my dead love dying.

The midnight calls, up rise the dead,
And dance in airy swarms there ;
We twain quit not our earthly bed,
I lie wrapt in your arms there.

Up rise the dead ; the Judgment-Day
To bliss or anguish calls them ;
We twain lie on as before we lay,
And heed not what befalls them.

35.

A LONELY fir tree is standing
On a northern barren height ;
It sleeps, and the ice and snow-drift
Cast round it a garment of white.

It dreams of a slender palm tree,
Which far in the Eastern land
Beside a precipice scorching
In silent sorrow doth stand.

36.

STARS, that bright and golden are,
Greet my darling from afar ;
Say I'm still the same she knew—
Sick at heart, and pale, and true.

37.

(*The Head speaks.*)

OH, were I but the footstool, where
The feet of my dear lady rest,
Press how she might, I should not care,
The very pain would make me blest !

(*The Heart speaks.*)

Oh, were I but the cushion, where
She sticks her pins and needles in,
Prick how they might, I should not care,
Each prick a smile should only win!

(*The Song speaks.*)

Oh, were I but the paper roll
From which her *papillotes* she takes,
I'd whisper to her, how my soul
For her, her only, lives and aches!

38.

Since my love did me beguile
I have quite forgot to smile;
Stupid jokes I hear and chaff,
But I cannot, cannot laugh.

Since the day I lost her, I
Have to tears, too, said good-by;
Sharp my heart's pangs are and deep,
But I cannot, cannot weep.

39.

My little songs do I utter
From out of my great, great sorrow;
Some tinkling pinions they borrow,
And tow'rd her bosom they flutter.

They found it, and over it hover'd,
But soon return'd they, complaining,
And yet to tell me disdaining
What they in her bosom discover'd.

40.

SWEET darling, beloved by me solely,
The thoughts in my memory dwell
That once I possess'd thee wholly,
Thy soul and body as well.

Thy body, so young and tender,
I need, beyond all doubt;
Thy soul to the tomb I'll surrender,
I've plenty of soul without.

I'll cut my soul in sunder,
And half of it breathe into thee,
And when I embrace thee—O wonder!—
One soul and body we'll be.

41.

THE blockheads, their holidays keeping,
Are walking through forest and plain;
They shout, and like kittens are leaping,
And hail sweet Nature again.

They gaze, with glances that glisten,
On each romantic thing;
With ears like asses they listen
To hear the sparrows sing.

My chamber window to darken,
With black cloth I hang it by day;
To the signal my spirits straight hearken,
Day-visits they hasten to pay.

My olden love also draws nigh me,
From the realms of the dead she appears;
She, weeping, sits gently close by me,
And softens my bosom to tears.

42.

MANY visions of times long vanish'd
Arise from out of their tomb,
And show me how once in thy presence
I lived in my life's young bloom.

All day I mournfully totter'd
Through the streets, as though in a dream;
The people gazed on me with wonder,
So silent and sad did I seem.

The night-time suited me better,
Deserted the streets were then,
And I and my shadow together
We wandered in silence again.

With footsteps echoing loudly
I wander'd over the bridge;
The moon with solemn look hail'd me
As she burst through the cloudy ridge.

I stood in front of thy dwelling,
And fondly gazed up on high;
I gazed up toward thy window,
My heart breathed many a sigh.

Well know I that thou from the window
Full often hast gazed below,
And in the moonlight hast seen me
Stand fix'd, the image of woe.

43.

A YOUNG man loves a maiden,
She somebody else prefers;
That somebody else loves another,
Who makes him by wedlock hers.

The maiden in mere vexation,
Because of the loss she has had,
Weds the first kind soul that offers,
And this drives the young man mad.

'Tis an old, a very old story,
But still it is always new;
And when and wherever it happens
A man's heart is broken in two.

44.

FRIENDSHIP, Love, the Philosopher's Stone,
I have heard them praised, all three, I own.
I have praised them, too, and for them have sought,
But alas! alas! I have found them not.

45.

ON hearing the strains enthralling
That my loved one sang to me erst,
With torments fierce and appalling
My heart is ready to burst.

Impell'd by a gloomy yearning
I seek in the forest relief,
And there in tears hotly burning
I quench my anguish and grief.

46.

I DREAMT of a monarch's daughter fair,
And pale and sad was she;
Clasp'd heart to heart we were sitting there,
All under a linden tree.

"Not for thy father's throne I pine,
Nor his sceptre of gold I want,
I want not his crown of the diamond shine,
'Tis for thy sweet self I pant."

"That cannot be!" to me she said;
"In the grave I am lying low,
And I only come to thee at dead
Of night, for I love thee so!"

47.

SWEET love, in fond converse together
In the light canoe sat we,
Still the night was, and calm was the weather,
As we skimm'd o'er the wide-spreading sea.

The fair spirit-islands before us
In the glimmering moonlight lay;
Sweet tones came floating o'er us,
While the mists were dancing in play.

On danced they with merrier motion,
And sweeter still sounded the song;
But over the boundless ocean
We mournfully floated along.

48.

FROM the realm of old-world story
There beckons a lily hand,
That calls up the sweetness, the glory,
The sounds of a magic land.

Where huge flowers droop in the splendor
Of closing day's golden red,
And cast on each other looks tender,
As the looks are of lovers new wed;

Where all the trees, too, have voices,
And all like a chorus sing,
And a sound as of music rejoices
In the babble of every spring;

On the air songs of true love are swelling,
Such as never elsewhere thou hast heard,
Till by yearnings divine beyond telling
Thy soul is divinely stirred.

Oh me, if I might go thither,
And gladden my care-worn breast,
Shake off all the sorrows that wither,
Be happy and truly at rest!

Ah, many a time in my dreaming
Through that region of rapture I roam!
Then the morning sun comes with its beaming,
And scatters it all like foam.

49.

I LOVED thee, and oh, I love thee still!
The world to wreck may crumble,
But the flames of the love that I bear thee will
Flash out, as the ruins tumble.

And when I thus have loved thee so well
Till the hour of death has sounded,
I'll take with me e'en to my tomb's dark cell
My love-pangs fierce and unbounded.

50.

IN the glimmering summer morning
I pace the garden alone;
The flowers are whisp'ring and speaking,
But silently wander I on.

The flowers are whisp'ring and speaking,
My form with compassion they scan:
Oh, pray be kind to our sister,
Thou mournful and pale-faced man!

51.

My love in its shadowy glory
Shines out with a lurid light,
Like a troubled and tragic story,
That is told on a summer night.

"Lovers twain in a garden enchanted
Alone and in silence stray;
By the nightingales' songs they are haunted,
And round them the moonbeams play.

"Statue-like stands the maid, uncompliant,
On his knees at her feet is the knight;
When on strides a brute of a giant,
And the maiden flies off in a fright.

"The knight drops senseless and gory,
The giant reels home to his bed——"
'Twill not be wound up, that story,
Till the turf is laid over my head.

52.

They often have vex'd me sadly
And worried me early and late;
While some with their love have annoy'd me,
The others pursued me with hate.

My bread they have utterly poison'd,
And poison'd my cup too of late;
While some with their love have annoy'd me,
The others pursued me with hate.

But she who more than all others
Has vex'd me, and worried, and chafed,
She only with hate ne'er pursued me,
She only her love ne'er vouchsafed.

53.

'Tis summer, fiery summer
Upon thy cheeks divine ;
'Tis winter, icy winter
In that little heart of thine.

'Twill not be so forever,
My own dear love that art ;
On thy cheek it will be winter,
And summer in thy heart.

54.

When it comes to lovers' parting,
Each other's hands they press,
And then they fall a-weeping,
And sigh sighs numberless.

We wept not, thou and I, love,
Nor "Oh!" nor "Ah!" sigh'd we!
The tears and sighs came after,
But alas! they were to be.

55.

They sat round the tea-table drinking,
And speaking of love a great deal ;
The men of æsthetics were thinking,
The ladies more prone were to feel.

"All love ought to be but platonical,"
The wither'd old counsellor said ;

His wife by a smile quite ironical
Rejoin'd, and then sighed "Ah!" instead.

Said the canon with visage dejected,
"Love ne'er should be suffered to go
Too far, or the health is affected;"
The maiden then simper'd, "How so?"

The Countess her sad feelings vented,
Said, "Love is a passion, I'm sure,"
And then to the Baron presented
His cup with politeness demure.

A place was still empty at table;
My darling, 'twas thou wert away;
Thou hadst been so especially able
The tale of thy love, sweet, to say.

56.

My songs, they are poison'd—poison'd!
How otherwise could it be?
Over the flowers of my life's fresh hours
Has poison been pour'd by thee.

My songs, they are poison'd—poison'd!
How otherwise could it be?
Many serpents I bear in my heart, and there
I bear with them, thee, love, thee.

57.

Again the old dream came back to me;
'Twas eve in the May-time vernal,
We sat there under the linden tree,
And vowed troth-plight eternal.

Oh, the vowing and vowing o'er and o'er!
How we coo, and we fondle and bill, too!

To make me remember the vow I swore,
You bit my hand—with a will, too.

Oh, darling, with the eyes of light,
Oh, darling, fair and mordant,
The vows were all as they should be, quite,
The bite was a trifle discordant.

58.

I STAND on the brow of the mountain,
And sentimentally sigh.
"Oh, were I only a bird now!"
I many a thousand times cry.

Oh, were I only a swallow,
My darling, to thee would I fly,
And soon a nest would I build me,
Thy lattice window hard by.

Oh, were I a nightingale only,
I would fly, my darling, to thee,
And sing my sweet songs by night-time
Perch'd high in the green linden tree.

Oh, were I only a bullfinch,
I would fly straight into thy heart;
To the bullfinch thou always wert kindly,
And healest the bullfinch's smart.*

59.

MY carriage rumbles slowly
Through woodlands green and gay,
Through flowery dells, that in sunlight
Are blossoming fresh with May.

* The word "Gimpel" in the original has the double meaning of "bullfinch" and "blockhead," and the point of this verse is therefore lost in a translation.

I sit, and I muse, and dream of
The lady I long to win,
When at the carriage-window
Three phantom shapes look in.

They caper and make grimaces,
So elf-like, and yet so shy;
And swirl, as mists do, together,
And grin, and go whisking by.

60.

In dreams, oh, I have wept, love!
I dreamed in the grave you were laid;
I awoke, and my cheek was wet, love,
And tears still adown it strayed.

In dreams, oh, I have wept, love!
I dreamed you were false to me;
I awoke, and I went on weeping
Long, long and bitterly.

In dreams, oh, I have wept, love!
I dreamed you still held me dear;
I awoke, and unto this hour, love,
Weep many a scalding tear.

61.

I see thee nightly in dreams, my sweet,
Thine eyes the old welcome making,
And I fling me down at thy dear feet
With the cry of a heart that is breaking.

Thou lookest at me in woful wise
With a smile so sad and holy,
And pearly tear-drops from thine eyes
Steal silently and slowly.

Whispering a word, thou lay'st on my hair
A wreath with sad cypress shotten ;
I awake—the wreath is no longer there,
And the word I have forgotten.

62.

'Tis autumn, the night's dark and gloomy,
With rain and tempest above ;
Where tarries—oh, tell it unto to me—
My poor and sorrowing love ?

By the window I see her reclining,
In her chamber lonely and drear,
And out in the night, sadly pining,
She looks with many a tear.

63.

The trees in the autumn wind rustle,
The night is humid and cold ;
I ride all alone in the forest,
And round me my gray cloak I fold.

And as I am riding, before me
My thoughts unrestrainedly roam ;
They lightly and airily bear me
To my own dear mistress's home.

The dogs are barking, the servants
With glittering torches appear ;
I climb up the winding staircase,
My spurs ring loudly and clear.

In her bright-lighted tapestry chamber,
So full of magical charms,
My own sweet darling awaits me,
I hasten into her arms.

The wind in the leaves is sighing,
The oak thus whispers to me:
"What means, thou foolish young horseman
Thy foolish revery?"

64.

A GLITTERING star is falling
From its shining home in the air;
The star of love 'tis surely
That I see falling there.

The blossoms and leaves in plenty
From the apple tree fall each day;
The merry breezes approach them,
And with them merrily play.

The swan in the pool is singing,
And up and down doth he steer,
And, singing gently ever,
Dips under the water clear.

All now is silent and darksome,
The leaves and blossoms decay,
The star has crumbled and vanish'd,
The song of the swan died away.

65

THE Dream-God bore me to a giant keep,
Where gleaming lights, and heavy weird perfume,
And motley mingling crowds of men did sweep
Through winding labyrinths of room on room;
Pale crowds that hung about the doors did weep,
And wrung their hands, and cried as if for doom;

Young maids and knights stood out amid the throng,
And with the rush I too was borne along.

But all at once I am alone; and lo!
Passed out of view are all of human kind!
Onward I roam alone, and hurrying go
Through the still chambers, that so strangely wind.
My feet turn lead, my heart is full of woe,
An outlet almost I despair to find;
At length I reach the final door, and would
Go forth—O God! what there before me stood?

It was my darling at the door did stand,
On her brow sorrow, round her sweet lips pain;
I would have turn'd, she beckons with her hand,
I wist not if in warning or disdain;
But in her eyes a light shone, that unmann'd
And thrill'd me through and through, both heart and brain;
Then, as she eyed me with a look that spoke
Sternly, yet with strange tenderness—I woke.

66.

THE midnight was cold, and still, and sad,
I roam'd through the wood, and my heart was mad;
I scared from slumber tree after tree,
And in pity they shook their heads at me.

67.

AT the cross-roads a wretch is buried,
Self-slain in an evil hour;
There is a blue flower growing,
The Death-doomed-criminal's-flower.

At the cross-roads I stood in the silence
And chill of the midnight hour ;
Slowly it waved in the moonlight,
The Death-doomed-criminal's-flower.

68.

WHERE'ER I be, a darkness stronger,
Denser, all around me spreads,
Since thine eyes' dear light no longer
On my path its lustre sheds.

Sweet love-stars ! their golden dawning
Never more shall glad my sight ;
At my feet a chasm is yawning—
Sweep me hence, primeval night !

69.

NIGHT lay upon mine eyelids,
Upon my mouth lay lead ;
I in my grave was lying,
With frozen heart and head.

How long it was I know not
That I in slumber lay ;
I woke and heard a knocking
Upon my grave one day.

" Wilt thou not rise up, Henry ?
The Judgment-Day is this,
The dead have all arisen,
To taste of endless bliss."

I cannot rise, my darling,
For I have lost my sight ;
Mine eyes, through very weeping,
Are veil'd in darkest night.

" I'll kiss away the darkness,
My Henry, from thine eyes;
The angels shalt thou see then,
The glory of the skies."

I cannot rise, my darling,
The wound is bleeding yet,
Made by thee in my bosom
With one sharp word and threat.

" My hand all gently, Henry,
I'll lay upon thy heart;
It then will bleed no longer,
And heal'd will be the smart."

I cannot rise, my darling,
My head still bleeds amain!
'Twas there the bullet enter'd,
When thou wert from me ta'en.

" With my long tresses, Henry,
I'll stanch the bleeding wound,
And drive the blood-stream backward,
And make thy head thus sound."

So gently, sweetly pray'd she,
I could not spurn her prayer;
I sought to rise and hasten
To join my mistress fair.

Then all my wounds 'gan bleeding,
Then, wildly rushing, broke
From head and breast the bloodstream,
And lo!—from sleep I woke.

70.

THE numbers old and evil,
The dreams so harrowing,
Let's bury all together—
A mighty coffin bring!

I'll place there much, but say not
What 'tis, till all is done;
The coffin must be larger
Than Heidelberg's vast tun.

And also bring a death-bier,
Of boards full stout and sound;
They also must be longer
Than Mayence bridge renown'd.

And also bring twelve giants
Whose strength of limb excels
Saint Christopher's, whose shrine in
Cologne Cathedral dwells.

The coffin they must carry,
And sink beneath the wave;
For such a mighty coffin
Must have a mighty grave.

Why was the coffin, tell me,
So great and hard to move?
I in it placed my sorrows,
And in it placed my love.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

THE May is here with all its golden gleams,
Its silky breezes, and its spicy odors ;
Kindly it beckons with its snowy blooms,
Greets us from countless azure violet eyes,
Spreads a green carpet out, begemm'd with flowers,
Dappled with sunshine and with morning dew,
And calls on earth's dear sons to come abroad.
To her first call they, simple folk, give ear.
The men put on their breeches of nankin,
And Sunday coats, with buttons golden-bright ;
In innocent white the women robe themselves ;
The young men trim mustachios still in bud ;
The girls allow their bosoms fuller play ;
The poets of the town their pockets fill
With paper, pencil, and field-glass ; and so
The giddy throng make for the gate with shouts,
And camp outside upon the verdant grass,
Marvel how busily the trees do grow,
Play with the delicate many-tinted flowers,
List to the carols of the sportive birds,
And shout aloft to the blue vault of heaven.
The May came to me also. At my door
Thrice did she knock and cry, "I am the May!
Thou pale-faced dreamer, I will kiss thee! Come!"
I kept my door close bolted, and cried out :
"In vain thou lurest me, thou ill-starr'd guest ;
I have seen through thee, ay, seen through and through
The fabric of the world, have seen too much,
And far too deeply—all my joy is flown,
And ceaseless pangs have seized upon my heart.
I look right through the hard and stony husks

Of human houses and of human hearts,
And see in both lies, and deceit and woe.
Upon men's faces I can read their thoughts—
Bad, many. In the maiden's blush of shame
I see the throbbing of concealed desire;
Upon the young enthusiast's haughty head
I see the motley jester's cap and bells;
And on the earth I see but shapes grotesque
And sickly phantoms, and I know not if
It be a madhouse or an hospital.
I look down to the base of the old earth,
As though it were of crystal, and I see
The ghastly things that with her gladsome green
May vainly strives to hide. I see the dead;
Penn'd in their narrow coffins low they lie
With folded hands, with vacant staring eyes,
And through their lips the yellow blind-worms
crawl.
I see the son, his paramour with him,
Sit down for pastime on his father's grave;
The nightingales sing mocking songs around;
The gentle meadow-flowers grin bitter scorn;
Within his grave the sleeping father stirs,
And spasms of pain convulse old mother earth.
Thou hapless earth, thy miseries I know!
I see the fever raging in thy breast;
I see thee bleeding from a thousand veins;
I see thy wounds, how they burst wide agape,
And from them flames gush out, and smoke, and
blood.
I see thy all-defying giant sons,
Primeval brood, from dusky chasms ascending,
And swinging flaming torches in their hands.
They fix their iron ladders, and dash up
Madly to storm the citadel of heaven;
And swarthy dwarfs climb after them, and all

The golden stars above crash into dust.
With reckless hands they tear the golden curtain
From God's own tent ; the angel hosts fall down
Upon their faces with a piercing cry ;

* * * * * *

Near and more near the rabble rout sweeps on ;
The giants hurl their blazing brands afar
Through the vast firmament ; the dwarfs with thongs
Of quick flame scourge the angels, where they lie,
Who writhe and cower in agonies of pain,
And by the hair are dragg'd perforce away :
And mine own angel 'mongst the rest I see,
With his fair locks, and gracious lineaments,
With love that cannot die about his lips,
And in his azure eyes the calm of bliss ;—
And a black goblin, hideous to the sight,
Snatches him up, that angel pale of mine,
Eyes over with a grin his noble limbs,
Clutches him tight with a caressing gripe—
Then rings a wild shriek through the universe ;
The pillars topple, earth and heaven collapse,
And ancient Night resumes her ghastly reign.

RATCLIFF.

INTO a country place the Dream-god took me,
Where weeping-willows waved a welcome to me
With their long verdant arms, and where the flowers
With sisterly sage eyes look'd calmly at me ;
Where the birds twittered fearlessly around me,

Where even the dogs' bark seem'd well known to
me,
And moving shapes and voices greeted me
As a familiar friend, and yet where all
Struck me as strange, so weirdly, wildly strange!
Within my breast was tumult, in my head
A perfect calm; and calmly I shook off
The dust of travel from my clothes; the bell
Rang shrilly, and the door flew open wide.
Within were men and women, many old
Familiar faces. A mute sorrow lay
On all, and secret shrinking pain. With looks
Strangely confused and piteous did they eye me,
Whereon a shuddering fear ran through my soul,
Prophetic of disaster yet unknown.
Anon I recognized old Margaret.
I fix'd my eyes upon her, but she spoke not.
"Where is Maria?" I said; and still she spoke
not,
But took me gently by the hand and led me
Through a long range of chambers brightly lit,
Where wealth and pomp and deathlike silence
reign'd.
At last she led me to a darken'd room,
And pointed, with averted face the while,
To a figure seated on a sofa there.
"Are you Maria?" I inquired. I felt
An inward wonder at the gayety
With which I spoke. Metallic, stony hard
A voice resounded, "So the people call me!"
On this a cutting pang pierced me like ice,
For that cavernous chilly sound was yet
Maria's voice which was so sweet of yore—
That woman in the faded lilac dress,
Flung loosely on, with bosom all unbraced,
Her eyes set in a glassy stare, the muscles

Of her pale cheeks relax'd and leather-like—
Ah me! that woman was Maria, once
So bright, so fair, so framed to kindle love!
"You have been long upon the road?" she cried,
In an uncanny, strange, familiar way.
"You look no longer delicate, dear friend;
You are well, and sturdiness in thigh and calf
Betokens solid health!" A winning smile
Trembled about the pallid saffron lips.
In my confusion the words blurted out
"They told me you were married!" "Yes, oh, yes!"
Her voice was loud and reckless, and she smiled;
"I have a wooden stick, that is encased
In leather, calls me spouse; still, wood is wood!"
And then she laugh'd a grating, toneless laugh,
That sent a chilling anguish through my soul,
And there came over me the doubt—Are these
Maria's lips, the pure, the flowerlike-pure?
But, as she spoke, she rose, caught quickly up
A cashmere from the sofa, threw it round
Her shoulders, put her arm in mine, and so
Led me away, pass'd through the open house-door,
And took me on through field and wood and glade.
The sun's red disk, a ball of fire, was low
Within the heavens, its purple blazed across
The trees, the flowers, the meadows, and the stream,
That in the distance flow'd majestical.
"Dost see the mighty golden eye that gleams
In the blue ether?" suddenly she cried.
"Hush, thou poor soul!" I said, and on me grew
A fairy vision in the fading light.

Out of the meadows misty shapes arose,
With white thin arms about each other twined.
The violets eyed each other tenderly ;
Fondly the lily bells bent each to each,
On all the roses passionate ardors glow'd,
And the carnations breathed out burning breath ;
In wealth of fragrance revell'd all the flowers,
And all wept tears of silent ecstasy,
And with one voice they sigh'd forth, " Love,
Love, Love !"
The butterfly flashed to and fro, the bright
Anemones their fairy carols humm'd,
The evening breezes whisper'd, the oaks rustled,
The nightingale sang silver-toned and clear ;
And amid all the whispering, rustling, singing,
Prattled with cold metallic tuneless voice
The faded she, that hung upon my arm.
" I know their doings at the castle nightly :
Yonder long phantom is a good kind soul,
He nods and becks to everything one wants ;
The blue-coat is an angel ; but the red,
With the bare sword, he is your deadly foe ;"
And much else that was odd and marvellous
She went on prattling, and at length, tired out,
She sat down with me on a mossy bank,
That spread its velvet 'neath the aged oaks.
So sat we there together, still and sad,
Gazed each on each, and ever sadder grew.
The oak moan'd as with sighs of dying men ;
The nightingales sang threnodies o'erhead ;
Still through the leaves a red light made its way ·
It play'd around Maria's pallid face,
And drew out fire from her set, staring eyes ;
And with the sweet voice of old times she sai(
" How didst thou know I am so wretched ? I
Read of it lately in thy frenzied songs."

A chill like ice went through my breast—I
shudder'd
At my own mad impatience to behold
The future—darkness settled on my brain,
And out of very horror I awoke.

DONNA CLARA.

In the garden, 'neath the twilight,
The Alcaidè's daughter wanders ;
Drum and trump send festal music
Downwards from the castle ramparts.

" Tedious are to me the dances,
And the honeyed words that flatter,
And the knights who, debonairly,
With the sun himself compare me.

" Everything is doubly tedious,
Since I saw, beneath the moonlight,
Yonder knight, who to my casement
With his lute o' nights has lured me.

" Oh, how brave he looked, and slender !
And his eyes shot piercing splendors
From his face so nobly pallid.
Truly he St. George resembled !"

In this wise mused Donna Clara ;
On the ground her eyes were poring ;
Looking up, there stands the comely
Unknown Paladin before her.

Hand-locked, murmuring loving whispers,
In the moonlight they go dreaming ;
And the zephyr fans them softly,
Fairy-like the roses greet them.

Fairy-like the roses greet them,
Like Love's heralds, all a-glowing.
"Tell me wherefore, love, thou turnest
All at once so flushed and rosy?"

"'Twas a gnat that stung me, dearest;
And these gnats in summer weather
Are to me as odious, as though
They were long-nosed Hebrew vermin."

"Think not, sweet, of gnats or Hebrews!"
Says the knight, in accents fondling.
"From the chestnut trees in thousands
Flakes of snow-white blooms are falling.

"Flakes of snow-white blooms in thousands
Breathe around delicious odors.
Ah! my own belovèd, tell me,
Is thy heart mine, all mine, only?"

"Yes, I love thee. O my darling,
By the Saviour blest I swear it,
Whom the Jews, of heaven accursèd,
In their malice murdered basely!"

"Name not Saviour! name not Hebrews!"
Says the knight, in accents wooing,
"Yonder like a dream, are waving
Milk-white lilies bathed in moonshine.

"Milk-white lilies, bathed in moonshine,
On the stars aloft are brooding:
Ah! my own belovèd, tell me,
Hast thou, too, not sworn untruly?"

"Untruth is not in me, dearest,
As within me there can be not
One small drop of blood of Moor, nor
Of that filthy race of Hebrews!"

"Think not, sweet, of Moor or Hebrew!"
Says the knight, in tones caressing;
And he leads the Alcaidè's daughter
Onwards to a grove of myrtles.

Stealthily love's silken meshes
He has round and round her woven!
Few the words and long the kisses,
And their hearts are overflowing.

Sings the nightingale, low-fluting,
As 'twere some bride-song ecstatic;
And along the ground the glow-worms
As in mazy torch-dance scatter.

In the grove the hush grows deeper;
Naught is heard save through the silence
Prudent myrtles, lowly lisping,
And the flowers their fragrance sighing.

Of a sudden from the castle
Comes the blare of drum and clarion;
And, awaking, Donna Clara
Steals from the embrace that clasps her.

"Hark! they call me, O my darling!
But thou shalt, before we sever,
Tell me thy dear name, by thee, love,
Kept so long from me a secret."

And the lover, smiling gayly,
Kissed the fingers of his Donna—
Kissed her lips, and eyes, and forehead,
And her thus at length accosted:

"I, Señora, your belovèd,
Am the son of the high-honor'd,
Far-famed, and most learned Rabbi,
Israel of Saragossa."

ALMANSOR.

I.

In fair Cordova's cathedral
Stand the columns, thirteen hundred—
Thirteen hundred giant-columns
Bear the mighty dome in safety.

And on dome and walls and columns
From the very top to bottom
The Koran's Arabian proverbs
Twine in wise and flowery fashion.

Moorish Kings erected whilome
This vast house to Allah's glory,
Yet in many parts 'tis alter'd
In the darksome whirl of ages.

On the turret where the watchman
Summon'd unto prayer the people,
Now the Christian bell is sounding
With its melancholy murmur.

On the steps whereon the faithful
Used to sing the Prophet's sayings,
Now baldpated priests exhibit
All the mass's trivial wonders.

How they twirl before the color'd
Puppets, full of antic capers,
Midst the incense smoke and ringing,
While the senseless tapers sparkle !

In fair Cordova's cathedral
Stands Almansor ben Abdullah,
Viewing silently the columns,
And these words in silence murmuring:

"Oh, ye columns, strong, gigantic,
Once adorn'd in Allah's glory,
Now must ye pay humble homage
To this Christendom detested.

"To the times have ye submitted,
And ye bear the burden calmly;
Still more reason for the weaker
To be patient all the sooner."

And Almansor ben Abdullah
Bent his head with face unruffled
O'er the font so decorated
In fair Cordova's cathedral.

II.

The cathedral left he quickly,
On his wild steed speeding onward,
While his moist locks and the feathers
In his hat the wind is moving.

On the road to Alcolea,
By the side of Guadalquivir,
Where the snowy almond blossoms,
And the fragrant golden orange,

Thither hastes the merry rider,
Piping, singing, laughing gaily,
And the birds all swell the chorus,
And the torrent's noisy waters.

In the fort at Alcolea
Dwelleth Clara de Alvares;
In Navarre her sire is fighting,
And she revels in her freedom.

And afar Almansor heareth
Sounds of kettle-drums and trumpets,
And the castle lights beholds he
Glittering through the trees' dark shadows.

In the fort at Alcolea
Dance twelve gayly trick'd-out ladies
With twelve knights attired as gayly,
But Almansor's the best dancer.

As if wing'd by merry fancies,
Round about the hall he flutters,
Knowing how to all the ladies
To address sweet flattering speeches.

Isabella's lovely hands he
Kisses quickly, and then leaves her,
And before Elvira stands he,
Looking in her face so archly.

He in turns assures each lady
That he heartily adores her ;
"On the true faith of a Christian"
Swears he thirty times that evening.

III.

In the fort at Alcolea
Merriment and noise have ceased now,
Knights and ladies all have vanish'd,
And the lights are all extinguish'd.

Donna Clara and Almansor
In the hall above still linger,
And one single lamp is throwing
On them both its feeble lustre.

On the seat the lady's sitting,
And the knight upon the footstool,
And his head, by sleep o'erpower'd,
On her darling knees is resting.

From a golden flask some rose-oil
Pours the lady, sadly musing,
On Almansor's dark-brown tresses—
From his inmost bosom sighs he.

With her soft lips then the lady
Gives a sweet kiss, sadly musing,
On Almansor's dark-brown tresses—
And his brow is clouded over.

From her light eyes tears in torrents
Weeps the lady, sadly musing,
On Almansor's dark-brown tresses—
And his lips begin to quiver.

And he dreams he's once more standing
With his head bent down and weeping
In fair Cordova's cathedral,
Many gloomy voices hearing.

All the lofty giant-columns
Hears he murmuring full of anger—
That no longer will they bear it,
And they totter and they tremble.

And they wildly fall together,
Pale turn all the priests and people,
Crashing falls the dome upon them,
And the Christian gods wail loudly.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

I.

THE mother stood at the window ;
Her son lay in bed, alas !
"Will you not get up, dear William,
To see the procession pass ?"

"O mother, I am so ailing,
I neither can hear nor see ;
I think of my poor dead Gretchen,
And my heart grows faint in me."

"Get up, we will go to Kevlaar ;
Your book and rosary take ;
The Mother of God will heal you,
And cure your heart of its ache."

The Church's banners are waving,
They are chanting a hymn divine ;
'Tis at Cöllen is that procession,
At Cöllen upon the Rhine.

With the throng the mother follows ;
Her son she leads him ; and now
They both of them sing in the chorus,
"Ever honored, O Mary, be thou !"

II.

The Mother of God at Kevlaar
Is drest in her richest array ;
She has many a cure on hand there,
Many sick folk come to her to-day.

And her, for their votive offerings,
The suffering sick folk greet

With limbs that in wax are moulded,
Many waxen hands and feet.

And whoso a wax hand offers,
His hand is healed of its sore;
And whoso a wax foot offers,
His foot it will pain him no more.

To Kevlaar went many on crutches
Who now on the tight-rope bound,
And many play now on the fiddle
Had there not one finger sound.

The mother she took a wax taper,
And of it a heart she makes;
"Give that to the Mother of Jesus,
She will cure thee of all thy aches."

With a sigh her son took the wax heart,
He went to the shrine with a sigh;
His words from his heart trickle sadly,
As trickle the tears from his eye.

"Thou blest above all that are blessed,
Thou virgin unspotted, divine,
Thou Queen of the Heavens, before thee
I lay all my anguish and pine.

"I lived with my mother at Cöllen,
At Cöllen in the town that is there,
The town that has hundreds many
Of chapels and churches fair.

"And Gretchen she lived there near us,
But now she is dead, well-a-day!
O Mary! a wax-heart I bring thee,
Heal thou my heart's wound, I pray!

"Heal thou my heart of its anguish,
And early and late, I vow,
With its whole strength to pray and to sing, too,
'Ever honor'd, O Mary, be thou!'"

III.

The suffering son and his mother
In their little bedchamber slept;
Then the Mother of God came softly,
And close to the sleepers crept.

She bent down over the sick one,
And softly her hand did lay
On his heart, with a smile so tender,
And presently vanish'd away.

The mother sees all in her dreaming,
And other things too she mark'd;
Then up from her slumber she waken'd,
So loudly the town dogs bark'd.

There lay her son, to his full length
Stretch'd out, and he was dead;
And the light on his pale cheek flitted
Of the morning's dawning red.

She folded her hands together,
She felt as she knew not how,
And softly she sang and devoutly,
"Ever honor'd, O Mary, be thou!"

THE DREAM.

(From *Salon.*)

A VISION I dreamt of a lovely child,
She wore her hair in tresses;
In the blue nights of summer so calm and mild
We sat in the greenwood's recesses.

In mutual rapture and torture we vied,
We loved and exchanged loving kisses;
The yellow stars in the heavens all sigh'd
And seem'd to envy our blisses.

I now am awake, and around me gaze
In the darkness, alone and despairing;
The stars in the heavens are shedding their rays
In silence and all-uncaring.

NEW POEMS.

I. SERAPHINA.

1.

When at evening in the forest,
In the dreamlike wood I rove,
Ever doth thy slender figure
Close beside me softly move.

See I not thy gentle features?
Is it not thy veil that stirs?
Can it be the moonlight only
Breaking through the gloomy firs?

Can it be mine own tears only
That I hear all-lightly flow?
Or, my loved one, dost thou really
Close beside me weeping go?

2.

O'er the silent strand of ocean
Night appears in gloomy splendor;
From the clouds the moon is breaking,
As the waves these whispers send her:

"Yonder mortal, is he foolish,
Or is he by love tormented,
That he looks so sad, yet joyous,
So distress'd, yet so contented?"

But the moon, with smiles replying,
Loudly said : "Full well I know it ;
He is both in love and foolish,
And moreover is a poet."

3.

'Tis surely a snow-white seamew
That I see fluttering there
Just over the darksome billows ;
The moon stands high in the air.

The shark and the ray snap fiercely
From out of the wave, and stare ;
The seamew is rising and falling,
The moon stands high in the air.

O dear and wandering spirit,
So sad and full of despair !
Too near art thou to the water,
The moon stands high in the air.

4.

I knew that thou didst love me,
I knew it long, dear maid ;
Yet when thou didst confess it
I felt full sore afraid.

I clamber'd up the mountain
With loud exulting song,
At sunset rambled weeping
The ocean shore along.

The sun my heart resembleth,
So flaming to the sight,
And in a loving ocean
It setteth, great and bright.

5.

How curiously the seamew
Looks over at us, dear,
Because against thy lips I
So firmly press my ear!

She maybe would discover
What from thy mouth did flow—
If words alone or kisses
Thou in my ear didst throw.

O could I but decipher
What 'tis that fills my mind!
The words are with the kisses
So wondrously combined.

6.

As timid as the roe she fled,
And with its fleetness vying;
She clamber'd on from crag to crag,
Her hair behind her flying.

Where to the sea the cliffs descend,
At length I caught the rover;
And gently there with gentle words
Her coy heart soon won over.

High as the heavens we sat, both fill'd
With heavenly blest emotion;
Beneath us by degrees the sun
Sank in the dark deep ocean.

In the dark sea beneath us far
The beauteous sun sank proudly;
The billows with impetuous joy
Were meanwhile roaring loudly.

Weep not, the sun in yonder waves
Hath not forever perish'd,
But lieth hidden in my heart,
Where all its glow is cherish'd.

7.

GRAY night broodeth o'er the ocean,
And the tiny stars are sparkling;
Long protracted voices oft-times
Sound from out the billows darkling.

There the aged north wind sporteth
With the glassy waves of ocean,
Which like organ pipes are skipping
With a never-ceasing motion.

Partly heathenish, partly churchlike,
Strangely doth this music move us,
As it rises boldly upwards,
Gladdening e'en the stars above us.

And the stars, still larger growing,
With a radiant joy are gleaming,
And at length around the heavens
Roam, with sunlike lustre beaming.

To far-reaching strains of music
They revolve in madden'd legions;
Sunny nightingales are circling
In those fair and blissful regions.

With a mighty roar and crashing,
Sea and heaven alike are singing,
And I feel a giant-rapture
Wildly through my bosom ringing.

8.

Shadowy love and shadowy kisses,
Shadowy life, how wondrous strange!
Fool, dost think, then, that all this is
Ever true and free from change?

Like an empty dream hath vanish'd
All we loved with love so deep;
Memory from the heart is banish'd,
And the eyes are closed in sleep.

9.

The maid stood by the ocean,
And long and deep sigh'd she
With heartfelt sad emotion,
The setting sun to see.

Sweet maiden, why this fretting?
An olden trick is here;
Although before us setting,
He rises in our rear.

10.

With sails all black my ship sails on
Far over the raging sea;
Thou know'st full well how sad am I,
And yet tormentest me.

Thy heart is faithless as the wind,
And flutters ceaselessly;
With sails all black my ship sails on
Far over the raging sea.

11.

Though shamefully thou didst entreat me,
To no man would I e'er unfold it.

But travell'd far over the billows,
And unto the fishes I told it.

I've left thee thy good reputation
With earth and the beings upon her,
But every depth of the ocean
Knows fully thy tale of dishonor.

12.

THE roaring waves are dashing
High on the strand;
They're swelling and they're crashing
Over the sand.

They come in noisy fashion
Unceasingly—
At length burst into passion—
But what care we?

13.

THE Runic stone 'mongst the waves stands high,
There sit I, with thoughts far roaming;
The wind pipes loudly, the seamews cry,
The billows are curling and foaming.

I've loved full many a charming girl,
Loved many a comrade proudly—
Where are they now? The billows curl
And foam, and the wind pipes loudly.

14.

THE sea appears all golden
Beneath the sunlit sky,
O let me there be buried,
My brethren, when I die.

The sea I have always loved so,
It oft hath cool'd my breast
With its refreshing billows,
Each in the other's love blest.

II. ANGELICA.

1.

Now that heaven my wish hath granted,
Why be dumb, like mutes inglorious—
I who, when unhappy, chanted
Of my woe with noise uproarious,

Till a thousand youths despairing
Sang like me with voices hollow,
And the song I sang uncaring
Made still greater mischief follow?

O ye nightingale-like chorus,
That I bear within my spirit,
Let your song of joy rise o'er us
Merrily, that all may hear it.

2.

Once more behind thee thou wert looking,
Swiftly as thou didst past me glide,
With open mouth, as if inquiring,
And in thy look a stormy pride.

O that I ne'er had sought to grasp it,
That flowing robe of snowy white!
The little foot's enchanting traces,
O that they ne'er had met my sight!

Thy wildness now indeed hath vanish'd,
Like other women tame art thou,
And mild, and somewhat over-civil,
And, ah, thou even lov'st me now.

3.

I'LL not credit, youthful beauty,
What thy bashful lips may say;
Eyes so black and large and rolling
Are not much in virtue's way.

Strip away this brown-striped falsehood—
Well and truly love I thee;
Let thy white heart kiss me, dearest—
White heart, understand'st thou me?

4.

UPON her mouth I give a kiss,
And close her either eye;
She gives me now no peace for this,
But asks the reason why.

From night to morn, because of this,
This is her constant cry:
"When on my mouth thou giv'st a kiss,
Why close my either eye?"

I tell her not the cause of this,
Nor know the reason why,
Yet on her mouth I give a kiss,
And close her either eye.

5.

WHEN I am made blest with kisses delicious,
And lie in thine arms, O in that happy season

Thou ne'er must discourse of Germany, dearest—
It spoils my digestion—there's plenty of reason.

With Germany leave me in peace, I implore thee,
Thou must not torment me with question on question
Of home and relations and manner of living—
There's plenty of reason—it spoils my digestion.

The oaks there are green, and blue are the dear eyes
Of German women; they sigh as they please on
The blisses of love and of hope and religion—
It spoils my digestion—there's plenty of reason.

6.

Whilst I after other people
And their treasures have been prying,
And with ever-restless yearning,
At strange doors of love been spying,

Probably those other people
Have been taking their own pleasure
Similarly, and been ogling
At my window my own treasure.

This is human! God in heaven
In our every action guard us!
God in heaven give us blessings,
And with happiness reward us!

7.

O YES, thou art my ideal forsooth,
I've often confirmed it till dizzy
With kisses and oaths unnumber'd in truth ;—
To-day I however am busy.

Return to-morrow between two and three,
And then a fresh-kindled passion
Shall prove my love, and afterward we
Will dine in a friendly fashion.

And if I in time the tickets receive,
We'll join in a merry revel,
And go to the Opera, where I believe
They're playing Robert the Devil.

A wondrous magic play is here,
With devils' loves and curses ;
The music is by Meyerbeer,
By Scribe the wretched verses.

8.

DISMISS me not, although thy thirst
The pleasant draught has still'd ;
Some three months longer keep me on,
Till I too have been fill'd.

If thou my love canst not remain,
O be my friend, I pray ;
For when one has outloved one's love,
Friendship may have its way.

9.

THIS wild carnival of loving,
This delirium of our bosoms
Comes unto an end, and now we
Soberly gape on each other !

Drain'd the cup is to the bottom,
Brimming with intoxication,
Foaming, glowing to the margin ;
Drain'd the cup is to the bottom

And the fiddles too are silent,
Which for dancing gave the signal,
Signal for the dance of passion ;
Yes, the fiddles too are silent.

And the lamps too are extinguish'd,
Which their wild light shed so brightly
On the masquerade exciting ;
Yes, the lamps too are extinguish'd.

And to-morrow comes Ash-Wednesday,
When I'll sign upon thy forehead
With the cross of ashes, saying :
"Woman, that thou'rt dust, forget not."

10.

O HOW rapidly develop
From mere fugitive sensations
Passions that are fierce and boundless,
Tenderest associations !

Tow'rds this lady grows the bias
Of my heart on each occasion,
And that I'm enamored of her
Has become my firm persuasion.

Beauteous is her spirit. Truly
Thus I learn to rise superior
To the overpowering beauty
Of her form and mere exterior.

Ah, what hips! and, ah, what forehead!
Ah, what nose! Could aught serener
Be than this sweet smile she's wearing?
And how noble her demeanor!

II.

Ah, how fair art thou, whenever
Thou thy mind disclosest sweetly,
And thy language with the grandest
Sentiments o'erflows discreetly!

When thou tell'st me how thou always
Worthily and nobly thoughtest;
How unto thy pride of heart thou
Greatest sacrifices broughtest!

How with countless millions even
Men could woo and win thee never;
Sooner than be sold for money
Thou wouldst quit this world forever.

And I stand before thee, listening
To the end with due emotion;
Like an image mute of faith, I
Fold my hands with meek devotion.

12.

Have no fear, dear soul, I pray thee,
Thou art safe here evermore;
Fear not lest they'll take away thee
For I'll forthwith bar the door.

Though the wind may roar around us,
It will do no mischief here;
That a fire may not confound us,
Let us put the light out, dear!

Let me in mine arm, dear small one,
Thy enchanting neck enfold;
In the absence of a shawl, one
Gets so very quickly cold.

III. DIANA.

1.

THESE fair limbs, of size so massive,
Of colossal womanhood,
Now are, in a yielding mood,
Under my embraces passive.

Had I, with unbridled passion,
Trusting in my strength drawn near,
I had soon had cause for fear!
She had thrashed me in strange fashion.

How her bosom, neck, throat charm me
(Higher I can scarcely see);
Ere alone I'd with her be,
Pray I that she may not harm me.

2.

'TWAS in the Bay of Biscay
That she first saw the light;
Two kittens in the cradle
She squeezed to death outright.

Across the Pyrenees she
With feet uncover'd ran;
Then for her size gigantic
Was shown at Perpignan.

She's now the grandest dame in
The Faubourg Saint-Denis,
Where unto small Sir William
Some thousand pounds cost she.

3.

Often when I am with thee,
Much-beloved and nóble lady,
The remembrance steals o'er me
Of Bologna's market shady.

There a massive fount doth stand—
'Tis the Giants' Fountain pretty—
With a Neptune, by the hand
Of Giovanni of that city.

IV. HORTENSE.

1.

Once I thought each kiss a woman
Gives us, or receives instead,
By some influence superhuman
Was from old predestinèd.

I both took and gave back willing
Kisses then as earnestly
As if I were but fulfilling
Actions of necessity.

Kisses are superfluous—this I
Have discover'd on life's stage,
And with small concern now kiss I
Heedless of the surplusage.

2.

Beside the corner of the street
We stood in fond communion
For full an hour, and talked about
Our spirits' loving union.

We loved each other—this we said
A hundred times repeating;
Beside the corner of the street
We stood, and went on greeting.

The Goddess of Occasion, brisk
As waiting maids, and sprightly,
Pass'd by that way and saw us stand,
And smiled, and went on lightly.

3.

In all my dreams by daytime,
In all my watchings nightly,
Thy sweet delicious laughter
Rings through my spirit lightly.

Remember'st Montmorency,
Where, on the donkey riding,
Thou fell'st among the thistles,
From off the saddle gliding?

The ass stood still, the thistles
Demurely looking after—
I never shall forget, love,
Thy sweet delicious laughter.

4.

(*She speaks.*)

In the garden fair a tree stands,
And an apple hangeth there,
And around the trunk a serpent
Coils himself, and I can ne'er
From the serpent's eyes enchanting
Turn away my troubled sight,
And he whispers words alluring,
And enthralls me with delight.

(*The other one speaks.*)

'Tis the fruit of life thou spyest—
Its delicious flavor taste,
That thy life until thou diest
May not be forever waste!
Darling dove, sweet child, no sighing!
Quickly taste, and never fear;
Follow my advice, relying
On thy aunt's sage counsel, dear.

5.

On my newly-tuned guitar I
Play new tunes that seem much fitter
Old the text is, for the words are
Solomon's: A woman's bitter.

To her husband she is faithless,
And she treats her friend with malice;
Wormwood are the last remaining
Drops in love's once-golden chalice.

Tell me, is the ancient legend
Of the curse of sin no libel?

Did the serpent bring it on thee,
As recorded in the Bible?

Creeping on the earth, the serpent
Lurks in every bush around thee,
Still, as formerly, caresses,
And her hisses still confound thee.

Ah, how cold and dark 'tis growing!
Round the sun the ravens hover
Croakingly, and love and rapture
Now forevermore are over.

6.

THE bliss that thou didst falsely pledge
For but a short time cheated;
Thine image, like a vision false,
Soon from my bosom fleeted.

The morning came, the mist soon fled,
Before the sun's rays splendid;
And well-nigh ere it had commenced,
Our passing fondness ended.

V. CLARISSA.

1.

ALL my charming loving offers
Thou art eagerly declining;
If I say: "Is this refusal?"
Thou at once beginnest whining.

Seldom pray I, but now hear me,
Gracious God! O help this maiden!
Dry her sweet tears, and enlighten
Her poor brains so sorrow-laden!

2.

WHERESOEVER thou mayst wander,
Thou dost every hour behold me,
And I love thee all the fonder,
When thou dost rebuke and scold me.

Charming malice will ensnare me,
While I hate a kindly action ;
And the surest way to scare me,
Is to love me to distraction.

3.

MAY the devil take thy mother
And thy father, for their cruel
Conduct at the play, in hiding
Thee from me, my precious jewel !

There they sat, their spreading dresses
Leaving but few spaces only
Through the which to spy thee sitting
In the box's rear, all lonely.

There they sat, and saw two lovers
Both destroy'd, with eyes admiring ;
And they clapp'd a loud approval
When they saw them both expiring.

4.

Go not through the naughty quarters
Where the pretty eyes are living ;
Ah, they fain would spare their lightnings
With a semblance of forgiving.

From the high bow-window looking
In a loving way they greet thee,
Smiling kindly (death and devil !)
Sister-like their glances meet thee.

But thou'rt on thy way already,
And in vain is all thy striving ;
Thou wilt have a very breastful
Of distress, when home arriving.

5.

It comes too late, thy present smiling,
It comes too late, thy present sigh !
The feelings all long since have perish'd
That thou didst spurn so cruelly.

Too late has come thy love responsive,
My heart thou vainly seek'st to stir
With burning looks of love, all falling
Like sunbeams on a sepulchre.

* * * * *

This would I learn : when life is ended,
O whither doth our spirit go ?
Where is the flame when once extinguish'd ?
The wind, when it hath ceased to blow ?

6.

Wounded, in distress, and sickly,
On a lovely summer's morrow
Men I fly, and bury quickly
In the wood my bitter sorrow.

As I move, in mute compassion
All the noisy birds are vying ;
At my grief in wondrous fashion
Each dark linden tree is sighing.

In the vale I sadly sit on
Some green bank, sweet balm exhaling :
"Kitten ! O my pretty kitten !"
And the hills repeat my wailing.

Kitten ! O my pretty kitten !
Why delightest thou to do ill ?
Sadly is my poor heart smitten
By thy tiger-talons cruel.

For my heart, grown stern and sadden'd,
Long had been to joy a stranger,
Till by new love I was gladden'd
At thy sight, and fear'd no danger.

Thou in secret seem'dst to mew thus :
"Have no fear of being bitten ;
Prythee trust me when I sue thus,
I'm a very gentle kitten."

* * * * *

7.

WHILST sweet Philomel in airy
Woods at random sings and wildly,
Thou preferrest the canary
Doubtless, as it flutters mildly.

In the cage I see thee feeding
This small bird, so tame and yellow,
And it picks thy fingers, pleading
For some sugar, pretty fellow !

Charming is the scene and moving!
Angels must enjoy the notion!
I myself, with look approving,
Drop a tear of deep emotion.

8.

With wedding gifts the spring has arrived,
With music and exultation;
It brings the bridegroom and the bride
Its hearty congratulation.

It brings its violets, rosebuds fair,
And jasmine and herbs sweet-scented,
And for the bride asparagus too—
The bridegroom's with salad contented.

9.

God protect thee from o'erheating,
And thy heart from palpitation,
Keep thee from excessive eating,
And excessive perspiration.

As upon thy day of marriage
May thy love be ever blessèd
Ne'er the bridal yoke disparage!
Be thy frame with health possessèd!

10.

Pretty maid, if so inclined,
Thou mayest now thus think anent me:
This man's conduct is unkind,
For he's seeking to torment me;—

Me, who never said a word
That could possibly offend him ;
Who, when others' blame I heard,
Did my utmost to befriend him.

Me, who had resolved in fact
By-and-by to love him dearly,
Had he not begun to act
As if he were frantic nearly !

II.

How thou snarlest, laughest, broodest.
How thou in ill humor twistest,
When thou, to all love a stranger
Yet on jealousy existest !

'Tis not red and fragrant roses
Thou dost smell and love so dearly ;
No, amongst the thorns thou sniffest,
Till they scratch thy nose severely.

VI. YOLANTE AND MARY.

I.

Both these ladies know by instinct
How a poet well to treat,
For they ask'd me and my genius
Luncheon with them once to eat.

Ah ! the soup was quite delicious,
And the wine was old and rare,
And the game was really heavenly
And well-larded was the hare.

They of poetry kept talking,
Till I had enough at last,
And I thank'd them for the honor
Of this very kind repast.

2.

With which shall I become enamor'd,
Since both are lovable and mild?
The mother's still a pretty woman,
The daughter is a pretty child.

The white and inexperienced members
Are very pleasant to the view,
And yet the genial eyes that answer
Our tenderness are charming too.

My heart the jackass gray resembles,
Who when 'twixt two hay-bundles placed,
Eyes them with hesitation, doubting
Which of the two the best will taste.

3.

The bottles are empty, the breakfast was good,
The ladies are gay and impassion'd;
They open their corsets in right merry mood,
Methinks they with point lace are fashion'd.

Their bosoms how fair! their shoulders how white!
My heart is soon trembling all over;
They presently jump on the bed with delight,
And hide themselves under the cover.

The curtains around them before long they pull,
And snore away, free from intrusion ;
I stand in the chamber alone, like a fool,
And stare at the bed in confusion.

4.

Now that I'm fast growing older,
Youth's by keener fire replaced,
And my arm, becoming bolder,
Circles many a loving waist.

Though at first they were affrighted,
Yet they soon were reconcil'd ;
Modest doubts and wrath united
Were o'ercome by flattery mild.

Yet the best of all is wanting
When I taste my victory ;
Can it be my youth's enchanting
Bashful weak stupidity ?

5.

This tricolor'd flow'r now worn is
In my breast, to show I'm free,
Proving that my heart freeborn is,
And a foe to slavery.

Sweet Queen Mary, who thy quarters
In my heart hast fix'd, pray list :
Many of earth's fairest daughters
There have reign'd, then been dismiss'd.

VII. EMMA.

1.

He stands as firm as a tree stem,
In heat and tempest and frost;
His toes in the ground are planted,
His arms are heavenward toss'd.

Thus long is Bagíratha tortured,
And Brama his torments would end;
He makes the mighty Ganges
Down from the heavens descend.

But I, my loved one, am vainly
Tormented and stricken with woe;
From out of thine heavenly eyelids
No drops of pity e'er flow.

2.

Four-and-twenty hours I still must
Wait, to see my bliss complete,
As her sidelong glances tell me,
Glances, O how dazzling sweet!

Language is but inexpressive,
Words are awkward and in vain,
Soon as they are said, the pretty
Butterfly flies off again.

But a look may last forever,
And with joy may fill thy breast,
Making it like some wide heaven,
Full of starry rapture blest.

3.

Not one solitary kiss
After months of loving passion ;
So my mouth must still continue
Dry, in very wretched fashion.

Happiness seem'd once at hand,
And her breath I e'en felt nigh me ;
But without my lips e'er touching,
She, alas ! soon fleeted by me.

4.

Emma, for my satisfaction
Say if I'm distracted driven,
By my love, or is love only
The result of my distraction ?

Ah ! I'm tortured, charming Emma,
Not alone by my mad loving,
Not alone by loving madness,
But besides by this dilemma.

5.

When I'm with thee, strife and need !
So I on my travels started ;
Yet my life, when from thee parted,
Is no life, but death indeed.

Pondering all the livelong night,
I 'twixt death and hell lay choosing—
Ah, methinks this strife confusing
Now has driv'n me mad outright !

6.

FAST is creeping on us dreary
Night with many a ghostly shape,
And our souls are growing weary,
And we at each other gape.

Thou art old and I still older,
And our spring has ceased to bloom;
Thou art cold, and I still colder,
At th' approach of winter's gloom.

At the end, how all is sadden'd!
After love's sweet cares are past,
Cares draw nigh, by love ungladden'd,
After life comes death at last.

VIII. FREDERICA.

1.

O LEAVE Berlin, with its thick-lying sand,
Weak tea, and men who seem so much to know
That they both God, themselves, and all below
With Hegel's reason only understand.

O come to India, to the sunny land
Where flowers ambrosial their sweet fragrance throw,
Where pilgrim troops on tow'rd the Ganges go
With reverence, in white robes, a festal band.

There, where the palm trees wave, the billows smile,
And on the sacred bank the lotus-tree
Soars up to Indra's castle blue—yes there,

There will I kneel to thee in trusting style,
And press against thy foot, and say to thee :
"Madam, thou art the fairest of the fair!"

2.

THE Ganges roars ; amid the foliage see
The sharp eyes of the antelope, who springs
Disdainfully along ; their color'd wings
The peacocks as they move show haughtily.

Deep from the bosom of the sunny lea
Rises a newborn race of flowers, sweet things ;
With yearning-madden'd voice Cocila sings—
Yes, thou art fair, no woman's like to thee!

God Cama* lurks in all thy features fair,
He dwells within thy bosom's tents so white,
And breathes to thee the sweetest songs he knows.

Upon thy lips Vassant† has made his lair,
I find within thine eyes new worlds of light,
In my own world no more I find repose.

3.

THE Ganges roars ; the mighty Ganges swells,
The Himalaya glows in evening's light,
And from the banyan-forest's gloomy night
The elephantine herd breaks forth and yells.

O for a type to show how she excels!
A type of thee, so lovely to the sight,
Thee the incomparable, good and bright,
So that sweet rapture in my bosom dwells.

* The Hindoo god corresponding to Cupid.
† Spring.

In vain thou see'st me seek for types, and prate—
See'st me with feelings struggle, and with rhyme,
And, ah, thou smilest at my pangs of love!

But smile! For when thou smil'st, Gandarvas straight
Seize on the sweet guitar, and all the time
Sing in the golden sunny halls above.

IX. CATHERINE.

1.

A BEAUTEOUS star arises o'er my night,
A star which smiles down on me comfort bright,
And new life pledges to supply—
O do not lie!

As leaps to the moon the sea with sullen roar,
So gladly, wildly, doth my spirit soar
Up to thy blissful light on high—
O do not lie!

2.

"WILL you not be presented to her?"
The duchess whisper'd once to me.
"On no account! for I to woo her
Methinks have too much modesty."

How gracefully she stands before me!
I fancy, when I near her go,
A newborn life is stealing o'er me,
With newborn joy and newborn woe.

I'm from her kept as though by anguish,
While yearning drives me to draw near ;
Her eyes, as they so sweetly languish,
The wild stars of my fate appear.

Her brow is clear, yet in the distance
The future lightning gathers there,
The storm which, spite of all resistance,
My spirit's deepest seat will tear.

Her mouth is lovely, but with terror
I see beneath the roses hiss
The serpents which will prove my error,
With honeyed scorn and treach'rous kiss.

Impell'd by yearning, still more near I
Draw to the dear but dangerous place ;
Her darling voice already hear I—
Bright flames her every sentence grace.

"Sir, what's the name"—I hear her utter
These words—"Of her whose voice I heard?"
I only answer with a stutter :
"Madam, I did not hear one word!"

3.

Yes, I now, a poor magician,
Like sage Merlin, am held fast
In my magic ring at last,
In disconsolate condition.

At her feet imprison'd sweetly
I am lying all the while,
Gazing on her eyes' sweet smile,
And the hours are passing fleetly.

Thus, for hours, days, weeks behold me!
Like a vision time has fled,
Scarcely know I what I said,
And I know not what she told me.

Just as if her lips were dearly
Press'd to mine, beyond control
I am stirr'd, till in my soul
I can trace the flames full clearly.

4.

THOU lie'st in my arms so gladly,
So gladly thou lie'st on my heart!
I am thy one sole heaven,
My dearest star thou art.

The foolish race of mortals
Is swarming far below;
They're shouting and storming and scolding
(And each one is right, I well know).

Their cap and bells they jingle,
And quarrel without a cause,
And with their heavy club-sticks
They break each other's jaws.

How happy are we, my darling,
That we so far away are;
Thou hidest in thy heaven
Thy head, my dearest star!

5.

I LOVE such white and snowy members,
The thin veil of a spirit tender,
Wild and large eyes, a brow encompass'd
With flowing locks of swarthy splendor.

Thou art indeed the very person
Whom I in every land have sought for,
While girls like thee a man of honor
Like me have always cared and thought for.

The very man thou stand'st in need of
Is found in me. At first thou'lt pay me
Richly with sentiments and kisses,
And then, as usual, wilt betray me.

6.

The spring's already at the gate
With looks my care beguiling ;
The country round appeareth straight
A flower-garden smiling.

My darling sitteth by my side,
In carriage onward fleeting ;
She looks on me with tender pride,
Her heart, I feel it beating.

What warbling, what fragrance the sun's light awakes !
Like jewels the verdure is gleaming,
His snowy-blossoming head soon shakes
The sapling with joyous seeming.

The flowers peep forth from the earth to see,
With longing in every feature,
The lovely woman won by me,
And me, the happy creature.

O transient bliss ! Across the corn
To-morrow will pass the sickle,
The beauteous spring wither, and I all forlorn
Be left by the woman fickle.

7.

EACH person to this feast enchanting
His mistress takes, and with delight
Roams in the blooming summer night.
I wander alone, for my loved one is wanting.

Like some sick man, I wander all lonely,
And far from the mirth and dancing go,
The music sweet and the lamps' bright glow ;
My thoughts are away, and in England only.

I pluck the pinks and I pluck the roses,
Distractedly and full of woe,
And know not on whom the flow'rs to bestow ;
My heart soon withers along with the posies.

8.

LONG songless and oppress'd with sadness,
I now compose again with yearning !
Like tears that from us burst with madness
My songs are suddenly returning.

Again I chant, with voice melodious,
Of great love and still greater sorrow ;
Of hearts which, to each other odious
To-day, when parted break to-morrow.

I ofttimes think I feel the greeting
Of German oak trees waving o'er me,
With whispers of a glad re-meeting—
A dream ! they vanish from before me.

I ofttimes think I hear the singing
Of German nightingales once cherish'd ;

Sweetly their notes are round me clinging—
A dream! the vision soon has perish'd.

Where are the roses whose delicious
Perfume once bless'd me? Every blossom
Long since has died! With taint pernicious
Their ghostly scent still haunts my bosom.

X. ABROAD.

1.

From place to place thou'rt wandering still,
Thou scarcely knowest why;
A gentle word the wind doth fill—
Thou look'st round wond'ringly.

My loved one, who was left behind,
Is calling softly now:
"Return, I love thee, O be kind,
My only joy art thou!"

But on, still on, no peace, no rest,
Thou never still mayst be;
What thou of yore didst love the best,
Thou ne'er again shalt see.

2.

Thou art to-day of sadder seeming
Than thou hast been for long before;
Mute tears upon thy cheeks are gleaming,
Thy sighs wax louder more and more.

Of thy far home long vanish'd is it
That thou art thinking, full of pain?
Wouldst thou not joyfully revisit
Thy much-loved fatherland again?

Art thinking now of her who sweetly
With tiny rage enchanted thee?
Vex'd by her oft, ye soon completely
Were reconciled, and laugh'd with glee.

Art thinking of the friends whom yearning
Impell'd to fall upon thy breast?
Within the heart the thoughts were burning,
And yet the lips remain'd at rest.

Or of the sister and the mother
Art thinking, who approved thy suit?
Methinks within thy breast, good brother,
Wild passions fast are growing mute.

Of the fair garden art thou thinking,
Its birds and trees, where love's young dream
Ofttimes sustain'd thy spirits sinking,
And hope shone forth with trembling beam?

'Tis late. The snow has fallen thickly,
Bright night illumes the humid mass;
I now must go, and hasten quickly
To dress for company—Alas!

3.

Of my fair fatherland I once was proud;
Beside the stream
The oak soar'd high, the violets gently bow'd;
It was a dream.

German the kisses were, in German too
(Sweet then did seem
The sound) they spake the words: "Yes, I love you!"
It was a dream.

XI. TRAGEDY.

1.

O FLY with me, and be my wife,
And to my heart for comfort come!
Far, far away hence be my heart,
Thy fatherland and father's home.

If thou'lt not go, I here will die,
And all alone abandon thee;
And if thou in thy father's home
Dost stay, thou'lt seem abroad to be.

2.

(*A genuine national song, heard by Heine on the Rhine.*)

THERE fell a frost in a night of spring,
It fell on the tender flowerets blue,
They all soon wither'd and faded.

A youth once loved a maiden full well,
They secretly fled away from the house,
Unknown to father and mother.

Tney wander'd here and they wander'd there,
And neither joy nor star could they find,
And so they droop'd and they perish'd.

3.

Upon her grave a linden is springing,
Where birds and the evening breeze are singing,
And on the green sward under it
The miller's boy and his sweetheart sit.

The winds are blowing so softly and fleetly,
The birds are singing so sadly and sweetly,
The prattling lovers are mute by-and-by,
They weep and they know not the reason why.

XII. THE TANNHAUSER.

A Legend.

(Written in 1836.)

1.

O all good Christians, be on your guard,
Lest Satan's wiles ensnare you!
I'll sing you the song of the Tannhauser bold,
That ye may duly beware you.

The noble Tannhauser, a valiant knight,
For love and pleasure yearning,
To the Venus' mount travell'd, and there he dwelt
Seven years without returning.

"Dear Venus, lovely mistress, farewell!
Though much thou mayst enchant me,
No longer will I tarry with thee,
Permission to leave now grant me."

"Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
To-day you have kept from kissing;
So kiss me quickly and tell me true,
What is there in me you find missing?

"Have I each day the sweetest wine
Not pour'd out for you gayly?
And have I not always crown'd your head
With fragrant roses daily?"

"Dear Venus, lovely mistress, in truth
My soul no longer finds pleasing
These endless kisses and luscious wine—
I long for something that's teasing.

"Too much have we jested, too much have we laugh'd,
My heart for tears has long panted;
Each rose on my head I fain would see
By pointed thorns supplanted."

"Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
You fain would vex and grieve me;
An oath you have sworn a thousand times
That you would never leave me.

"Come, let us into the chamber go,
To taste of love's rapture and gladness,
And there my fair and lily-white form
Shall drive away thy sadness."

"Dear Venus, lovely mistress, thy charms
Will bloom forever and ever;
As many already have glow'd for thee,
So men will forget thee never!

"But when I think of the heroes and gods
Who erst have taken their pleasure
In clasping thy fair and lily-white form
My anger knows no measure.

"Thy fair and lily-white figure with dread
Is filling me even this minute,
When thinking how many in after times
Will still take pleasure in it!"

"Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
You should not utter such treason;
'Twere better to beat me, as you have before
Oft done for many a season.

"'Twere better to beat me, than such harsh words
Of insult thus to have spoken,
Whereby, O Christian ungrateful and cold,
The pride in my bosom is broken.

"Because I love you so much, I forgive
Your evil words, thankless mortal;
Farewell, I grant you permission to leave,
I'll open myself the portal."

II.

In Rome, in the holy city of Rome,
With singing and ringing and blowing,
A grand procession is moving on,
The Pope in the middle is going.

The pious Pope Urban is his name,
The triple crown he is wearing,
He wears a red and purple robe,
And Barons his train are bearing.

"O holy Father, Pope Urban, stay!
I will not move from my station,
Until thou hast saved my soul from hell,
And heard my supplication!"

The ghostly songs are suddenly mute,
The people fall backward dumbly;
O who is the pilgrim pale and wild
Who bends to the Pope so humbly?

"O holy Father, Pope Urban, to whom
To bind and to loose not too much is,
O save me from the pangs of hell,
And out of the Evil One's clutches!

"By name, I'm the noble Tannhauser call'd;
For love and pleasure yearning,
To the Venus' mount I travell'd and dwelt
Seven years there without returning.

"This Venus is a woman fair
With charms of dazzling splendor;
Like light of sun and flowers' sweet scent
Her voice is gentle and tender.

"As a butterfly flutters around a flower
And from its calyx sips too,
So flutters my soul forevermore
Around her rosy lips too.

"Around her noble features entwine
Her blooming black locks wildly;
Thy breath would be gone if once her great eyes
Were fix'd upon thee mildly.

"If her great eyes upon thee were fix'd,
They surely would harass thee greatly;

'Twas with the greatest trouble that I
Escaped from the mountain lately.

"From out of the mountain I made my escape,
And yet forever pursue me
The looks of the beautiful woman, which seem
To say, 'O hasten back to me!'

"A wretched spectre by day I've become,
At night I vainly would hide me
In sleep, for I dream that my mistress dear
Is sitting and laughing beside me.

"How clearly, how sweetly, how madly she laughs,
Her white teeth all the while showing!
Whenever I think of that laugh, in streams
The tears from my eyes begin flowing.

"I love her indeed with a boundless love
That scorches me up to a cinder;
'Tis like a wild waterfall, whose fierce flood
No barrier ever can hinder.

"It nimbly leaps from rock to rock
With noisy foaming and boiling;
Its neck it may break a thousand times,
Yet on, still on, it keeps toiling.

"If all the expanse of the heavens were mine,
To Venus the whole I'd surrender;
I'd give her the sun, I'd give her the moon,
I'd give her the stars in their splendor.

"I love her indeed with a boundless love,
Whose flame within me rages;
O say can this be the fire of hell,
The glow that will last through all ages?

"O holy Father, Pope Urban, to whom
To bind and to loose not too much is,
O save me from the pangs of hell,
And out of the Evil One's clutches!"

His hands the Pope raised sadly on high,
And sigh'd till these words he had spoken:
"Tannhauser, most unhappy knight,
The charm can never be broken.

"The Devil whom they Venus call
Is mighty for hurting and harming;
I'm powerless quite to rescue thee
From out of his talons so charming.

"And so thy soul must expiate now
Thy fleshly lusts infernal;
Yes, thou art rejected, yes, thou art condemn'd
To suffer hell's torments eternal."

III.

The knight Tannhauser roam'd on till his feet
Were sore with his wanderings dreary.
At midnight's hour he came at length
To the Venus' mountain, full weary.

Fair Venus awoke from out of her sleep,
And out of her bed sprang lightly,
And clasped her fair and lily-white arms
Around her beloved one tightly.

From out of her nose the blood fell fast,
The tears from her eyes descended;
She cover'd the face of her darling knight
With blood and tears closely blended.

The knight lay quietly down in the bed,
And not one word has he spoken ;
While Venus went to the kitchen, to make
Some soup, that his fast might be broken.

She gave him soup, and she gave him bread,
She wash'd his wounded feet, too ;
She comb'd his rough and matted hair,
And laugh'd with a laugh full sweet, too.

" Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
Full long hast thou been wandering ;
O say in what lands hast thou thy time
So far from hence been squandering ? "

" Dear Venus, lovely mistress, in truth
In Italy I have been staying ;
I've had some bus'ness in Rome, and now
Return without further delaying.

" Rome stands on the Tiber, just at the spot
Where seven hills are meeting ;
In Rome I also beheld the Pope—
The Pope he sends thee his greeting.

" And Florence I saw, when on my return,
And then through Milan I hasted,
And next through Switzerland scrambled fast,
And not one moment wasted.

" And when I travell'd over the Alps,
The snow already was falling ;
The blue lakes sweetly on me smiled,
The eagles were circling and calling.

" And when on the Mount St. Gothard I stood,
Below me snored Germany loudly ;

Beneath the mild sway of thirty-six kings
It slumber'd calmly and proudly.

"In Swabia I saw the poetical school
Of dear little simpleton creatures;
They sat together all ranged in a row,
With very diminutive features.

"In Dresden I saw a certain dog,
A sprig of the aristocracy;
His teeth he had lost, and bark'd and yell'd
Like one of the vulgar democracy.

"At Weimar, the Muses' widow'd seat,
I heard them their sentiments giving;
They wept and lamented that Goethe was dead,
And Eckermann still 'mongst the living!

"At Potsdam I heard a very loud cry—
I said in amaze: 'What's the matter?'—
'Tis Gans * at Berlin, who last century's tale
'Is reading and making this clatter.'

"At Göttingen knowledge was blossoming still,
But bringing no fruit to perfection;
'Twas dark as pitch when I got there at night,
No light was in any direction.

"In the bridewell at Zell Hanoverians alone
Were confined; at our next Reformation
A national bridewell and one common lash
We must have for the whole German nation.

"At Hamburg, in that excellent town,
Many terrible rascals dwell still;

* The eminent Professor and Editor of Hegel's works. He died in 1839.

And when I wander'd about the Exchange,
I fancied myself in Zell still!

"At Hamburg I Altona saw; 'tis a spot
In a charming situation;
And all my adventures that there I met
I'll tell on another occasion."*

XIII. ROMANCES.

1. A WOMAN.

THEY loved each other beyond belief,
The woman a rogue was, the man was a thief;
At each piece of knavery, daily
She fell on the bed, laughing gaily.

In joy and pleasure they pass'd the day,
Upon his bosom all night she lay;
When they carried him off to Old Bailey,
At the window she stood, laughing gaily.

He sent her this message: O come to me,
I yearn, my love, so greatly for thee;
I want thee, I pine, and look palely,—
Her head she but shook, laughing gaily.

At six in the morning they hang'd the knave,
At seven they laid him down in his grave;
At eight on her ears this fell stalely,
And a bumper she drank, laughing gaily.

* It is with real hesitation that I publish this lame and impotent conclusion to a legend the first two parts of which are in Heine's best style.—E. A. B.

2. Celebration of Spring.

O list to this spring time's terrible jest !
In savage troops the maidens fair
Are rushing along with fluttering hair,
And howls of anguish and naked breast :—
Adonis ! Adonis !

The night falls fast. By torchlight clear
They sadly explore each forest track,
Which mournful answers is echoing back
Of laughter, sobs, sighs, and cries of fear :—
Adonis ! Adonis !

That youthful figure, so wondrous fair,
Now lies on the ground all pale and dead ;
His blood has dyed each floweret red,
And mournful sighs resound through the air :—
Adonis ! Adonis !

3. Childe Harold.

Slow and weary, moves a dreary
Stout black bark the stream along ;
Visors wearing, all-uncaring,
Funeral mutes the benches throng.

'Mongst them dumbly, with his comely
Face upturn'd, the dead bard lies ;
Living seeming, toward the beaming
Light of heaven still turn his eyes.

From the water, like a daughter
Of the stream's voice, comes a sigh,
And with wailing unavailing
'Gainst the bark the waves dash high.

4. The Exorcism.

The young Franciscan friar sits
In his cloister silent and lonely ;
He reads a magical book, which speaks
Of exorcisms only.

And when the hour of midnight knell'd,
An impulse resistless came o'er him ;
The underground spirits with pallid lips
He summon'd to rise up before him :

"Ye spirits ! Go, fetch me from out of the grave
The corpse of my mistress cherish'd ;
For this one night restore her to life,
Rekindling joys long perish'd."

The fearful exorcising word
He breathes, and his wish is granted ;
The poor dead beauty in grave-clothes white
Appears to his vision enchanted.

Her look is mournful ; her ice-cold breast
Her sighs of grief cannot smother ;
The dead one sits herself down by the monk,
In silence they gaze on each other.

5. Extract from a Letter.

(*The Sun speaks.*)

What matter all my looks to thee ?
It is the well-known right of the sun
To shed down his rays on ev'ry one ;
I beam because 'tis proper for me.

What matter all my looks to thee?
Thy duties bear in mind, poor elf;
Quick, marry, and get a son to thyself,
And so a German worthy be!

I beam because 'tis proper for me.
I wander up and down in the sky,
From mere *ennui* I peep from on high—
What matter all my looks to thee?

(*The Poet speaks.*)

It is in truth my special merit
That I can bear thy radiant light,
Pledge of an endless youthful spirit,
Thou dazzling beauty, blest and bright!

But now mine eyes are growing weary,
On my poor eyelids fast are falling,
Like a black covering, the dreary
Dark shades of night with gloom appalling

(*Chorus of Monkeys.*)

We monkeys, we monkeys,
Like impudent flunkies,
Stare at the sun,
Who can't prevent its being done.

(*Chorus of Frogs.*)

The water is better,
But also much wetter
Than 'tis in the air,
And merrily there
We love to gaze
On the sun's bright rays.

(*Chorus of Moles.*)

How foolish people are to chatter
Of beams and sunny rays bewitching!
With us, they but produce an itching,
We scratch it and so end the matter.

(*A Glow-worm speaks.*)

How boastingly the sun displays
His very fleeting daily rays!
But I'm not so immodest quite,
And yet I'm an important light,—
I mean by night, I mean by night!

6. The Evil Star.

The star, after beaming so brightly,
From the sky fell, a vision unsightly,
What is the love by poets sung?
A star amid a heap of dung.

Like a poor mangy dog, when he's dying,
Beneath all this filth it is lying;
Shrill crows the cock, loud grunts the sow
And wallows in the fearful slough.

In the garden O had I descended,
By fair flowerets lovingly tended,
Where I oft yearn'd to find my doom,
A virgin death, a fragrant tomb!

7. Anno 1829.

Give me a wide and noble field
Where I may perish decently!
O let me in this narrow world
Of shops be not condemned to die!

They eat full well, they drink full well,
And revel in their mole-like bliss ;
Their magnanimity's as great
As any poor-box opening is.

Cigars they carry in their mouths,
Their hands we in their breeches view,
And their digestive powers are great,—
O could we but digest them too !

They trade in every spice that grows
Upon the earth, yet we can trace,
Despite their spices, in the air
The odor of a grovelling race.

Could I some great transgressions, yes,
Colossal bloody crimes but see—
Aught but this virtue flat and tame,
This solvent strict morality !

Ye clouds on high, O bear me hence,
To some far spot without delay !
To Lapland or to Africa,
To Pomerania e'en—away !

O bear me hence !—They hearken not—
The clouds on high so prudent are !
They fly above this town, to seek
With trembling haste some region far.

8. Anno 1839.

Dear distant Germany, how often
I weep when I remember thee !
Gay France my sorrow cannot soften,
Her merry race gives pain to me.

In Paris, in this witty region,
'Tis cold dry reason that now reigns;
O bells of folly and religion,
How sweetly sound at home your strains!

Courteous the men! Their salutation
I yet return with feelings sad;
The rudeness shown in every station
In my own country made me glad!

Smiling the women! but their clatter,
Like millwheels, never seems to cease;
The Germans (not to mince the matter)
Prefer I, who lie down in peace.

And all things here with restless passion
Keep whirling, like some madden'd dream;
With us, they move in jog-trot fashion,
And well-nigh void of motion seem.

Methinks I hear the distant ringing
Of the soft bugle's note serene;
The watchman's songs I hear them singing,
With Philomel's sweet strains between.

At home the bard, a happy vagrant
In Schilda's oak woods loved to rove;
From moonbeams fair and violets fragrant
My tender verses there I wove.

9. At Dawn.

On the Faubourg Saint Marçeau
Lay the mist this very morning,
Mist of autumn, heavy, thick,
And a white-hued night resembling.

Wandering through this white-hued night,
I beheld before me gliding
An enchanting female form
Which the moon's sweet light resembled.

Yes, she was, like moonlight sweet,
Lightly floating, tender, graceful;
Such a slender shape of limbs
I had here in France ne'er witness'd.

Was it Luna's self perchance,
Who with some young dear and handsome
Fond Endymion had to-day
In th' Quartier Latin been ling'ring?

On my way home thus I thought:
Wherefore fled she when she saw me?
Did the Goddess think that I
Was perchance the Sun-God Phœbus?

10. Sir Olave.

1.

At the door of the cathedral
Stand two men, both wearing red coats,
And the first one is the monarch,
And the headsman is the other.

To the headsman spake the monarch:
"By the priest's song I can gather
That the wedding is now finish'd—
Keep thy trusty hatchet ready!"

To the sound of bells and organ
From the church the people issue

In a motley throng, and 'mongst them
Move the gay-dress'd bridal couple.

Pale as death and sad and mournful
Looks the monarch's lovely daughter;
Bold and joyous looks Sir Olave,
And his ruddy lips are smiling.

And with smiling ruddy lips he
Thus the gloomy king addresses:
"Father of my wife, good morning!
Forfeited to-day my head is.

"I to-day must die,—O suffer,
Suffer me to live till midnight,
That I may with feast and torch-dance
Celebrate my happy wedding!

"Let me live, O let me live, sire,
Till I've drain'd the final goblet,
Till the final dance is finish'd—
Suffer me to live till midnight!"

To the headsman spake the monarch:
"To our son-in-law a respite
Of his life we grant till midnight—
Keep thy trusty hatchet ready!"

II.

Sir Olave he sits at his wedding repast,
And every goblet is drained at last;
Upon his shoulder reclines
His wife and pines—
At the door the headsman is standing.

The dance begins, and Sir Olave takes hold
Of his youthful wife, and with haste uncontroll'd
They dance by the torches' glow
Their last dance below—
At the door the headsman is standing.

The fiddles strike up, so merry and glad,
The flutes they sound so mournful and sad;
Whoever their dancing then saw
Was filled with awe—
At the door the headsman is standing.

And as they dance in the echoing hall,
To his wife speaks Sir Olave, unheard by them all:
"My love will be ne'er known to thee—
The grave yawns for me—"
At the door the headsman is standing.

III.

Sir Olave, 'tis the midnight hour,
Thy days of life are number'd;
In a king's daughter's arms instead
Thou thoughtest to have slumber'd.

The monks they mutter the prayers for the dead,
The man the red coat wearing
Already before the black block stands,
His polish'd hatchet bearing.

Sir Olave descends to the court below,
Where the swords and the lights are gleaming;
The ruddy lips of the Knight they smile,
And he speaks with a countenance beaming:

"I bless the sun, and I bless the moon,
And the stars in the heavens before me;

I bless too the little birds that sing
In the air so merrily o'er me.

"I bless the sea and I bless the land,
And the flow'rs that the meadow's life are;
I bless the violets, which are as soft
As the eyes of my own dear wife are.

"Ye violet eyes of my own dear wife,
My life for your sakes I surrender!
I bless the elder-tree, under whose shade
We plighted our vows of love tender."

II. THE WATER NYMPHS.

THE waves were plashing against the lone strand,
The moon had risen lately,
The knight was lying upon the white sand,
In vision musing greatly.

The beauteous nymphs arose from the deep,
Their veils around them floated;
They softly approach'd, and fancied that sleep
The youth's repose denoted.

The plume of his helmet the first one felt,
To see if perchance it would harm her;
The second took hold of his shoulder belt,
And handled his heavy chain armor.

The third one laugh'd, and her eyes gleam'd bright,
As the sword from the scabbard drew she;
On the bare sword leaning, she gazed on the knight,
And heartfelt pleasure knew she.

The fourth one danced both here and there,
And breath'd from her inmost bosom:
"O would that I thy mistress were,
Thou lovely mortal blossom!"

The fifth her kisses with passionate strength
On the hand of the knight kept planting;
The sixth one tarried, and kissed at length
His lips and his cheeks enchanting.

The knight was wise, and far too discreet
To open his eyes midst such blisses;
He let the fair nymphs in the moonlight sweet
Continue their loving kisses.

12. BERTRAND DE BORN.

A NOBLE pride on every feature,
His forehead stamp'd with thought mature,
He could subdue each mortal creature,
Bertrand de Born, the troubadour.

How wondrously his sweet notes caught her,
Plantagenet the Lion's queen!
Both sons as well as lovely daughter
He sang into his net, I ween.

The father too he fool'd discreetly!
Hush'd was the monarch's wrath and scorn
On hearing him discourse so sweetly,
The troubadour, Bertrand de Born.

13. SPRING.

THE waters glisten and merrily glide,—
How lovely is love midst spring's splendor!
The shepherdess sits by the streamlet s side,
And twines her garlands so tender.

All nature is budding with fragrant perfume,
How lovely is love midst spring's splendor!
The shepherdess sighs from her heart: "O to whom
Shall I my garlands surrender?"

A horseman is riding beside the clear brook,
A kindly greeting he utters;
The shepherdess views him with sorrowful look,
The plume in his hat gaily flutters.

She weeps, and into the gliding waves flings
Her flowery garlands so tender;
Of kisses and love the nightingale sings—
How lovely is love midst spring's splendor!

14. Ali Bey.

Ali Bey, the true Faith's hero,
Happy lies in maids' embraces;
Allah granteth him a foretaste
Here on earth of heavenly rapture.

Odalisques, as fair as houris,
Like gazelles in every motion—
While the first his beard is curling,
See, the second smooths his forehead.

And the third the lute is playing,
Singing, dancing, and with laughter
Kissing him upon his bosom,
Where the flames of bliss are glowing.

But the trumpets of a sudden
Sound outside, the swords are rattling,
Calls to arms, and shots of muskets—
Lord, the Franks are marching on us!

And the hero mounts his war-steed,
Joins the fight, but seems still dreaming ;
For he fancies he is lying
As before in maids' embraces.

Whilst the heads of the invaders
He is cutting off by dozens,
He is smiling like a lover,
Yes, he softly smiles and gently.

15. PSYCHE.

IN her hand the little lamp, and
Mighty passion in her breast,
Psyche creepeth to the couch where
Her dear sleeper takes his rest.

How she blushes, how she trembles,
When his beauty she descries !
He, the God of love, unveil'd thus,
Soon awakes and quickly flies.

Eighteen hundred years' repentance !
And the poor thing nearly died !
Psyche fasts and whips herself still,
For she Amor naked spied.

16. THE UNKNOWN ONE.

EVERY day I have a meeting
With my golden-tresséd beauty
In the Tuileries' fair garden
Underneath the chestnuts' shadow.

Every day she goes to walk there
With two old and ugly women—
Are they aunts? or else two soldiers
Muffled up in women's garments ?

Overawed by the mustachios
Of her masculine attendants,
And still further overawed too
By the feelings in my bosom,

I ne'er ventured e'en one sighing
Word to whisper as I pass'd her,
And with looks I scarcely ventured
Ever to proclaim my passion.

For the first time I to-day have
Learnt her name. Her name is Laura,
Like the Provençal fair maiden
Whom the famous poet loved so.

Laura is her name! I've gone now
Just as far as Master Petrarch,
Who the fair one celebrated
In canzonas and in sonnets.

Laura is her name! like Petrarch
I can now platonically
Revel in this name euphonious—
He himself no further ventured.

17. The Change.

With brunettes I now have finish'd,
And this year am once more fond
Of the eyes whose color blue is,
Of the hair whose color's blond.

Mild the blond one, whom I love now,
And in meekness quite a gem!
She would be some blest saint's image,
Held her hand a lily stem.

Slender limbs of wondrous beauty,
Little flesh, much sympathy;
All her soul is glowing but for
Faith and hope and charity.

She maintains she understands not
German,—but it can't be so;
Hast ne'er read the heavenly poem
Klopstock wrote some time ago?

18. Fortune.

Madam Fortune, thou in vain
Act'st the coy one! I can gain
By my own exertions merely
All thy favors prized so dearly.

Thou art overcome by me,
To the yoke I fasten thee;
Thou art mine beyond escaping—
But my bleeding wounds are gaping.

All my red blood gushes out,
My life's courage to the rout
Soon is put; I'm vanquish'd lying,
And in victory's hour am dying.

19. Lamentation of an Old-German Youth.

The man on whom virtue smiles is blest,
He is lost who neglects her instructions;
Poor youth that I am, I am ruin'd
By evil companions' seductions.

For cards and dice soon dispossess'd
My pockets of all their money;
At first the maidens consoled me
With smiles as luscious as honey.

But when they had fuddled with wine their guest,
And torn my garments, straightway
(Poor youth that I am) they seized me,
And bundled me out at the gateway.

On waking after a bad night's rest,—
Sad end to all my ambition!—
Poor youth that I am, I was filling
At Cassel a sentry's position.

20. AWAY!

THE day's enamour'd of the night,
The springtime loves the winter,
And life's in love with death,—
And thou, thou lovest me!

Thou lov'st me—thou'rt already seized
By fear-inspiring shadows,
And all thy blossoms fade,
To death thy soul is bleeding.

Away from me, and only love
The butterflies, gay triflers,
Who in the sunlight sport—
Away from me and sorrow!

21. MADAM METTE.

(From the Danish.)

SAYS Bender to Peter over their wine:
"I'll wager (though doubtless you're clever)
That though your fine singing may conquer the world,
My wife 'twill conquer never."

Then Peter replied: "I'll wager my horse
To your dog, or the devil is in it,

I'll sing Madam Mette into my house
This evening, at twelve to a minute."

And when the hour of midnight drew near,
Friend Peter commenced his sweet singing;
Right over the forest, right over the flood
His charming notes were ringing.

The fir-trees listen'd in silence deep,
The flood stood still and listen'd,
The pale moon trembled high up in the sky,
The wise stars joyously glisten'd.

Madam Mette awoke from out of her sleep:
"What singing! How sweet the seduction!"
She put on her dress, and left the house—
Alas, it proved her destruction!

Right through the forest, right through the flood,
She speeded onward straightway;
While Peter, with the might of his song,
Allured her inside his own gateway.

And when she at morning return'd back home,
At the door her husband caught her:
"Pray tell me, good wife, where you spent the night?
Your garments are dripping with water."

"I spent the night at the water-nymphs' stream,
And heard the Future told by them;
The mocking fairies wetted me through
With their splashes, for going too nigh them."

"You have not been to the water-nymphs' stream,
The sand there could ne'er make you muddy;
Your feet, good wife, are bleeding and torn,
Your cheeks are also bloody."

"I spent the night in the elfin wood,
To see the elfin dances;
I wounded my feet and face with the thorns
And fir-boughs cutting like lances."

"The elfins dance in the sweet month of May
On flowery plains, but the chilly
Bleak days of autumn now reign on the earth,
The wind in the forests howls shrilly."

"At Peter Nielsen's I spent the night,
He sang so mightily to me.
That through the forest and through the flood
He irresistibly drew me.

"His song is mighty as death itself,
To night and perdition alluring;
Its tuneful glow still burns in my heart,
A speedy death insuring."

The door of the church is hung with black,
The funeral bells are ringing,
Poor Madam Mette's terrible death
To public notice bringing.

Poor Bender sighs, as he stands at the bier—
'Twas sad to hear him call so!—
"I now have lost my beautiful wife,
And lost my true dog also."

22. THE MEETING.

THE music under the linden tree sounds,
The boys and the maidens dance lightly;
Amongst them two dance, whom nobody knows,
Of figures noble and sightly.

They float about here, they float about there,
In a way that strange habits expresses;
They smile at each other, they shake their heads,
The maiden the youth thus addresses:

"My handsome youth, upon thy hat
There nods a lily splendid,
That only grows in the depths of the sea—
From Adam thou art not descended.

"The Kelpie art thou, who the fair village maids
Would'st allure with thy arts of seduction;
I knew thee at once, at the very first sight,
By thy teeth of fish-like construction."

They float about here, they float about there,
In a way that strange habits expresses;
They smile at each other, they shake their heads,
The youth the maid thus addresses:

"My handsome maiden, tell me why
Thy hand so icy cold is?
And tell me why thy snow-white dress
So moist in every fold is?

"I knew thee at once, at the very first sight,
By thy bantering salutation;
Thou art no mortal child of man,
But the water-nymph, my relation."

The fiddles are silent, and finish'd the dance,
They part like sister and brother,
They know each other only too well,
And shun now the sight of each other.

23. King Harold Harfagar.

The great King Harold Harfagar
In ocean's depths is sitting,
Beside his lovely water-fay;
The years are over him flitting.

By water-sprite's magical arts chain'd down,
He is neither living nor dead now,
And while in this state of baneful bliss
Two hundred years have sped now.

The head of the king is laid on the lap
Of the beautiful woman, and ever
He yearningly gazes up tow'rd her eyes,
And looks away from her never.

His golden hair is silver gray,
His cheekbones (of time's march a token)
Project like a ghost's from his yellow face,
His body is wither'd and broken.

And many a time from his sweet dream of love
He suddenly is waking,
For over him wildly rages the flood,
The castle of glass rudely shaking.

He oftentimes fancies he hears in the wind
The Northmen shouting out gladly;
He raises his arms with joyous haste,
Then lets them fall again sadly.

He oftentimes fancies he hears far above
The seamen their voices raising,
The great King Harold Harfagar
In songs heroical praising.

And then the king from the depth of his heart
Begins sobbing and wailing and sighing,
When quickly the water-fay over him bends,
With loving kisses replying.

24. The Lower World.

I.

Many a time poor Pluto sigh'd thus:
"Were I but a single man!
Since my married life began,
Hell, I've learnt, was not a hell
Till I to a wife was tied thus!

"Would that I remain'd still single!
Since I Proserpine did wed,
Each day wish I I was dead!
With the bark of Cerberus
Her loud scoldings ever mingle.

"Each attempt I make is fruitless
After peace. There's not a ghost
Half so sad in all my host,
And I envy Sisyphus,
And the Danaid's labor bootless."

II.

On golden chair in the regions infernal,
Beside her spouse, the monarch eternal
Queen Proserpine's sitting
With mien ill befitting
Her station, and sadly she's sighing:

"For roses I yearn, and the rapturous blisses
Of Philomel's song, and the sun's sweet kisses!
And here 'mongst the pallid
Lemures and squalid
Dead bodies, my youth's days are flying.

"I'm firmly bound in the hard yoke of marriage
In this hole, which I'm sure e'en a rat would
disparage!
And the spectres unsightly
Through my window peep nightly,
Their wails with the Styx's groans vying.

"This very day I've invited to dinner
Old Charon, the bald-pated spindle-shank'd
sinner—
And also the Judges,
Those wearisome drudges—
Such company's really too trying!"

III.

Whilst these murmurs unavailing
In the lower world found vent,
Ceres on the earth was wailing,
And the crazy goddess went,
With no cap on, with no collar,
And with loose dishevell'd hair,
Uttering, in a voice of dolor,
That lament known everywhere:*

"Is't the beauteous spring I see?
Hath the earth grown young again?
Sunlit hills glow verdantly,
Bursting through their icy chain.
From the streamlet's mirror blue
Smiles the now unclouded sky,
Zephyr's wings wave milder too,
Youthful blossoms ope their eye.

*The following three verses are extracted by Heine *verbatim* from Schiller's well-known "Lament of Ceres." The version of them here given is taken from the translation of Schiller's Poems published by me in 1851.

In the grove sweet songs resound,
While the Oread thus doth speak:
'Once again thy flow'rs are found,
Vain thy daughter 'tis to seek.'

"Ah, how long 'tis since I went
First in search o'er earth's wide face!
Titan, all thy rays I sent,
Seeking for the loved one's trace!
Of that form so dear, no ray
Hath as yet brought news to me,
And the all-discerning Day
Cannot yet the lost one see.
Hast thou, Zeus, her from me torn?
Or to Orcus' gloomy stream,
Hath she been by Pluto borne,
Smitten by her beauty's beams?

"Who will to yon dreary strand
Be the herald of my woe?
Ever leaves the bark the land,
Yet but shadows in it go.
To each blest eye evermore
Closed those night-like fields remain;
Styx no living form e'er bore,
Since his stream first wash'd the plain.
Thousand paths lead downward there,
None lead up again to light;
And her tears no witness e'er
Brings to her sad mother's sight."

IV.

"Ceres! my good wife's relation!
Prythee cease to weep and call so!
I now grant your application—
I have suffer'd greatly also!

" Comfort take! we'll share your daughter's
Sweet society, and let her
Have on earth six months her quarters
Yearly, if you like it better.

" She, when men in summer swelter,
Can assist your rural labors,
'Neath a straw hat taking shelter,
Flow'r-bedizen'd, like her neighbors'.

" She can rant, when colors glowing
Robe the evening sky in splendor,
When beside the stream is blowing
On his flute a bumpkin tender.

" She'll rejoice with lads and lasses
At the harvest-home's gay dances,
And amongst the sheeps and asses
Be a lioness, the chance is.

" I'll recruit my spirits sinking
Here in Orcus in a canter,
Mingled punch and Lethe drinking,
And forget my wife instanter!"

V.

" Methinks at times thy brow is shaded
With yearnings that in secret dwell;
Thy hapless lot I know full well;
Lost love, a life untimely faded!

" Thou nodd'st a sad assent! I never
Can give thee back thy youthful prime;
Thy heart's woes cannot heal with time;
A faded life, love lost forever!"

XIV. MISCELLANIES.

1. Muledom.

Thy father, as is known to all,
A donkey was, beyond denial ;
Thy mother on the other hand
A noble brood-mare proved on trial.

Thy mulish nature, worthy friend,
Though little liked, a thing of course is ;
Yet thou canst say, with perfect truth,
That thou belongest to the horses.

Thou spring'st from proud Bucephalus ;
Thy fathers were with the invaders
Who to the Holy Sepulchre
Of old time went, the famed Crusaders.

Thou countest 'mongst thy relatives
The charger ridden by the glorious
Sir Godfrey of Bouillon the day
He took God's town with arm victorious.

Thou canst aver that Bayard's steed
Thy cousin was, and say (andante)
Thine aunt the knight Don Quixote bore,
The most heroic Rosinante.

But Sancho's donkey thou'lt not own
As kin, he being much too lowly ;
Thou'lt e'en disown the ass's foal
That whilome bore the Saviour holy.

And thou art not obliged to stick
A long-ear surely in thy scutcheon ;
Of thine own value be the judge,
And thou wilt never lay too much on.

3. Pride.

O Countess Gudel of Gudelfeld town,
Because you are wealthy, you're held in renown
With not less than four horses contented,
At court you are duly presented;
In carriage of gold you go lightly
To the castle, where waxlights gleam brightly;
Up the marble stairs rustle
Your clothes with their bustle,
And then at the top, on the landing
The servants in gay dresses standing
Shout: Madame la Comtesse de Gudelfeld!

Your fan in your hand, talking loudly,
Through the chamber you wander on proudly;
With diamonds gaily bedizen'd,
In pearls and Brussels lace prison'd,
Your snowy bosom with madness
Is heaving in uncontroll'd gladness,
What smiles, nods, polite interjections!
What curtsies and deep genuflexions!
The Duchess of Pavia
Calls you her *cara mia;*
The nobles and courtiers advancing
Invite you to join in the dancing;
And the heir to the crown (who's thought witty)
Says loudly: How graceful and pretty
Are all the *stern* movements of Gudelfeld!

But if, poor creature, you money did lack,
The world would straightway show you its back;
The very lackeys with loathing
Would spit on your clothing;
'Stead of bows and civility,
Naught but vulgar scurrility;

The Duchess would cross herself rudely,
And the Crown Prince take snuff, and say shrewdly:
She smells of garlic—this Gudelfeld!

4. AWAY!

IF by one woman thou'rt jilted, love
Another, and so forget her;
To pack up thy knapsack, and straight remove
From the town will be still better.

Thou'lt soon discover a blue lake fair,
By weeping willows surrounded;
Thy trifling grief thou'lt weep away there,
Thy pangs so little founded.

Whilst climbing up the hillside fast,
Thou'lt pant and groan full loudly;
But when on the rocky summit at last,
Thou'lt hear the eagle scream proudly.

An eagle thyself thou'lt seem to be,
New life the change will bestow thee;
Thou'lt feel thou hast lost, when thus set free,
Not much in the world below thee.

5. WINTER.

THE cold may burn us sadly
Like fire, and mortals hurry
Amidst the snow-drift madly,
With still-increasing flurry.

O winter stern and chilly,
When frozen are our noses,
And piano-strumming silly
Our ears so discomposes!

I like the summer only
When in the woods I'm roving
With my own griefs all-lonely,
And scanning verses loving.

6. The Old Chimneypiece.

Outside fall the snowflakes lightly
Through the night, loud raves the storm;
In my room the fire glows brightly,
And 'tis cosey, silent, warm.

Musing sit I on the settle
By the firelight's cheerful blaze,
Listening to the busy kettle
Humming long-forgotten lays.

And beside me sits a kitten,
Warming at the blaze her feet;
Strangely are my senses smitten
As the flickering flames they meet.

Many a dim long-buried story
O'er me soon begins to rise,
But with dead and faded glory,
And in strange and mask'd disguise.

Lovely women with shrewd faces
Greet me with a secret smile,
Then the harlequins run races,
Laughing merrily the while.

Distant marble-gods nod kindly,
Dreamily beside them grow
Fable-flow'rs, whose leaves wave blindly
In the moonlight to and fro.

Magic castles, once resplendent,
Ruin'd now, in sight appear;
Knights in armor, squires attendant
Quickly follow in their rear.

All these visions I discover
As with shadowy haste they pass—
Ah, the kettle's boiling over,
And the kitten's burnt, alas!

7. Longing.

Thou beholdest in thy vision
Fable's silent flow'rs before thee,
And a yearning wild steals o'er thee
At their fragrant scent elysian.

But thou from those flow'rs art parted
By a gulf both deep and fearful;
Thou becomest sad and tearful,
And at last art broken-hearted.

How they glitter! how they lure me!
Could I but the gulf pass over!
How the secret to discover,
And a bridge across procure me?

8. Helena.

Thou hast call'd me forth from out of the grave
By means of thy magic will now,
And fill'd me full of love's fierce glow—
This glow thou never canst still now.

O press thy mouth against my mouth,
Man's breath with heaven is scented;
Thy very soul I'll drain to the dregs,
The dead are never contented.

9. The Wise Stars.

The flowerets sweet are crush'd by the feet
Full soon, and perish despairing;
One passes by, and they must die,
The modest as well as the daring.

The pearls all sleep in the caves of the deep,
Where one finds them, despite wind and weather
A hole is soon bored and they're strung on a cord,
And there fast yoked together.

The stars are more wise, and keep in the skies,
And hold the earth at a distance;
They shed their light in the heavens so bright,
In safe and endless existence.

10. The Angels.

Faithless as Saint Thomas, never
Could I in the heaven believe
Which both Jew and Priest endeavor
To compel men to receive.

That the angels, though, are real
I have never held in doubt;
Spotless, and of grace ideal,
On this earth they move about.

Still I doubt if such a being
Wing'd is, it must be confess'd;
I have recently been seeing
Wingless angels, I protest.

With their dear and loving glances,
With their loving hands so white
Men they guard, and all advances
Of misfortune put to flight.

Every one can comfort borrow
From their favor and regard;
Most of all that child of sorrow
Whom the people call a bard.

XV. POEMS FOR THE TIMES.

1. Sound Doctrine.

Quick, beat the drum, and be not afraid,
The suttler-maiden lovingly kiss;
This is the whole of knowledge, in truth,
The deepest book-learning lies in this.

Quick, drum the people out of their sleep,
And drum the réveille with the ardor of youth.
And as you march, continue to drum—
This is the whole of knowledge, in truth.

All Hegel's philosphy here is found,
The deepest book-learning lies in this;
I've found it out, because I'm no fool,
And also because I drum not amiss.

2. Warning.

Worthy friend, 'twill be perdition
Books like this to think of printing!
Wouldst thou money earn or honor,
Thou must bend in meek submission.

Never in this manner flighty
Shouldest thou before the public
Thus have spoken of the parsons
And of monarchs high and mighty!

Friend, thou'lt be by all forsaken !
Princes have long arms, the parsons
Have long tongues, and then the public
Have long ears, or I'm mistaken !

3. To a Quondam Follower of Goethe (1832.)

Hast thou, then, superior risen
To the chilly dream of glory
Which great Weimar's poet hoary
Wove around thee, like a prison ?

Are thy old friends bores now voted ?—
Clara, Gretchen—names familiar—
Serlo's chaste maid, and Ottilia
In the "Wahlverwandschaft" noted ?

Thou'rt with Germany enchanted,
Art become a Mignon-hater,
And thou seek'st for freedom greater
Than Philina ever granted.

Like a Luneburgomaster,
Thou dost battle for the nation,
Holding up to execration
Kings, as causing all disaster.

And I hear with pleasure hearty,
What a pitch thy praises grow to,
And how thou'rt a Mirabeau, too,
At each Luneburg tea-party !

4. The Secret.

We sigh not, and the eye's not moisten'd,
We laugh at times, we often smile ;
In not a look, in not a gesture
The secret comes to light the while.

Deep in our bleeding spirit hidden,
It lies in silent misery ;
If in our wild heart it finds language,
The mouth's still closed convulsively.

Ask of the suckling in the cradle,
Ask of the dead man in the grave ;
They may perchance disclose the secret
To which I never utterance gave.

5. On the Watchman's Arrival in Paris.

"Good watchman with face so sad and despairing,
Why runnest thou hither with headlong speed ?
My dear fellow-countrymen, how are they faring ?
My fatherland, is it from tyranny freed ?"

All's going on well, and liberty's blessing
Is showering silently on us its stores,
And Germany, calmly and safely progressing,
Unfolds and develops herself within doors.

Unlike France, superficial are none of her blossoms—
There freedom but touches the outside of life ;
'Tis but in the depths of their innermost bosoms
That freedom with Germans is found to be rife.

They'll finish Cologne's great cathedral, they tell us,
The Hohenzollerns* have brought this to pass ;
A Hapsburg* has shown himself equally zealous,
A Wittelsbach* gives it some fine painted glass.

* Names for the three royal houses of Prussia, Austria, and Bavaria.

That true Magna Charta, a free constitution,
They've promised, and surely their promise they'll keep;
A king's word's a prize, without circumlocution—
Like the Nibelung stone in the Rhine it lies deep.

The Brutus of rivers, the free Rhine, they surely
Can never remove him from out of his bed;
The Dutchman his feet have fasten'd securely,
The Switzers securely are holding his head.

God will grant us a fleet, if we prove persevering;
Our patriotic exuberant strength
Will find a vent in sailing and steering,
The pain of imprisonment ending at length.

The seeds cast their shells and the spring's blooming sweetly,
We draw a free breath at this time of the year;
If permission to print is denied us completely,
The censorship will of itself disappear.

6. THE DRUM-MAJOR.*

THE old drum-major it is that we see;
Poor fellow, he's pull'd down sadly!
In the Emperor's time a youngster was he,
And merrily lived and gladly.

He used to balance his ponderous stick,
While a smile on his face play'd lightly;

* See the account of the old Drum-Major Le Grand contained in the prose section of Heine's "Pictures of Travel," entitled "Book Le Grand."

The silver-lace on his tunic so thick
In the rays of the sun gleam'd brightly.

Whene'er with a mighty roll of the drum
He enter'd a village or city,
He caused an echo responsive to come
In the heart of each girl, plain or pretty.

He came and saw and conquer'd too
Each fair one welcomed him in ;
His black mustache was wetted through
With tears of German women.

Resistance was vain ! In every land
That the foreign invaders came to,
The Emperor vanquished the gentlemen, and
The drum-major each maiden and dame too.

Our sorrows full long we patiently bore
Like oaks, with no one to heed 'em,
Until the Authorities gave us once more
The signal to battle for freedom.

Like buffaloes rushing on to the fray,
We toss'd our horns up proudly,
The yoke of France we cast away,
The songs of Körner sang loudly.

O terrible verses ! the tyrant's ear
At their awful sound revolted ;
The Emperor and the drum-major in fear
Precipitately bolted.

They both of them reap'd the wages of sin,
And came to an end inglorious ;
The Emperor Napoleon tumbled in
The hands of the Britons victorious.

In Saint Helena his time he now pass'd
In martyrdom, banish'd from France, Sir,
And, after long suff'ring, died at last
Of that terrible ailment, cancer.

The poor drum-major, too, fell in disgrace,
And lost his situation;
In our hotel he took the place
Of boots—what degradation!

He warms the oven, he scours the pots,
And wood and water fetches;
His gray head wags as he wheezingly trots
Up the stairs, so weak the poor wretch is.

When Fritz comes to see me, he finds himself
Inclined to jeer and rally
The comical lanky poor old elf
And his motions shilly-shally.

O Fritz, a truce to raillery, please!
The sons of Germany never
Should fallen greatness love to tease,
Or to torment endeavor.

Such people you ought to regard with pride
And filial piety rather;
Perchance upon the mother's side
The old man is your father!

7. Degeneracy.

Has Nature's self been going backward,
And human faults assuming, then?
The very plants and beasts, I fancy,
Now lie as much as mortal men.

I trust not in the lily's chasteness ;
The color'd fop, the butterfly,
Toys with her, kisses, round her flutters,
Till lost is all her purity.

The violet's modesty moreover
I hold full cheap. The little flower
With the coquettish breezes trifles,
In secret pants for fame and power.

I doubt if Philomel appreciates
The tune she sings with pompous mien ;
She overdoes it, sobs, and warbles
Methinks from naught but pure routine.

Truth from the earth is fast departing,
The days of Faith are also o'er ;
The dogs still wag their tails, smell badly
And yet are faithful now no more.

8. Henry.

In Canossa's castle courtyard
Stands the German Cæsar Henry,
Barefoot, clad in penitential
Shirt—the night is cold and rainy.

From the window high above him
Peep two figures, and the moonlight
Gregory's bald head illumines
And the bosom of Mathilda.

Henry, with his lips all pallid,
Murmurs pious paternosters ;
Yet in his imperial heart he
Secretly revolts and speaks thus :

"In my distant German country
Upward rise the sturdy mountains;
In the mountain-pits in silence
Grows the iron for the war-axe.

"In my distant German country
Upward rise the fine oak-forests;
In the loftiest oak-stem 'mongst them
Grows the handle for the war-axe.

"Thou, my dear and faithful country,
Wilt beget the hero also
Who in time will crush the serpent
Of my sorrows with his war-axe."

9. Life's Journey.

What laughter and singing! The sun's rays crossing
Each other gleam brightly; the billows are tossing
The joyous bark, and there I reclined
With friends beloved and lightsome mind.

The bark was presently wreck'd and shatter'd,
My friends were poor swimmers, and soon were scatter'd,
And all were drown'd, in our fatherland;
I was thrown by the storm on the Seine's far strand.

Another ship I now ascended,
My journey by new companions attended;
By strange waves toss'ed and rock'd, I depart—
How far my home! how heavy my heart!

Once more arises that singing and laughter!
The wind pipes loud, the planks crack soon
after—
In heaven is quench'd the last last star—
How heavy my heart! My home how far!

10. The New Jewish Hospital at Hamburg.

A hospital for Jews who're sick and needy,
For those unhappy threefold sons of sorrow,
Afflicted by the three most dire misfortunes
Of poverty, disease, and Judaism.

The worst by far of all the three the last is,
That family misfortune, thousand years old,
That plague which had its birth in Nile's far
valley,
The old Egyptian and unsound religion.

Incurable deep pain! 'gainst which avail not
Nor douche nor vapor-bath, the apparatus
Of surgery, nor all the means of healing
Which this house offers to its sickly inmates.

Will Time, eternal goddess, e'er extinguish
This glowing ill, descending from the father
Upon the son,—and will the grandson ever
Be cured, and rational become and happy?

I cannot tell! Yet in the mean time let us
Extol that heart which lovingly and wisely
Sought to alleviate pain as far as may be,
Into the wounds a timely balsam pouring.

Dear worthy man! He here has built a refuge
For sorrows which by the physician's science
(Or else by death's!) are curable, providing
Cushions, refreshing drinks, and food, and
nurses.

A man of deeds, he did his very utmost,
Devoted to good works his hard-earned savings
In his life's evening, kindly and humanely,
Recruiting from his toils by acts of mercy.

He gave with open hand—but gifts still richer,
His tears, full often from his eyes were rolling,
Tears fair and precious, which he wept deploring
His brethren's great, incurable misfortune.

11. GEORGE HERWEGH.*

WHEN Germany first drank her fill,
You then were her obedient vassal,
Believing in each pipe-bowl still,
And in its black-red-golden tassel.

But when the fond delirium ceased,
Good friend, how great your consternation!
The public seem'd a very beast,
After its sweet intoxication!

Pelted by vile abusive swarms
With rotten apples, in disorder,
Under an escort of gendarmes
You reach 'd at length the German border.

There you stood still. A tear you wiped
Away, the well-known posts on spying
Which like the zebra's back are striped,
With heavy heart as follows sighing:—

* A well-known republican poet and writer, born at Stuttgart; at one time caressed, and afterwards banished, by the King of Prussia. He took an active part in the political troubles of 1848.

"Aranjuez, in lightsome mood
Once stay'd I in thy halls so splendid,
When I before King Philip stood,
By all his proud grandees attended.

"He gave me an approving smile
When I the Marquis Posa acted;
My prose he could not relish, while
My verses his applause attracted." *

12. THE TENDENCY.

GERMAN bard! extol our glorious
German freedom, that thy lay
May possess our souls, and fire us,
And to mighty deeds inspire us,
Like the Marseillaise notorious.

Be no more, like Werther, tender,
Who for Lotte sigh'd all day;
Thou shouldst tell the people proudly
What the bells proclaim so loudly,—
Speak of dirks, swords, no surrender.

Gentle flutes no more resemble,
Be not so idyllic, pray!
Fire the mortars, beat to quarters,
Crash, kill, thunder, make them tremble.

Crash, kill, thunder like a devil
Till the last foe flies away;
To this cause devote thy singing,
Thy poetic efforts bringing
To the common public's level.

* See Schiller's Play of "Don Carlos."

13. The Child.

The good their gifts in dream enjoy,
How did it fare with thee?
Scarce feeling it, you've got a boy,
Poor virgin Germany!

This boy an urchin frolicsome
Ere long shall we behold
A first-rate archer he'll become,
As Cupid was of old.

He'll pierce the soaring eagle through
And, proudly though he fly,
The double-headed eagle too,
Struck by his bolt, shall die.

But that blind heathen god of love
Will he resemble not
In wearing neither clothes nor glove,
Nor be a sans culotte.

The seasons in our land combine
With morals and police
To make both old and young incline
To wear their clothes in peace.

14. The Promise.

You no more shall barefoot crawl so
Through the dirt, poor German freedom!
Stockings (as you find you need 'em)
You shall have, and stout boots also.

As respects your head, upon it
To protect your ears from freezin,
In the chilly winter-season,
You shall have a nice warm bonnet.

You shall have, too, savory messes—
Grand the future that's before you!
Let no Satyr, I implore you,
Lure you onward to excesses!

Do not haste or fast and faster!
Render, as becomes inferiors,
Due respect to your superiors
And the worthy burgomaster.

15. The Changeling.

A child with monstrous pumpkin head,
Gray pigtail and mustache light red,
With lanky arms and yet stupendous,
No bowels, yet with maw tremendous,—
A changeling which a Corporal
Into our cradle had let fall
On stealing from it our own baby—
This monster, falsehood's child (or may be
'Twas in reality the son
Of his own favorite dog alone)—
What need to say how much we spurn it?
For heaven's sake, drown it or else burn it!

16. The Emperor of China.*

My father was a dreadful bore,
A good-for-nothing dandy;
But I'm a mighty Emperor,
And love a bumper of brandy.

These glorious draughts all others surpass
In this, their magical power;
As soon as I have drain'd my glass,
All China bursts into flower.

* Evidently a satire on the King of Prussia.

The Middle Kingdom bursts into life,
A blossoming meadow seeming ;
A man I well-nigh become, and my wife
Soon gives me signs of teeming.

On every side abundance reigns,
The sick no longer need potions ;
Confucius, Court-philosopher, gains
Distinct and positive notions.

The rye bread the soldiers used to eat
Of almond cakes is made now ;
The very vagabonds in the street
In silk and satin parade now.

The knightly Order of Mandarins,
Those weak old invalids, daily
Are gaining strength and filling their skins,
And shaking their pigtails gaily.

The great pagoda, faith's symbol prized,
Is ready for those who're believing ;
The last of the Jews are here baptized,
The Dragon's order receiving.

The noble Manchoos exclaim, when freed
From the presence of revolution :
" The bastinado is all that we need,
We want no constitution ! "

The pupils of Æsculapius perhaps
May tell me that drink's dissipation ;
But I continue to drink my Schnapps,
To benefit the nation.

And so in drinking I persevere ;
It tastes like very manna !
My people are happy, and drink their beer,
And join in shouting Hosanna !

17. Church-Counsellor Prometheus.

Good Sir Paulus,* noble robber,
All the gods are on thee gazing
With their brows in anger knitted,
Furious at the theft amazing

Thou hast practised in Olympus—
Sorry for it they will make thee!
Fear the fate of poor Prometheus
If Jove's bailiffs overtake thee!

Worse indeed his theft, because he
Stole the light in heaven dwelling
To enlighten us weak mortals—
Thou didst steal the works of Schelling,

Just the opposite of light—nay,
Darkness we can feel and handle
Like the old Egyptian darkness—
Not one solitary candle!

18. To the Watchman.

(On a recent occasion.)

If heart and style remain still true,
I'll not object, whatever you do.
My friend, I never will mistake you,
E'en though a Counsellor they make you.

They now are raising a terrible din
Because you've been sworn as a Counsellor in;
From the Seine to the Elbe, regardless of reason,
For months they've declaim'd thus against your sad treason:

* A famous theological writer, who died in 1850, at the age of ninety. He was formerly Counsellor of the Consistory (*Kirchenrath*) at Würzburg, and for many years Professor of Church History, etc., at Heidelberg.

His progress onward is changed of late
To progress backward; O, answer us straight—
On Swabian crabs are you really riding?
Is't only court-ladies you now take pride in?

Perchance you are tired, and long for rest;
All night on your horn you've been blowing
your best,
And now on a nail you quietly stow it;
No longer for Germany's hobby you'll blow it.

You lie down in bed, and straightway close
Your eyes, but vainly you seek for repose;
Before the window the mockers salute us;
Awake, Liberator! What! sleeping, Brutus?

Ah, bawlers like these can never know why
The best of watchmen ceases to cry;
These young braggadocios cannot discover
Why man his exertions at length gives over.

You ask me how matters are going on here?
No breeze is stirring, the atmosphere's clear;
The weathercocks all are perplex'd, not discerning
The proper direction in which to be turning.

19. Consoling Thoughts.

We sleep as Brutus slept of yore—
And yet he awoke, and ventured to bore
In Cæsar's bosom his chilly dagger!
The Romans their tyrants loved to stagger.

No Romans are we, tobacco we smoke,
Each nation its favorite taste can invoke;
Each nation its special merit possesses—
The finest dumplings Swabia dresses.

But Germans are we, kindhearted and brave,
We sleep as soundly as though in the grave ;
And when we awake, our thirst is excessive,
But not for the blood of tyrants oppressive.

'Tis our great pride to be as true
As heart of oak and linden too ;
The land which oaks and lindens gives birth to
Can never produce a Brutus of worth too.

And e'en if amongst us a Brutus were found,
No Cæsar exists in the country round ;
Despite all his search, he would find him never—
We make good gingerbread, however.

We've six-and-thirty masters and lords,
(Not one too many !) who wear their swords
And stars on their regal breasts to protect them ;
The Ides of March can never affect them.

We call them Father, and Fatherland
We call the country they command
By right of descent, and love to call so—
We love sour-crout and sausages also.

And when our Father walks in the street
We take off our hats with reverence meet ;
Our guileless Germany, injuring no man,
Is not a den of murderers Roman.

20. The World Turned Upside Down.

The world is topsy-turvy turn'd,
We walk feet-upwards in it ;
The woodcocks shoot the sportsmen down,
A dozen in a minute.

The calves are seen to roast the cook,
On men are riding the horses ;
On freedom of teaching and laws of light
The Catholic owl discourses.

The herring is a sans-culotte,
The truth is told by Bettina,
And puss-in-boots brings Sophocles
On the stage, with learned demeanor.

An ape for German heroes has built
A Pantheon, for glory zealous ; *
And Massmann has lately been using a comb
As German papers tell us.

The German bears, I grieve to say,
Are atheists unbelieving,
And in their place the parrots of France
The Christian faith are receiving.

The Moniteur of Uckermark
With equal frenzy seems smitten ;
The dead have on the living there
The vilest epitaph written.†

Then let us not swim against the stream,
Good friends ! 'twould serve us but badly ;
But let us ascend the Templehof hill,‡
"Long life to the king !" shouting gladly.

* A polite allusion to the late King of Bavaria and his Walhalla.

† This refers to a poem of Freiligrath's, entitled "The Dead to the Living," for which he was prosecuted, but acquitted, in 1848.

‡ A hill close to Berlin.

21. Wait Awhile!

Because my lightnings are so striking,
You think that I can't thunder too!
You're wrong, for I've a special liking
For thunder, as I'll prove to you.

This will be seen with awful clearness
When the right moment is at hand;
You'll hear my voice in startling nearness—
The word of thunder and command.

The raging storm will surely shiver
Full many an oak upon that day;
Each palace to its base shall quiver,
And many a steeple proud give way.

22. Night Thoughts.

When, Germany, I think of thee
At night, all slumber flies from me;
I cannot close mine eyes for yearning,
And down my cheeks run tears all burning.

How swiftly speeds each rolling year!
Since I have seen my mother dear
Twelve years have pass'd away; the longer
I wait, my yearning grows the stronger.

My yearning's growing evermore;
That woman has bewitch'd me sore!
Dear, dear old woman! with what fervor
I think of her! may God preserve her!

The dear old thing in me delights,
And in the letters that she writes
I see how much her hand is shaking—
Her mother's heart, how nearly breaking!

My mother's ever in my mind ;
Twelve long long years are left behind,
Twelve years have follow'd on each other
Since to my heart I clasp'd my mother.

For ages Germany will stand ;
Sound to the core is that dear land !
Its oaks and lindens I shall ever
Find just the same, they alter never.

For Germany I less should care
If my dear mother were not there ;
My fatherland will never perish
But *she* may die, whom most I cherish.

Since I my native land saw last,
Into the tomb have many pass'd
Whom I so loved.—When of them thinking
How sadly bleeds my spirit sinking !

I needs must count them—as I count
My sorrows higher, higher mount ;
I feel as though each corpse were lying
Upon my breast -- Thank God, they're flying !

Thank God ! for through the window-pane
France's clear daylight breaks again ;
My fair wife enters, sweetly smiling,
And all my German cares beguiling !

NEW SPRING.

PROLOGUE.

SOMETIMES when o'er pictures turning,
You have seen the man perchance,
Who is for the battle yearning,
Well equipp'd with shield and lance.

Yet young loves are hov'ring round him,
Stealing lance and sword away ;
They with flow'ry chains have bound him
Though he struggle in dismay.

I, too, in such charming fetters,
Bind myself with sad delight,
And I leave it to my betters
In time's mighty fight to fight.

1.

'NEATH the white tree sitting sadly,
Thou dost hear the far winds wailing,
See'st how the mute clouds o'er thee
Are their forms in mist fast veiling ;

See'st how all beneath seems perish'd,
Wood and plain, how shorn and dreary ;
Round thee winter, in thee winter,
Frozen is thy heart and weary.

Sudden downward fall upon thee
Flakes all white, and with vexation
Thou dost think the tree is show'ring
Snow-dust from that elevation.

Soon with joyful start thou findest
'Tis no snow-dust cold and freezing ;
Fragrant blossoms 'tis of spring-time
Cov'ring thee and fondly teasing.

What a shudd'ring-sweet enchantment !
Into May is winter turning,
Snow hath changed itself to blossoms,
And thy heart with love is yearning.

2.

In the wood, the verdure's shooting,
Joy-oppress'd, like some fair maiden ;
Yet the sun laughs sweetly downward :
"Welcome, young spring, rapture laden !"

Nightingale ! I hear thee also,
Piping, blissful-sad and lonely,
Sobbing tones and long-protracted,
And thy song of love is only !

3.

The beauteous eyes of the spring's fair night
With comfort are downward gazing :
If love hath made thee so small in our sight,
Yet love hath the power of raising.

Sweet Philomel sits on the linden green,
Her notes melodiously blending ;
And as to my soul her song pierceth e'en,
My soul once more is distending.

4.

Which flower I love, I cannot discover ;
This grief doth impart.
In every calyx I search like a lover,
And seek a heart.

The flowers smell sweet in the sun's setting splendor,
The nightingale sings.
I seek for a heart that like my heart is tender,
And like it springs.

The nightingale sings ; his sweet song, void of gladness,
Comes home to my breast ;
We're both so oppress'd and heavy with sadness,
So sad and oppress'd.

5.

SWEET May hath come to love us,
Flowers, trees, their blossoms don ;
And through the blue heavens above us
The rosy clouds move on.

The nightingales are singing
On leafy perch aloft ;
The snowy lambs are springing
In clover green and soft.

I cannot be singing and springing,
Ill in the grass I lie ;
I hear a distant ringing,
And dream of days gone by.

6.

SOFTLY through my spirit ring
Blissful tones loved dearly ;
Sound, thou little song of spring,
Echoing far and clearly.

Sound, till thou the home com'st nigh
Of the violet tender ;
And when thou a rose dost spy,
Say, my love I send her.

7.

WITH the rose the butterfly's deep in love,
A thousand times hovering round ;

But round himself, all tender like gold,
The sun's sweet ray is hovering found.

With whom is the rose herself in love?
An answer I'd fain receive.
Is it the singing nightingale?
Is it the silent star of eve?

I know not with whom the rose is in love,
But every one love I:
The rose, the nightingale, sun's sweet ray,
The star of eve and butterfly.

8.

All the trees with joy are shouting,
All the birds are singing o'er us —
Tell me, who can be the leader
In this green and forest chorus?

Can it be the gray old plover,
Wise nods evermore renewing?
Or yon pedant, who is ever
In such measured time coo-coo-ing?

Can it be yon stork, the grave one,
His director's airs betraying,
And his long leg rattling loudly,
Whilst the music's round him playing?

No, the forest concert's leader
In my own heart hath his station,
All the while he's beating time there,—
Amor is his appellation.

9.

"The nightingale appear'd the first,
And as her melody she sang,

The apple into blossom burst,
To life the grass and violets sprang.

"She her own bosom then did bite,
Her red blood flow'd, and from the blood
A beauteous rose-tree came to light,
To whom she sings in loving mood.

"That blood atones for, to this day,
Us birds within the forest here;
Yet when the rose-song dies away,
Will all the wood too disappear."

Thus to his youthful brood doth speak
The sparrow in his oaken nest;
His mate pips, while she trims her beak,
And proudly sits and looks her best.

She is a homely wife and kind,
Broods well, and ne'er is seen to pout;
The father makes his children find
Pastime in studying things devout.

10.

THE warm and balmy spring-night's air
Hath waken'd every flower,
And take I not the greatest care,
My heart must succumb to love's power.

But which of all the flowery throng
Is likely most to snare me?
The nightingales say, in their blissful song,
Of the lily I ought to beware me.

11.

I'm sore perplex'd, the bells are ringing,
And by my senses I feel forsaken;

The spring and two fair eyes together
Against my heart an oath have taken.

The spring and two fair eyes together
Lure on my heart to a new illusion;
Methinks the nightingales and roses
Have much to do with all my confusion.

12.

Ah! I yearn for tears all-burning,
Tears of love and gentle woe,
And I tremble lest this yearning
At the last should overflow.

Ah! love's pangs, that sweetly languish,
And love's bitter joy, so blest,
Creep again, with heavenly anguish,
Into my scarce healèd breast.

13.

The eyes of spring, so azure,
Are peeping from the ground;
They are the darling violets,
That I in nosegays bound.

I pluck them, thinking deeply,
And all the thoughts so dear,
That in my heart are sighing,
The nightingale sings clear.

Yes, all my thoughts she singeth
And warbleth, echoing far;
So that my tender secrets
Known to the whole wood are.

14.

When thy dress doth gently touch me,
As thou pass'st before my face,
How my heart exults, how wildly
Follows it thy lovely trace!

Then thou turnest round and gazest
With thy large bright eyes on me,
And my heart doth feel so startled,
That it scarce can follow thee.

15.

The slender water-lily
Peeps dreamingly out of the lake;
The moon, oppress'd with love's sorrow,
Looks tenderly down for her sake.

With blushes she bends to the water
Once more her head so sweet—
Then sees she the poor pale fellow
Lying before her feet.

16.

If thou hast good eyes, and look'st
In my songs, when thou hast tried them,
Thou wilt see a fair young maiden
Wandering up and down inside them.

If thou hast good ears as well,
Thou canst hear her voice quite clearly,
And her sighing, laughing, singing
Thy poor heart will madden nearly.

For she will, with look and word,
Thee, like me, make well-nigh crazy:
An enamor'd springtime-dreamer
Thou wilt tread the forest mazy.

17.

WHAT drives thee on, in the spring's clear night?
Thou hast driven the flowers all mad with fright,
The violets tremble and shiver;
The roses are all with shame so red,
The lilies are death-pale, and hang their head,
They mourn, and falter, and quiver.

O darling moon, what an innocent race
Those sweet flowers are! They are right in this case,
I really have acted badly;
Yet how could I tell that in wait she would lie,
When I was addressing the stars on high,
With fierce love raving so madly?

18.

THOU sweetly lookest on me
With eyes so blue and meek;
My senses feel all-dreamy,
And not a word can I speak.

I everywhere am thinking
Of thy blue eyes' sweet smile;
A sea of blue thoughts is spreading
Over my heart the while.

19.

ONCE again my heart is vanquish'd,
And my rancor is subsiding;
Once again hath May breath'd on me
Feelings tender and confiding.

Once more late and early haste I
Through the walks the most frequented,

Under every bonnet seek I
For my fair one's face lamented.

Once more at the verdant river
On the bridge I take my station ;
Peradventure she will come there,
And will see my desolation.

In the waterfall's loud music
Hear I once again soft sighing,
And my gentle heart well knoweth
What the white waves are replying.

Once again in mazy pathways
I am lost in dreamy vision,
And the birds in every thicket
Hold the fond fool in derision.

20.

THE rose is fragrant—yet if she divineth
Her own sweet fragrance, if the nightingale
Herself feels what round man's soul softly twineth,
When echoes her sweet song across the vale—

I cannot tell. Yet man is with vexation
Oft fill'd by truth. If nightingale and rose
The feeling only feign'd, the fabrication
Would still be useful, we may well suppose.

21.

BECAUSE I love thee, be not scornful,
If, flying, I avoid thy face ;
How ill accords my visage mournful
With thine, so fair and full of grace!

Because I love thee, every feature
Grows pale and thinner day by day;
Thou'lt find me but a hideous creature—
I'll shun thee—be not scornful, pray.

22.

I WANDER 'mid the flowers,
And blossom with them too;
I wander as in vision,
And at each step totter anew.

O hold me fast, my loved one,
Or at thy feet I'll fall,
With love intoxicated,
In the garden, in presence of all!

23.

As the moon's fair image quaketh
In the raging waves of ocean,
Whilst she, in the vault of heaven,
Moves with silent peaceful motion.

Thus, beloved one, thou art moving,
Still and peaceful, and nought quaketh
In my heart save thy dear image,
While my own heart 'tis that shaketh.

24.

THE hearts of us two, my loved one,
A Holy Alliance have made;
They well understood each other,
When close together laid.

Alas! the rose so youthful
That decks thy gentle breast,

Our poor ally and associate,
To death was well-nigh press'd.

25.

LL me who first taught clocks to chime,
de minutes, hours, divisions of time?
vas a cold and sorrowful elf;
sat in the winter-night, wrapp'd in himself,
d counted the mouse's squeakings mysterious,
And the wood-worm's regular tick so serious.

Tell me who first did kisses suggest?
It was a mouth all glowing and blest;
It kiss'd and it thought of nothing beside.
The fair month of May was then in its pride,
The flowers were all from the earth fast springing,
The sun was laughing, the birds were singing.

26.

How the pinks are breathing fragrance!
How the thronging stars so tender,
Golden bee like, sadly glimmer
'Mid the heaven's blue-violet splendor!

Through the gloom of yonder chestnuts
Gleams the manse, so white and stately,
And I hear the glass door rattling
While the dear voice thrills me greatly.

Sweet alarm and blissful tremor,
Soft embraces, terror-bringing—
And the youthful rose is list'ning,
And the nightingales are singing.

27.

HAVE I not the self-same vision
Dreamt before of all these blisses?
Were there not these same elysian
Looks of love, and flowers, and kisses?

By the stream the moon was peeping
Through the foliage of our bower;
Marble gods still watch were keeping
At the entrance in that hour.

Ah! I know how soon is over
Every sweet and blissful vision,
How the snow's cold dress doth cover
Heart and tree in sad derision.

How e'en we are fast congealing,
Careless, and no love possessing,
We, who're now so softly feeling,
Heart to heart so softly pressing!

28.

KISSES that one steals in darkness,
And in darkness then returns—
How such kisses fire the spirit,
If with honest love it burns!

Pensive, and with fond remembrance,
Then the spirit loves to dwell
Much on days that long have vanish'd,
Much on future days as well.

Yet methinks that too much thinking
Dang'rous is, if kiss we will;—
Weep, then, rather, darling spirit,
For to weep is easier still.

29.

THERE was an aged monarch,
His heart was sad, his head was gray;
This poor and aged monarch
A young wife married one day.

There was a handsome page, too,
Fair was his hair, and light his mien;
The silken train he carried
Of the aforesaid young Queen.

Dost know the ancient ballad?
It sounds so sweet, it sounds so sad!
They both of them must perish,
For too much affection they had.

30.

IN my remembrance blossom
The images long forsaken—
Within thy voice what is there
By which so deeply I'm shaken?

Say not that thou dost love me!
I know that earth's fairest treasure,
Sweet love and happy spring-time,
'Twould shame beyond all measure.

Say not that thou dost love me!
A silent kiss I'll bestow thee;
Then smile, when I to-morrow
The withered roses show thee.

31.

"LINDEN blossoms drunk with moonlight
Fly about in fragrant showers,

And the nightingale's sweet music
Fills the air and leafy bowers.

"Ah! how sweet it is, my loved one,
'Neath these lindens to be sitting,
When the glimm'ring golden moonbeams
Through the fragrant leaves are flitting.

"If thou lookest on the lime-leaf,
Thou a heart's form wilt discover;
Therefore are the lindens ever
Chosen seats of each fond lover.

"Yet thou smilest, as though buried
In far distant visions yearning—
Speak, beloved, all the wishes
That in thy dear heart are burning."

Ah, my darling! I will tell thee
Whence my thoughts proceed, and whither;
Fain I'd see the chilly north-wind
Sudden bring white snowstorms hither,

So that we, with furs well cover'd,
And in gaudy sledges riding,
Cracking whips, with bells loud ringing,
Might o'er stream and plain be gliding.

32.

THROUGH the forest, in the moonlight,
I the elves saw riding proudly;
And I heard their trumpets sounding,
And I hear their bells ring loudly.

Their white horses had upon them
Golden staghorns, whilst proceeding

Swiftly on—like flights of wild swans
Through the air the train was speeding.

Smilingly the queen bent tow'rds me,
Smiling, as the band rode by me;
Is't a sign that new love's coming,
Or a sign that death is nigh me?

33.

In the morning send I violets,
Early in the wood discover'd,
And at evening bring I roses
Pluck'd while twilight's hour still hover'd.

Knowest thou the hidden language
By these lovely flowerets spoken?
Truth by day-time, love at night-time—
'Tis of this that they're the token!

34.

Thy letter, sent to prove me,
Inflicts no sense of wrong;
No longer wilt thou love me—
Thy letter, though, is long.

Twelve sides, to tell thy views all!
A manuscript, in fact!
In giving a refusal
Far otherwise we act.

35.

Care not, if my love I'm telling
Unto all the world around,
When my mouth, thy beauty praising,
Full of metaphor is found.

Underneath a wood of flowers
Lies, in shelter safe below,
All that deep and glowing secret,
All that deep and secret glow.

If suspicious sparks should issue
From the roses—fearless be!
This dull world in flames believes not,
But believes them poetry.

36.

Day and night alike the spring-time
Makes with sounding life all-teeming;
Like a verdant echo can it
Enter even in my dreaming.

Then the birds sing yet more sweetly
Than before, and softer breezes
Fill the air, the violet's fragrance
With still wilder yearning pleases.

E'en the roses blossom redder,
And a child-like golden glory
Bear they, like the heads of angels
In the pictures of old story.

And myself I almost fancy
Some sweet nightingale, when singing
Of my love to those fair roses,
Wondrous songs my vision bringing—

Till I'm waken'd by the sunlight,
Or by that delicious bustle
Of the nightingales of spring-time
That before my window rustle.

37.

STARS with golden feet are wand'ring
Yonder, and they gently weep
That they cannot earth awaken,
Who in night's arms is asleep.

List'ning stand the silent forests,
Every leaf an ear doth seem!
How its shadowy arm the mountain
Stretcheth out, as though in dream.

What call'd yonder? In my bosom
Rings the echo of the tone.
Was it my beloved one speaking,
Or the nightingale alone?

38.

THE spring is solemn, mournful only
Are all its dreams, each flower appears
Weigh'd down by grief, the song all-lonely
Of Philomel wakes secret tears.

O smile thou not, my darling beauty,
O smile not, full of charming grace!
But weep, that it may be my duty
To kiss a tear from off thy face.

39.

ONCE more from that fond heart I'm driven
Which I so dearly love, so madly;
Once more from that fond heart I'm driven—
Beside it would I linger gladly.

The chariot rolls, the bridge is quaking,
The stream beneath it flows so sadly;

Once more the joys am I forsaking
Of that fond heart I love so madly.

In heav'n rush on the starry legions,
As though before my sorrow flying—
Sweet one, farewell! in distant regions
My heart for thee will still be sighing.

40.

My cherish'd wishes blossom,
And wither again at a breath,
And blossom again and wither,
And so on until death.

This know I, and it saddens
All love and joy, once so blest;
My heart is so wise and witty,
And bleeds away in my breast.

41.

Like an old man's face confounded
Is the sky so broad and airy,
Red, one-eyed, and close surrounded
By the gray clouds' locks all hairy.

When upon the earth it gazes,
Flower and bud grow pale and sickly;
Love and song in all their phases
Fade away from men's minds quickly.

42.

With sullen thoughts in chilly bosom cherish'd
I travel sullen through the world so cold;

The autumn's end hath come, a humid mist
doth hold
Deep veil'd from sight the country drear and
perish'd.

The winds are piping, hither, thither bending
The red-tinged leaves, that from the trees fall
fast,
The bare plain steams, the wood sighs 'neath
the blast,
The worst of all comes next—the rain's descend-
ing !

43.

LATE autumnal mists all-dripping
Spread o'er hill and valley fair ;
Storms the trees of leaves are stripping,
And they ghostly look, and bare.

But one single sad tree only
Silent and unstripp'd is seen ;
Moist with tears of woe, and lonely,
Shaketh he his head still green.

Ah ! this waste my heart displayeth,
And the tree, still full of life,
Summer-green, thy form portrayeth,
Much beloved and beauteous wife !

44.

GRAY's the sky and every-day like,
And the town still looks afflicted ;
Ever weak and castaway like,
In the Elbe its form's depicted.

Long each nose is, and its blowing
Tedious an affair as ever ;
All with pride are overflowing,
Both at pomp and cringing clever.

Beauteous South ! O, how adore I
All thy gods, thy sky's sweet blisses,
Since these human dregs once more I
See, and weather foul as this is !

THE END.